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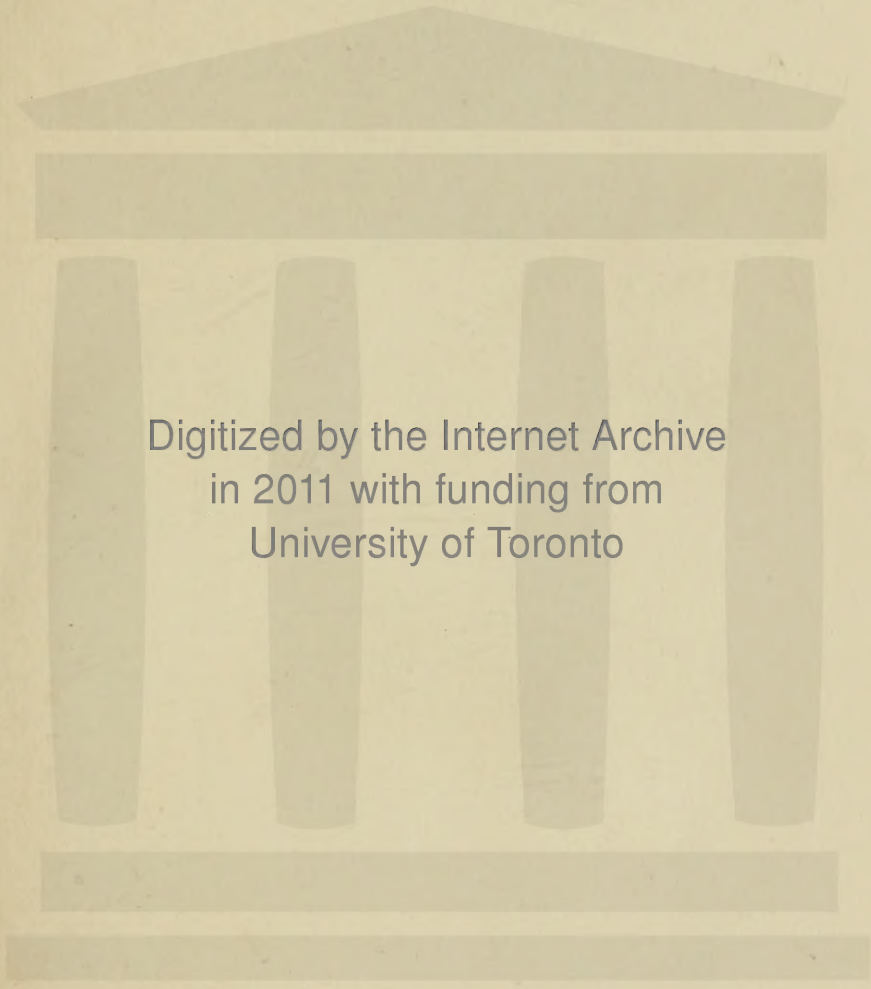
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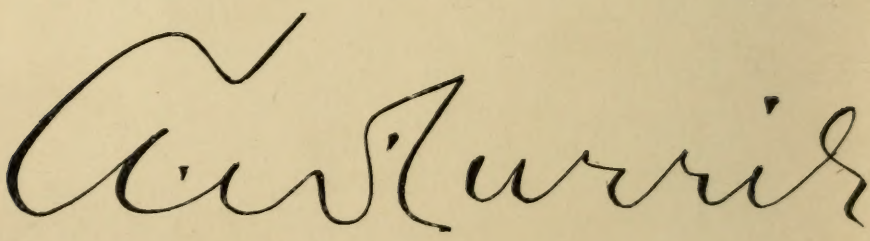

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CANADA

IN THE

GREAT WORLD WAR

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE MILITARY HISTORY OF CANADA FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS TO THE CLOSE OF THE WAR OF THE NATIONS

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORITIES

Vol. III

GUARDING THE CHANNEL PORTS

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24/11/19.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THE German High Command during the first months of the Great World War had three main purposes in view — the capture of Paris, the seizure of the Channel ports, and the utter destruction of the French and British military forces in France. The capture of Paris would have enabled the Central Powers to levy an enormous tax on France; would have supplied them with a vast amount of material necessary for a prolonged war; and, above all, would have had a disastrous moral effect upon the French people: the heart of France gone, all would seem to have been lost; at the most the nation could have sustained only a losing fight. Even more important than the capture of Paris was the seizure of the Channel ports. Had Calais and Boulogne once been in the hands of the Central Powers the destructive work they were able to do by means of submarines from Zeebrugge and Ostend could have been increased a hundredfold. The transportation of troops to France by the Channel route would have been impossible. Air raids on English cities and English military bases could have been a daily occurrence; great guns stationed along the French coast could have bombarded the thickly populated districts about Dover; and with the "Big Berthas" such as were developed later on in the war, shells might even have reached London itself.

At the beginning of the war the Central Powers seemed careless about Russia — that slow-moving, clumsy, badly armed, badly led giant. They could attend to Russia when they had settled with France and Belgium and the small forces that England was able to send to Europe at the commencement of mili-

tary operations. But they made serious miscalculations. They overshot their mark, partly through their own over-confidence and failure to allow for the skilful generalship of Joffre; and their gigantic drive on Paris was halted when they were at the very gates of the city.

The deciding factor in checking their progress and turning victory into defeat was the " Contemptible Little Army " of Great Britain, which the Kaiser and his advisers considered negligible. Defeated in their main purpose, they dug in within striking distance of the French capital, reorganized their forces, and turned their attention to the Channel ports. Practically all of Belgium was swiftly in their hands, and they had gained important naval bases on the North Sea. It looked for the moment as if Calais must inevitably fall; but once more they were halted before their objective was fully attained, and in the fierce fighting of October and November, 1914, were pressed back east of Ypres; and until the close of the war in November, 1918, they were held practically in their original lines in a state of siege.

Defeated by recognized methods of warfare, they turned from their guns and their man power to the laboratories, hoping for victory through the genius of their chemists. With poison gas they sought to triumph over their foes and win a clear road to Calais. The " Contemptible Little Army " had been largely instrumental in breaking their hosts in the fall of 1914. A force which they held in even greater contempt — the Colonial troops from the Dominion of Canada — was to be the main factor in nullifying the effect of their nefarious method of warfare. The Second Battle of Ypres was to give to the Canadians a distinct place in military history and to render the ground on which they nobly fought and nobly died forever sacred to Canada.

The present volume of this series deals largely with

the work of the 1st Canadian Division in the Ypres salient, where they fought gallantly for many months, helping to guard the Channel ports. From their arrival in France until the Somme offensive in the fall of 1916 the Canadian forces fought almost continuously in the salient. Even when they were engaged in battle at Festubert, Givenchy, Messines, and about Loos they had the same great task before them — to keep the Hun from reaching the English Channel.

The first body of Canadian soldiers sent to France — the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry — began their battle work on the edge of the salient; and it was in its defence that that gallant regiment was to fight gloriously as a part of the 27th (Imperial) Division until only a handful of its original members were left. Within sound of the guns in the salient the 1st Division received the finishing touches in its training for battle; and in the Second Battle of Ypres it was to stand firm against a new and diabolical weapon of warfare, showing a dogged courage and initiative that amazed the military world. It is rarely in warfare that raw troops are able to meet unexpected conditions. But the Canadians were not altogether raw troops. The commander of the 2nd Brigade, the first of the Canadians to feel the full force of the German gas attack, was a veteran of the South African War and a V. C.; and in every battalion were officers and men who had seen previous service. And the great majority of the men in the ranks were of a different breed from the average conscript of the European armies. They were men of initiative; men of quick intelligence, who could adjust themselves rapidly to new conditions. The Second Battle of Ypres, like the great majority of battles in the Great World War, was a soldiers' battle; and the salient was held only through the determined will of men who could act for themselves when faced by circumstances that officers had little power to direct and control. The Canadian division, by holding firm,

enabled the Imperial divisions to come into the fight and thus completely saved a most critical situation. Their work on this occasion forced the Germans once more to dig in and content themselves with holding the line they had won in the fall of 1914. The Russian giant was hammering at the back door, and Germany found that it was necessary immediately to attend to him. Just here a word about Russia! The Russian débâcle at a critical stage in the war and the selfish, traitorous conduct of the later Russian leaders have had a tendency to make all men treat Russia with contempt. But it must never be forgotten that without Russia's work at the beginning of the war France could easily have been overrun, the Channel ports reached, and the armies of the Allies captured or driven into the sea. So far as winning the war is concerned, history will undoubtedly show that the Russian effort in its first months had a greater effect than the efforts of the United States, great as they were, in its closing months. It enabled the Allies to hold the German armies in the West in a state of siege and to reduce their numbers; gave time for the training of men in Great Britain, France, and the Colonies; and, most important of all, enabled the Allies to build up that great war machine that made victory for them inevitable. And Russia played her part with armies badly equipped and badly led, and with traitors at headquarters and in the field. Russian hordes bravely faced death, charging guns and fortifications almost literally with naked hands. Then there was their "Battalion of Death"—a regiment of women who faced the horrors of war for the liberty of the world. No other of the fighting nations could show a similar regiment. Russia, with all her faults and shortcomings, was a mighty factor in holding large German armies until such time as the Allies could fight them to the finish. But for Russia, Germany would not have had to resort to such diabolism as gas attacks; for by her man-power concentrated on the Western

front she could have swept all before her. Russia was of important assistance to the divisions holding the Ypres salient and guarding the Channel ports.

Over a year later, in June, 1916, the Canadians, now grown to three divisions, were once more to be severely tested in the Ypres salient. The Germans, with greatly increased strength, had renewed their efforts to hack a road through to Paris; but a living wall of French heroes barred their path, and as in 1915 they made a determined attack on the lines defending the English Channel, with vast masses of men, with greater supplies of gas than they had used in the Second Battle of Ypres, and with an assemblage of guns such as had never before been gathered together in war. But, as in April and May of 1915, the Canadians proved an important factor in thwarting their plans. At St. Eloi, Sanctuary Wood, and Hooge they met the Germans in battle; and although they suffered heavy losses and for a time had to give ground, the series of battles then fought ended with the salient intact.

In the autumn of 1917, after winning new laurels in battle at Vimy Ridge and about Lens, the Canadians, now increased to an army corps of four divisions and under a Canadian general, Sir A. W. Currie, returned to the salient. This time they immediately began to play an important part in the long drawn out Battle of Flanders. They aided in sweeping the Germans out of a large portion of the salient, and won their way to the Passchendaele Ridges in a mighty thrust that threatened the German naval bases on the North Sea.

The battles in which the Canadians played such an essential part in the Ypres salient in 1915, 1916, and 1917 were all waged for the one great purpose — to guard the Channel ports. This task was not accomplished without tremendous loss of life. Thousands of Canadians fell in these battles, and every part of the salient is dotted with the graves of gallant lads from the Land of the Maple Leaf; while in shell craters

and destroyed trenches and in lonely corners of wood and marsh many more lie unnoticed where they fell.

Canada has within her borders a number of places of peculiar national interest. Quebec stands first; but, after all, the battle glory of Quebec is merely of historical interest to Canadians — at least to those of the British race. In 1759 an army of invasion under General Wolfe captured it from the French; a force of regulars with a sprinkling of loyal French Canadians, under Guy Carleton, skilfully defended the fortress against the American invaders in 1775-76. During the War of 1812 Queenston Heights, Chateauguay, and Chrystler's Farm were memorable engagements where with British regulars a considerable force of native Canadians fought nobly for the maintenance of British rule on the North American Continent. In these battles only small bodies of men took part, and they were rather battalion struggles than army contests. But the soil on which Canadian heroes fell has become sacred soil, making for national pride. Now, far away in Belgium, there is an immense battle-field which will ever be holy ground for Canada. In the salient an army of the flower of the manhood of the Dominion lies buried; and for long years to come, Canadian pilgrims will visit this battle-ground, tears in their eyes and pride in their hearts, to plant flowers on the graves of their loved ones. For all time the Ypres salient, the Somme, Vimy Ridge, and other battle-fields in Belgium and France, although not a part of Canada, will have an important influence on Canadian history. The idealism the sons of Canada fought and died for on these battle-fields will take on new life and meaning from their glorious death. In fighting in France and Belgium for the liberty of Europe, Canadians fought that the free institutions under which they lived in their homeland might remain; the lines they guarded were the outposts of the Great Dominion. Had the Hun broken through them to the Channel, and won

victory over the Allies, the battle would inevitably have been brought to the shores of Canada. In guarding the Channel ports the Canadian divisions were at the same time guarding the St. Lawrence and the coast of British Columbia.

The fighting in the Ypres salient was of high importance in giving tone and character to the Canadian forces in France. The example set by the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and the 1st Division created a military tradition for the forces that were to follow them into the field. General Alderson was able to say of the 1st Division that the Canadians " never budge "; and, until the close of the war, divisions, brigades, battalions, companies, platoons, and even individuals, time and again held their ground against fearful odds; and if, as at the Battle of Sanctuary Wood, they were compelled to give ground, they quickly reorganized their shattered forces and won their way back to their old positions. The fighting in Belgium and France, guarding the Channel ports under the hardest of battle conditions, against a war machine without a parallel in the history of the world, made the Canadian army. In a few brief months of war the citizen soldiers became the equals of the best regulars in the Allied forces; and as division followed division into the field the reputation won by the First Contingent was maintained, and the Canadian Army Corps, led by a Canadian general, had at the close of the war a reputation unsurpassed by that of any army in the field.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST DIVISION IN FRANCE

1. The Arrival

THE 1st Canadian Division sailed from England on February 11th, 1915, and after a tempestuous voyage landed at St. Nazaire, on the west coast of France, on February 14th.[1] The troops were hurried to Flanders and, on the 24th, after a few days' rest, went into action in the trenches near Armentières.

The arrival of the Canadians in France will always be regarded as marking an epoch in the history of the world. For over four hundred years the movement of population and of troops had been to the New World. Never before had military forces from America taken part in a European war. True, Canada had sent a small contingent to aid in the South African campaign; and a handful of Canadian voyageurs had assisted General Sir Garnet Wolseley in his Nile Expedition, which failed in its mission, the rescue of General Gordon at Khartoum. But the armada which landed the 1st Canadian Division at St. Nazaire was to be only the forerunner of many other such armadas that were to arrive later at this port and disembark vaster armies of the American Expeditionary Force to take part in the Great War.

No one in the Canadian division at that time realized the magnitude of the task in hand; and had anyone

[1] See Vol. II, p. 305 et seq. of this series.

attempted to foretell to those cheerful Canadians that many of them were to lay down their lives in Flanders, only to be followed by thousands and still thousands more, they would have laughed incredulously. The idea that the war was likely to end in a few months predominated. This was due largely to the illusive utterances of British writers, who were daily predicting the immediate collapse of the German Empire. This foolish forecasting of events by the armchair military critics kept the British people from realizing the gravity of the conflict and unduly prolonged the period of military preparation, and, as a consequence, of the struggle. Fortunately the British Government placed the conduct of the war in the hands of Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, and his professional training and knowledge of the resources of the enemy put a brake on the " Business as Usual " policy of the British. From the beginning Kitchener foretold a war of at least three years' duration. Subsequent events were to show that his estimate fell far short of the reality.

Previous to the arrival of the Canadians, St. Nazaire had been a base for British troops. When the Germans made their first thrust at Calais, and Ghent had ceased to be the forward base of the British army in Belgium and France, the headquarters of the British military supplies had been transferred to the mouth of the Loire. As the French Government had moved to Bordeaux when Paris was threatened, so the Britisn had gone to St. Nazaire when the German spear had been levelled at Calais and Boulogne. The embarkation of British troops was therefore no unusual sight to the Bretons of St. Nazaire.

St. Nazaire is to the city of Nantes what Avonmouth is to Bristol. Situated on the north arm of the estuary of the Loire, it is one of the great seaports of France. Millions of dollars have been spent by the French Government in making it a great harbour. For cen-

turies Nantes, some forty-five miles up the Loire, which here flows a mile wide between level banks, had been one of the principal seaports of Brittany. But between 1831 and 1887 extensive harbour improvements had been made at St. Nazaire and some eighty acres of docks built to accommodate large ships. From St. Nazaire sailed the principal steamship lines from France to South America and New Caledonia. A number of ships engaged in the Argentine trade were docked in the harbour when the Canadians landed there.

There was little in St. Nazaire to interest the Canadian visitors. It had no ancient cathedral with Gothic rose windows to provide a target for German guns should they reach the environs; no library or town hall filled with priceless paintings; and no ancient castle or moated grange. It is a modern business town, given over to transportation. History, Art, and Antiquity are usurped entirely by Nantes.

As the transports, one by one, were towed into the harbour and warped alongside the docks, small groups of Bretons gathered to watch the performance. Women predominated in the crowd. The few men that were to be seen all showed signs of having but recently returned from the trenches, as some limped and others had their arms and heads swathed in bandages. The uniforms were of a very nondescript character, and did not strike the smart Canadians very favourably. Many of the French soldiers wore brown corduroy blouses and trousers. The brilliant blue coats and scarlet trousers of the Zouaves were missing. France was short of uniforms and many of her gallant sons at that time were fighting in the front line in civilian clothing.

It did not take the Canadians long to disembark. More care had been taken in loading the vessels which bore the division to France than was the case at Quebec when the armada was made ready for its memo-

rable Atlantic voyage. Each unit was accompanied by its transport, and this made for convenience. The horses, guns, and wagons were unloaded first. When all was ready the men fell in smartly, marched off the ships and wharves, with transport-wagons, food, and ammunition, and were soon under way to the trenches.

The accommodation provided by the railway was not of the best; but the men were cheerful, even if they did not have Pullman cars. Each train was made up of a number of small box cars for the men, horses, and mules, one passenger car for the officers, and flat cars for transport-wagons and guns. The box cars bore the legend in French that they were intended to hold "*Chevaux* 8, *Hommes* 40" — eight horses or forty men — in a car. Only eight men could sit or lie down and rest at a time, while the others stood. The men all carried three days' rations; and the general impression was that they were to go into camp for further training at Rouen, as they had been told that a Canadian base had been established there. But such was not to be the case. The military situation was desperate; and the Canadians were hurried as quickly as possible to Flanders.

The weather was beautiful during the journey to the front. Owing to the proximity of France to the Gulf Stream, spring weather is experienced there much earlier than it is in Canada. The air was warm and there was no snow to be seen. The first large city the troops passed through was Nantes, where a hasty breakfast was eaten at a switch. Camp kettles were unloaded, tea made, and the men had a few minutes to stretch their legs. They, however, had no time to spend in sight-seeing in this ancient city, famous for the edict of the French king, Henry IV, granting a measure of civil and religious liberty to the Huguenots. Their mid-day meal was eaten at the railway station of Le Mans, some forty miles west of Paris, in whose cathedral rest the remains of beautiful Berengaria,

queen of Richard Coeur de Lion. By evening the divisional troop trains reached Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy. After a short stay there to change engines and crews, the division hurried on during the night through Abbeville, arriving outside Boulogne about noon the next day. On the English Channel, a short distance south of Boulogne, at La Touquet, a Canadian base hospital had been established earlier in the year under the charge of Lieut.-Colonel Shillington, A. M. C., of Ottawa.[1] In the evening the weary troops reached Hazebrouck, which was the point of disembarkation. The men were very tired after their long, tedious journey, occupying, as it did, two days. They had to stand up most of the time in the crowded cars, but they were as cheerful as sandflies, and no grumbling was heard.

Hazebrouck was virtually the railhead for all British troops on the Ypres-Flanders front. It is a short distance east of St. Omer, which was then the general headquarters of the British army, where, on November 14th, 1914, Lord Roberts had died within sound of the guns. St. Omer was at one time noted for its great Jesuit college, where Daniel O'Connell was educated. It was the centre of Jacobite activity in France, and tradition has it that there is an underground secret passage from the town to Calais, on the Channel, through which spies and other equally troublesome diplomatic agents used to travel on desperate missions between England and France. A military hospital now stands on the site of the Jesuit college.

When the Canadians disembarked in the evening at Hazebrouck, they heard for the first time the rumble of the guns, which for them was not to cease until they left France on furlough or took leave for the Elysian fields.

[1] See Vol. II, p. 299 et seq. of this series.

2. At the Front

Now that the war zone has been reached, it will not be amiss to sketch what had so far happened in Flanders since the outbreak of hostilities; for with that theatre of operations, for many weary, tragic months were to be linked up the fortunes of the gallant 1st Canadian Division. Little did the brave men from the West then dream that they were to remain there longer than a few months. Their cheery optimism saw only victory and an early termination of the war. A few weeks, however, were to bring a sterner look to every eye, a firmer determination to every lip, and a soberer view of the situation.

During the war of 1870 the Germans in attacking France had observed international treaties and the frontiers of Belgium had been preserved inviolate. As long as Belgium's neutrality was observed Great Britain had no ground to intervene in a quarrel between France and Germany. The result was that in 1870 the invasion of France was confined to the narrow zone between Luxemburg and the Alps. The German armies concentrated there in such vast numbers and with such speed that they were able to break through immediately on the declaration of war. Once through, they spread out fan-like — north, south, and west — overrunning France. A turning movement of the armies toward the north locked up the bulk of the French forces at Sedan and Metz, compelling them to surrender. It was all a matter of a few weeks until Paris was taken and the war ended. With the dread of a repetition of this manœuvre constantly before them, the French had fortified the eastern frontier with great fortresses and earthworks. So strong had they made their borders exposed to German attack that to attempt an invasion such as that of 1870 would prove costly, if not fatal.

Of recent years the leading German writers on mili-

tary strategy, the principal being von Bernhardi, had urged the necessity of an invasion of Belgium in case of a war with France. Strange to say, none of these writers appeared to have had any idea that Belgium would fight in defence of her neutrality, or that Great Britain would live up to her treaty obligations and intervene if that neutrality were interfered with. The Government of the day in Great Britain was friendly to Germany; and it was fondly imagined in Berlin that the desire for peace and the prospects of increased commerce from the war would tempt Great Britain to forget her plighted word. The Germans held their own given word so lightly that they could not conceive of any other nation keeping faith when it might be convenient to act otherwise.

Belgium, with its seaports of Antwerp, Zeebrugge, and Ostend once in German hands, would provide a bridgehead which later on, after the forces of France and Russia had been destroyed, could be used against Great Britain.

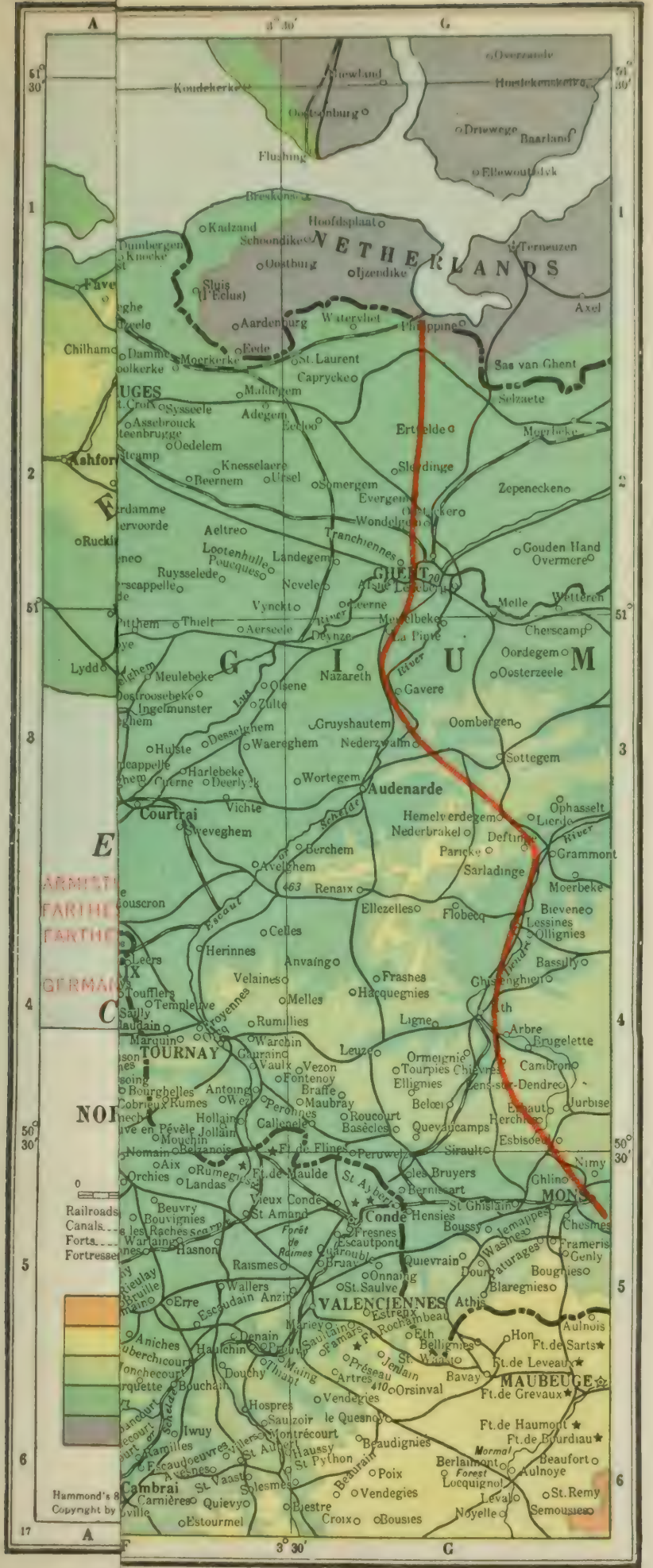
For many years before the war, Germany and Austria had been arming for the coming conflict, both on land and on sea. This policy offered a constant threat against France, Russia, and Great Britain. Not only were the Central Powers piling up vast military stores and increasing their armies; but by their naval programme they were evidently aiming at ousting Great Britain from her time-honoured place as the first Sea Power. France was quiescent, content to follow some distance behind in this armament game; whilst Great Britain utterly neglected her army and almost seemed willing even to forego her historical naval supremacy. Russia, fully aroused to the danger of her western front, at last took a hand in the game of "Beggar my Neighbour," and adopted a military programme which, in about four years, would give her such military preponderance that for the Central Powers to attack her would be madness. It was apparently to anticipate

the fulfilment of the Russian military programme that Germany declared war, taking as an excuse the murder of the Austrian heir apparent. France, when hostilities threatened, so as not to provide any "frontier incident" as an excuse for a declaration of war, had removed all her troops ten kilometers back from the Franco-German frontier. But the Germans, casting aside all treaty obligations as "scraps of paper," declared war and began the invasion of Belgium. What followed belongs now to European history and need not be referred to here.

After their advance forces had for a time been halted at Liège, the Germans passed their main army over the Belgian frontier and rapidly overran that country. They met the British army at Mons, where their advance was checked by the magnificent musketry of the British soldiers; but the British general, Sir John French, owing to the retreat ordered by the French general on his right, had to break off the fight and retire. The German army drove the British and French back through Belgium and down east of Paris to the Marne, where a stand was made by the Franco-British army and an important battle was fought, which ended in the retreat of the Germans to the Aisne. The Germans then began to consolidate their hold on Belgium. The city of Antwerp fell after a brief siege, and the German forces swept along the coast, capturing Zeebrugge and Ostend; but they were halted at Nieuport. Then a thrust was made further south for the Channel ports of Calais and Boulogne; and the conquering hosts swept over Ypres and west to within a few miles of St. Omer, a day's march from Calais. Hazebrouck and all the territory in which the Canadian division was first billeted had been overrun by the Germans. After the Battle of the Marne the British army had been transferred back to Northern France and reorganized. A wide circling movement of the Franco-British drove the Germans out of French

Flanders with severe losses. Suffering from the sting of the previous retreat, the British army drove the enemy back east of the Ypres Canal, capturing Ypres, Hazebrouck, Bailleul, Merriville, Poperinghe, Messines, Bethune, and all of Northern French Flanders and a strip of Belgium. When winter set in, both armies established themselves in trenches, and for over three years trench, or rather fortress warfare was waged along the Western front. The battle-line chosen by the Germans ran along what at one time constituted the western boundary of the old Roman-German Empire of the 12th Century. It would appear as if the Germans intended to hold this territory by setting up the visionary claim that all the lands within these lines had at one time belonged to the Germanic Empire.

The Western front, when the Canadians arrived in France, began at Nieuport, at the mouth of the Ypres Canal, a short distance east of Dunkirk, and ran south along the canal to Bixschoote, four miles north of the city of Ypres, which had been won back from the Germans; then it swept east in a curve, with a radius of about four miles, with Ypres as a centre; thence south to the city of Armentières, on the frontier of France and Belgium. The line twisted slightly east to La Bassée, a name that will ever remain in British annals associated with gruesome and bloody memories; thence west of Lens, which the Germans, on account of the rich coal-fields, were to hold tenaciously for four years. From Lens the line ran south-west to Vimy Ridge, and then swung easterly. At Arras it formed a salient, and ran south past Amiens to Noyon, the point of the battle-line nearest to Paris, distant about fifty miles. At Noyon the Germans were to remain for nearly three years. From Noyon the trenches turned east, north of the city of Rheims, following the high chalk ridges on the banks of the Aisne, and continuing on to the famous fortress of Verdun; then on to Pont-à-Mousson, where they turned south to the Swiss fron-


NETHERLANDS
BELGIUM
Flushing
Terneuzen
Axel
Sluis
Aardenburg
Eede
St. Laurent
Sas van Ghent
Selzaete
Zelzate
Ertvelde
Sleidinge
Zepenecken
Gouden Hand
Overmere
Wetteren
Cherscamp
Oordegem
Oosterzeele
Nazareth
Gavere
Oombergen
Sottegem
Audenarde
Ophasselt
Lierde
Grammont
Sarladinge
Moerbeke
Courtrai
Sweveghem
Berchem
Renaix
Ellezelles
Flobecq
Lessines
Ollignies
Bassilly
Frasnes
Harquegmies
Ligne
Arbre
Brugelette
TOURNAY
Leuze
Ormeignie
Tourpies
Cambron
Ellignies
Jurbise
Celles
Herinnes
Anvaing
Velaines
Melles
Rumillies
Warchin
Vezon
Fontenoy
Braffe
Maubray
Roucourt
Basècles
Quevaucamps
Esbisdeel
Nimy
Ghlin
MONS
Conde
Hensies
St Ghislain
Boussy
Chesmes
Frameries
Genly
Bougnies
Blaregnies
Vieux Conde
St. Amand
Fresnes
Escautpont
Quievrain
Onnaing
St. Saulve
VALENCIENNES
Athis
Aulnois
Ft. de Sarts
Ft. de Leveau
MAUBEUGE
Ft. de Grevaux
Ft. de Haumont
Ft. de Bourdiau
Beaufort
Aulnoye
St. Remy
Semousies
Wallers
Erre
Hasnon
Raismes
Denain
Haulchin
Douchy
Vendegies
Orsinval
Bavay
Poix
Cambrai
Carnières
Quievy
Estourmel
Croix
Bousies
Noyelle
Locquignol
Levallo
Berlaimont
Mormal
Forest
Railroads
Canals
Forts
Fortresses
Hammond's 8
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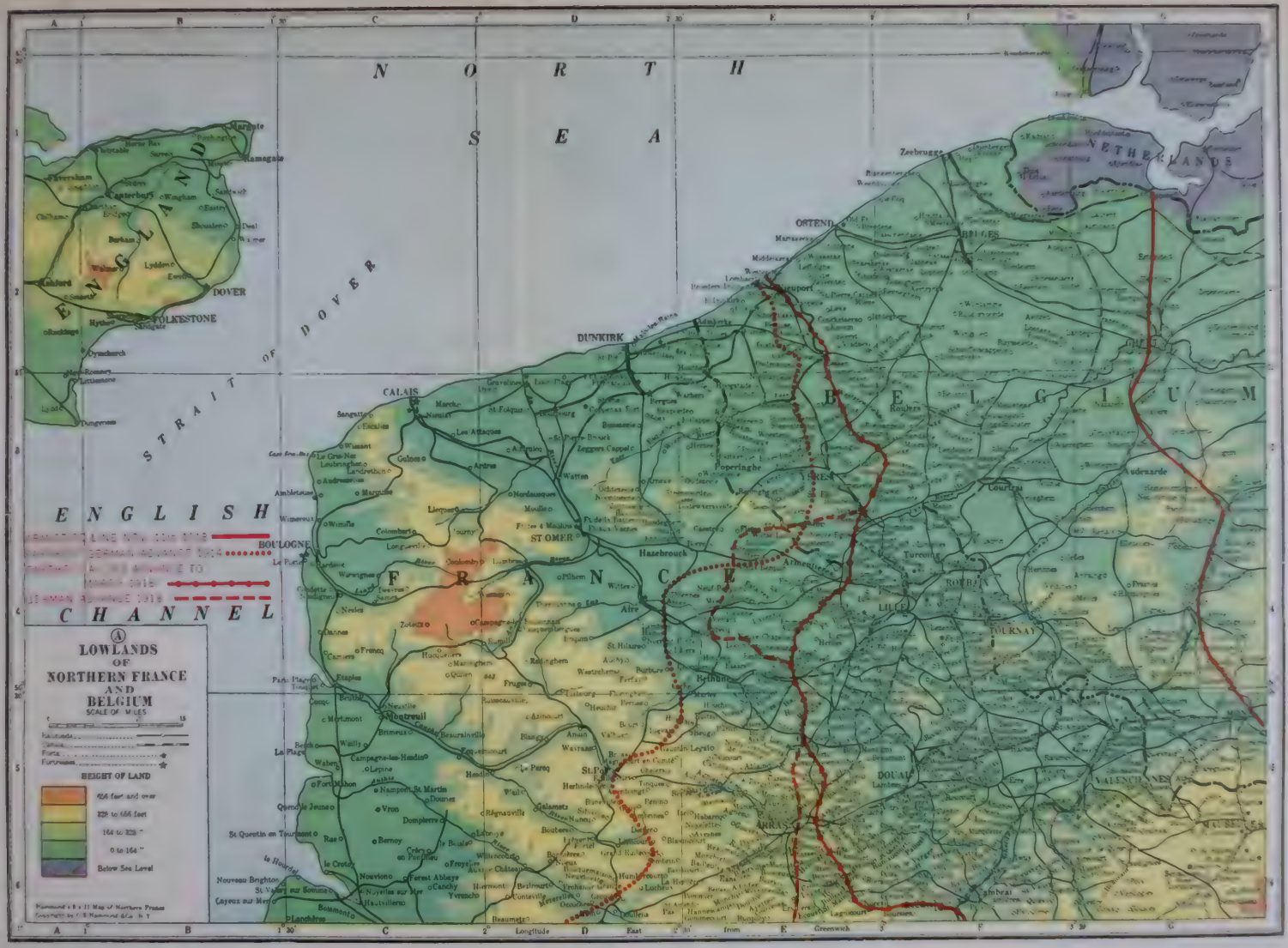
NORTH SEA
ENGLAND
STRAIT OF DOVER
ENGLISH CHANNEL
FRANCE
BELGIUM
NETHERLANDS
Margate
Ramsgate
Canterbury
Dover
Folkestone
Dunkirk
Calais
Boulogne
Ostend
Bruges
Zeebrugge
Ypres
Poperinghe
Hazebrouck
St Omer
Armentieres
Lille
Roubaix
Tourcoing
Tournai
Courtrai
Audenarde
Arras
Douai
Valenciennes
Cambrai
Abbeville
Montreuil
Etaples
Le Touquet
Boulogne
Calais
Gravelines
Dunkirk
St Pol
Bethune
Lens
Albert
Peronne
Amiens
St Quentin
Laon
Ypres
Roubaix
Tournai
Lille
Douai
Valenciennes
Cambrai
Arras
Abbeville
Montreuil
Etaples
Boulogne
Calais
Dunkirk
Ostend
Bruges
Zeebrugge
Courtrai
Audenarde
Hazebrouck
St Omer
Armentieres
Poperinghe
Ypres
Dover
Folkestone
Canterbury
Ramsgate
Margate
Deal
Sandwich
Ashford
Maidstone
Tunbridge Wells
Hastings
Rye
Eastbourne
Brighton
Newhaven
Dieppe
Le Treport
Abbeville
Montreuil
Etaples
Le Touquet
Boulogne
Calais
Gravelines
Dunkirk
St Pol
Bethune
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Albert
Peronne
Amiens
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Ypres
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Hazebrouck
St Omer
Armentieres
Poperinghe
Ypres
Dover
Folkestone
Canterbury
Ramsgate
Margate
Deal
Sandwich
Ashford
Maidstone
Tunbridge Wells
Hastings
Rye
Eastbourne
Brighton
Newhaven
Dieppe
Le Treport
A
LOWLANDS OF NORTHERN FRANCE AND BELGIUM
SCALE OF MILES
HEIGHT OF LAND
656 feet and over
328 to 656 feet
164 to 328 "
0 to 164 "
Below Sea Level
Hammond's 8 in 1 Map of Northern France
Longitude East from Greenwich

tier. At one point, between Colmar and Basle, the French held a portion of the territory of Alsace, which had been wrested from them in 1870, and which offered some consolation for the loss of the coal-mines and factory towns of the north-east.

A battered remnant of the heroic little Belgian army held the trenches from the coast to Dixmude. From Dixmude to Zonnebeke, due east of Ypres, a section of the trenches was held by the French army, and from Zonnebeke to La Bassée, some forty-five miles, by the British. The remainder of the line to the Alps, over three hundred miles, was guarded by the French.

It should always be kept in mind that, in the alliance made between France, Russia, and Britain, Russia and France were to carry on the war on land, and that Britain's part was to hold the sea. A small expeditionary force of some eighty thousand men was to be sent to the assistance of France. Such a "Contemptible Little Army," as it was characterized by the German Emperor, was not supposed to be able to make much headway against the German hordes. The "Little Army," however, had grown to some nine divisions when the Canadians arrived in France. A contingent had also arrived from India, consisting of Sikhs and Gurkhas; and the Canadians were subsequently to bear witness to the valour of these men from the Indian Empire, with whom on more than one occasion they fought side by side.

The Canadians were in Old Flanders, and the Flemings, with few exceptions, welcomed them with open arms. This people offered a strong racial contrast to the Bretons. The latter are a grey-eyed, broad-set, red-cheeked, sturdy race, very much like the Welsh and Hebridian Highlanders; while the Flemings are flaxen-haired, fair, and blessed with the proverbial long Flemish noses. Old Flanders, or the "Low Country," as it is known in history, has fittingly been called the "Cockpit" of Europe. From the dawn of history this

territory has been the scene of wars, battles, and bloodshed. All the great generals of Europe have fought in Flanders — Cæsar, Charlemagne, William of Orange, Turenne, Condé, Luxemburg, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Villars, Marlborough, Jourdan, Napoleon, and Wellington.

No part of Europe is more fertile than Flanders. It consists of a vast alluvial plain. The soil is red clay loam, rich and strong. Near the North Sea the land rises but little above the sea-level, and in places it has to be protected by dykes. The rivers, so-called, are only small streams, but they provide in many places a system of underground irrigation. The level of the plain is broken near the centre by a string of sand-hills. These cone-shaped hills begin at Cassel, some thirty miles south of Dunkirk. Forming a crescent-shaped barrier, they pass through Bailleul, south past Ypres, and north-east to Roulers. The highest point is at Cassel, about a thousand feet above the level of the plains. It is as if some giant hand had dropped huge heaps of sand across the clay plains, forming Mont Kemmel, Mont de Cats, Messines Ridge, and the series of heights south and east of Ypres, such as Hill Sixty, Klein Zillebeke, Gravenstafel, and the Passchendaele Ridges, names that were later on to be associated with the glorious deeds of the Canadians.

Like the Bretons, the Flemings are bilinguists. They speak, with few exceptions, both Flemish and French. Both languages are official, and are taught in the Belgian schools. In France only French is recognized; but the Flemish language still lingers in French Flanders and, south of a line drawn from Brussels to Calais, is the jargon of the fireside; whilst Walloon, an early French *patois,* is heard north of this line. French, Flemish, and Walloon are spoken in Belgium. Flemish is a Germanic language, whilst Walloon is of Latin origin. All the Belgian officers are obliged to speak Flemish as well as French.

One of the things which most interested the Canadians on their arrival in this region was the windmills, which were to be found at almost every cross-road. Many of these mills are of very ancient origin, but they still spread their sails to every breeze and ground the fine white wheat of the country into the flour which makes the "French loaf," soon to become a favourite article of diet with the Canadians. The advent of the German gunner in the neighbourhood, however, quickly spelled disaster to the windmills.

When an army is fighting in the field it may live in camp — either tents or huts, such as the Canadians had at Valcartier or on Salisbury Plain; in billets — which means that the soldiers are quartered in the houses and barns among the civil population; or in bivouacs, the men sleeping on the open ground with the sky as a canopy. This was sometimes varied under shell-fire by each man digging himself a "dig in" or shallow trench. When a battalion is "dug in" in bivouac or in shelter trenches, a shell must register a direct hit to injure anyone. The men of the Canadian division were to begin their experience in the war zone in billets.

Flanders, where the Canadian division was now established, both French and Belgian, is thickly populated. Roads intersect the country in all directions, the crossings being about a kilometre — about five-eighths of a mile — apart. At each crossing there is a hamlet or village, generally named after some patron saint. In the intervals between the villages are the farms, the majority of which are owned by the occupants. The farm buildings are nearly all modelled on the same general plan. Some of the houses are of extreme antiquity, and the walls still show the slots from which the cross-bowmen used to command the roadways. The Canadians, as a general thing, were quartered at these farms, and were soon on excellent terms with the inhabitants. The young men were all

on military service, and only the old men were left to cultivate the fields with the assistance of the women and children. Many of these men were veterans of the Franco-Prussian wars; they hated the Germans with a deadly hatred, and took pride in showing to the Canadians their wounds received in battle with the Hun. The women, patient, grave, and of extreme courage, did most of the work on the farms. One woman, at the farmhouse where the writer was quartered, asked if we thought the war would last another year. When told we thought it might last two years, for we did not believe that the Allies would quit until they had driven the Hun out of Belgium and France, and dictated terms to him in Berlin, she said with some show of emotion, "My boy Louis will have to go," pointing to a handsome lad of about seventeen. "Are you not sorry that he may have to go?" she was questioned sympathetically. "No!" she said, her face lighting up with patriotic fervour. "Ever since I first saw him in his cradle, I have hoped and prayed that he would live to fight for France." Such was the spirit of the French women!

The soil of Flanders, while fertile, is a sticky clay, and difficult to travel across in the winter season. At Waterloo, the rain that fell on the night preceding that fateful battle prevented Napoleon from bringing his troops into action till well on towards noon. While his infantry could plough through the mud, he was unable to manœuvre his guns, and this contributed more than anything else to his defeat. In former wars fought over this country by "William the Silent" of Orange, Luxemburg, and Marlborough, the troops went into intrenched camps in the winter. In the Great World War, owing to the enormous numbers of troops engaged, the whole front became an intrenched camp in the winter of 1914-15.

Through this country flow many streams which according to the maps are rivers, but which in Canada

or the United States would have no loftier title than creeks. Most of them could be negotiated by a leap. During the winter snow seldom stays on the ground for more than a couple of days; but there is abundance of rain, followed by bright, warm sunshine. As a result, the fields are flooded with water, and at this season had more the appearance of ponds than of cultivated areas. Big ditches were to be seen everywhere — along the roads, in the fields, and along the hedges that divide the farms into plots of five or ten acres. These ditches are for the purpose of subirrigation. The rain-water finds its way into them, and thence back into the soil by an underground system of tile drains, about ten or fifteen feet apart and about eighteen inches below the surface.

The main roads between the principal cities are elevated about four feet above the surrounding country, the soil for the grading being taken from the deep ditches along the roadside. These main roadways, of which the country can be justly proud, are paved with blocks of stone, about eight by sixteen inches, set on edge. There is a saying that the Flemings repair their roads about once in a hundred years by turning a fresh edge of these stones to the surface. The lesser roads are well paved with macadam. There are no dirt roads. The lines of the roads are generally marked with rows of tall poplar and elm trees. The elms, poplars, and willows are kept neatly trimmed by the thrifty farmers, who collect the branches, bind them into faggots, and burn them for the production of charcoal.

The farmhouses are built close to the roads, and all the farm buildings form a compound about a courtyard. Each farmhouse is surrounded by a deep ditch or moat from sixteen to twenty feet wide and of varying depth. There is an entrance from the roadway into the inner courtyard, and at the rear an exit from the barn to the fields. When the front gateway is closed and the barn-door is barred, no one can get into

the buildings. These farm buildings then become, like Hougoumont at Waterloo, small fortresses. Such was their purpose in earlier days, when brigands roamed about pillaging the countryside or demanding ransom. A tile or brick sidewalk extends round the courtyard close to the buildings.

The master of the farm and his family occupy the structures on the front of the square. These quarters consist of a sitting-room or living-room, two or three bedrooms, with a stairway leading to the upper rooms for servants, and a dining-room for the servants. The barn proper occupies the rear face of the enclosure. On one side are the cow byres and horse stables; on the other, buildings provided for the pigs, chickens, and dogs. At one corner, next the road, is a building used as a dairy and laundry. Outside the wall of the dairy is an upright wheel, about sixteen feet in diameter. When the Canadians first saw these wheels as they left the train, they fancied they were used to pump water; but they soon discovered that these odd structures played a prominent part in the economy of the farms. Each farm boasts one or two dogs of the Flemish breed. These dogs resemble small mastiffs; in colour they are black with brown and sable points; and they have pointed ears and muzzles. They are a vicious lot; and no wonder, for Flanders is no paradise for dogs. Each morning a farmerette takes a dog out to the wheel, and that dog has to keep on trotting all morning. At noon he is taken out, fed and tied up, and his companion in labour is put in the wheel. In the meantime, the wheel has turned the churn and the washing apparatus, and mixed the bread. No one in Flanders can tell you who invented these dog wheels, from so remote a time do they date. In this region wine was manufactured and there were farms with hedges and enclosures, and no doubt dog wheels, in the time of Cæsar, two thousand years ago.

In the centre of the farm enclosure or courtyard

there is a pit walled with brick, about thirty feet square, and ten or twelve feet deep, into which is thrown the manure and refuse of the stables and house. In one corner of this pit or midden there is a well with a pump. The midden drains into the well, and the contents are pumped into huge puncheons and used to sprinkle over the fields of sugar-beet, beans, and potatoes. This is a fruitful source of bacteria, both in the soil and the air; and the man or animal that is wounded or cut is in grave danger of being afflicted with tetanus or lockjaw, or, what is far worse, gas gangrene. Lockjaw early in the war succumbed to a serum injected into either man or beast that happened to be wounded; but gangrene took a terrible toll, and the slightest wound, unless thoroughly disinfected at once and kept clean, might mean a lingering horrible death, following operation after operation.

The horses on the Flemish farms were of the Belgian breed; heavy, intelligent animals, not unlike the French draft horse, but shorter and flatter in the bone. Most of the horses in the territory where the Canadians were billeted were carried off by the Germans. Some cavalry horses that were wounded were left behind by the invaders. They were a queer lot, small and weedy, with crested manes sticking up like the spikes of a porcupine; and were not unlike the wild horses that used to roam the Canadian prairies, or the horses shown on ancient marbles. These horses were used by the German light cavalry. A Uhlan mounted on one of these " crocks " would not stand much chance in a running fight with a trooper of such a regiment as the Scots Greys. A troop of the British heavy cavalry would ride down a whole regiment of them.

The Flemish women tilled the farms, drove the horses, milked the cows, ploughed and sowed the land under the fire of the German guns. Women tilling the land within half a mile of the German line was a common sight. In one section occupied by the Canadians

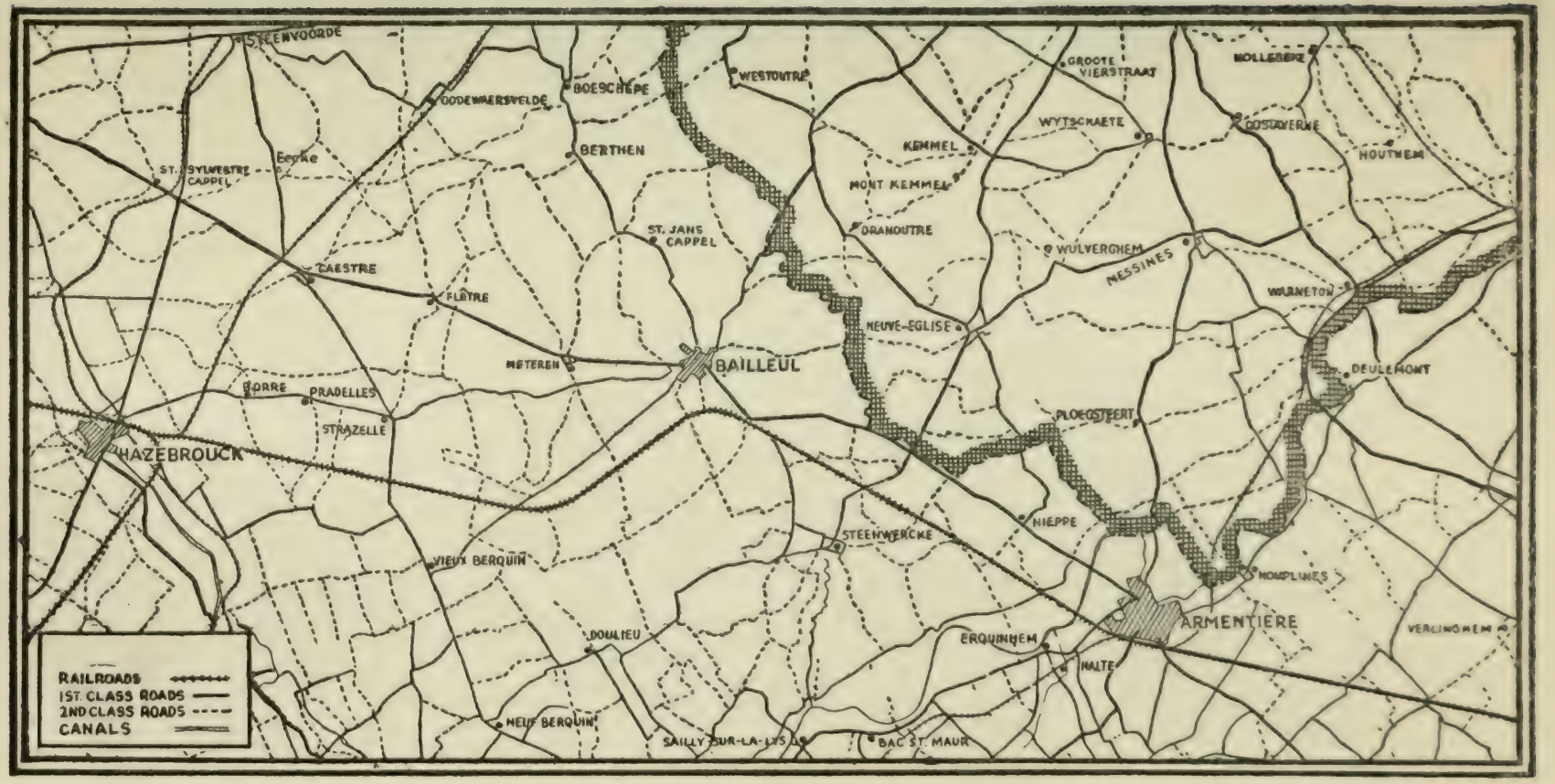
a young Flemish girl harrowed and planted a field, while the German gunners for two days persistently and deliberately fired shells at her — so much for boasted chivalry and *kultur*.

With all this splendid farm land and stock, the Flemish farmer still makes his own implements. Home-made carts and wooden iron-shod ploughs and wooden harrows are the rule. The implement manufacturers are not encouraged. The Flemish farmers figure out that there are days when they are not busy on the land when they can occupy themselves manufacturing their own farm implements.

In such a region and among such a people, on the evening of February 17th the 1st Canadian Division of the Expeditionary Force, after disembarking at Hazebrouck, went into billets, with the village of Caestre as the centre of their area. As they marched along the roads the farmers stopped ploughing and the children ran out from the houses to gaze with astonishment and admiration at the Canadians. This billeting area was immediately west of the Ypres salient, where the Canadians were to experience so much fierce fighting and where they were to acquit themselves so nobly. Already the ominous name of " Bloody Wipers " had found its way across to England; and it is a name that forever and a day will be written red in the annals of Canada.

The division was reviewed on the 20th by Generals Sir John French and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who expressed themselves as well pleased with this addition to their forces.

The Canadians were in excellent spirits and all were eager for action. They were indeed a formidable force. The machine-like precision of the troops in their drill and exercises impressed the inspecting officers. They no doubt were prepared to witness a motley mob of civilians — " raw necks "; instead of which they saw battalions of men above the ordinary



SCENE OF OPERATIONS OF THE 1ST DIVISION IN 1915

stature, of magnificent physique and bearing, well drilled and disciplined. The foundation of this excellence in drill and discipline had been laid at Valcartier, and the tradition was carried on and improved at Salisbury Plain. When the 1st Division reached France, a number of senior Imperial officers who saw it on its arrival told the writer that, in their opinion, it was superior to any Imperial troops then in the field. The first Imperial contingent had been killed off and depleted; and the ranks were filled with drafts of raw recruits that had not undergone anything like the training of the Canadians, who, it must be remembered, had now been over six months in arms.

All kinds of lies and slanders had been circulated in Canada and England about the 1st Division. That was part of the German propaganda. Ninety-five per cent. of the division was composed of sane, sober, God-fearing young men. As a rule they tried to live exemplary lives while surrounded by every form of temptation. Their discipline was self-imposed — the kind that tells when the odds are against a man. When the supreme test came these men were to show that it is the man who leads a clean and godly life that makes the best soldier. Their deeds have forever silenced the voices of their slanderers.

The territory in the neighbourhood of Caestre and Hazebrouck still showed signs of the German invasion of 1914. Here and there crosses, white and black, in corners of the fields told their tragic story; and in the vicinity of farmhouses trenches and barbed-wire entanglements were to be seen. In the first sweep for the Channel ports the German advance guards had reached almost as far west as St. Omer; but the First British Army had been reorganized and moved up to the coast, and, as we have seen, together with the French had driven the invaders back across the Belgian frontier, and east of Ypres, which was the only city of Belgium left in the possession of the Allies.

After the British High Command had inspected the 1st Canadian Division and it looked good to them, they decided that the sooner it got into the trenches the better. Orders came that the march to the battle front should begin on the 23rd, the objective being the city of Armentières. The division moved off promptly. Very few of the men fell out, although they were wearing heavy English miners' boots and the stone-paved roads were hard going. Armentières, a French factory town, was reached in the afternoon about four o'clock. The citizens gave the Canadians an enthusiastic welcome, turning out *en masse* to see them make their entry. Billets were provided in the town and the men soon settled down comfortably.

The boundary line between Belgium and France runs south from the sea coast to Armentières, which is located on the river Lys, a small stream which flows north-easterly to Ghent, where it joins the Schelde. The Lys forms the boundary from Armentières to Menin. All the territory in the vicinity of Armentières was swampy, the height of the river Lys, which was then in flood, determining in a measure the military operations. The city of Lille is about ten miles east of Armentières; and the line of trenches at that time ran through Houplines, a suburban village two miles east of Armentières.

The town of Armentières, when the Canadians arrived there, was a comparatively quiet spot, the Germans, for the time being, dropping only an occasional shell into it. But there was hardly a block but showed doors, windows, and walls peppered with shrapnel. In Armentières the Canadians first saw evidence of the brutality of the Germans. In the city were several small children whose hands had been chopped off by the enemy's soldiery, whilst hardly a young or old woman had escaped the brutal attentions of the invaders. The factories, many of which were owned by Germans, were all idle. It was said that

the German-owned factories were marked red on the German gunners' maps, and were never shelled.

It was at Houplines that the Canadians first entered the Flemish trenches, and learned trench warfare. In this sector they were liaisoned with British troops; that is to say, they took the place of a certain number of British troops and were taught the routine of trench life.

The system of defensive works immediately behind the front line were in many instances most complicated, and, on the arrival of the division at the front, company officers and non-commissioned officers were the first to be sent into the trenches. This was for the purpose of enabling them to study communication trenches, barbed-wire entanglements, etc., so that they might be able to lead their platoons into any position of the defensive system to which they were assigned.

One of the most exciting moments in the lives of the soldiers of the Canadian division in the Great War was when they entered the famous front line trenches of Flanders for the first time. If the writer were asked to give the most exciting moments for him in the Great War, he would place these incidents in the following ascending order: the moment when he first witnessed the front line trenches, at night with the troops in action; the first time he heard the weird whine of the Hun shell, which preceded an explosion in his immediate vicinity; the strenuous moment when the men of his command charged magazines and fixed bayonets to repel an assault of the enemy, whose shock troops were seen emerging from their trenches with bayonets fixed. It certainly took some nerve to witness without emotion the enemy as they advanced in dense masses across No Man's Land, brandishing their arms menacingly by alternately raising and lowering their bayonets as they broke into the charging pace. "Steady! aim low! shoot your man first and bayonet him afterwards." These muttered cau-

tions of the Canadian company officers will ring in the ears forever, along with the acrid tang of the burnt cordite powder, the deafening rattle of the rifles and machine guns, and the hoarse shouts of the combatants. Yes! the first thrilling moments in a modern battle, when the combat reaches the hand-to-hand stage, for real excitement takes precedence over everything else in a man's life.

The Canadians had now to take their regular turn in the trenches. They were sent in at ration time — that is, between eight and nine o'clock at night. Every evening about that time a detail from the trenches met the company quartermaster's detachment at a convenient spot in the rear and took over the food, wood, sand-bags, and other supplies. The men marched across the fields in Indian file — on one side dodging a shell hole, on the other a ditch — through hedges and up sunken communication trenches to the front line. Then each man was quietly allotted a place along the parapet.

The trenches were quite unlike what had been expected. The picture shows in England and the " Notes from the Front " led the men to expect a gash cut in the earth in zig-zag fashion, the earth thrown up on one side to form a parapet or breastwork. In the Low Country the trenches took the form of a double row of breastworks, each about the height of a man. Deep trenches were out of the question, as water was found plentifully about a foot below the surface. Two lines of these breastworks or trenches, varying from fifty to three hundred yards apart, ran sinuously from the sea down to the Alps, one manned by the Germans and the other by the Allies.

It was a dull, hazy night when the Canadians first found themselves engaged with the enemy. Overhead was a constant humming, as if a flock of swallows or other swift-flying birds were in migrating flight. This was the voice of bullets. In the air, as far as the eyes

could see, north and south, great flares were rising from the German side. These flares, or rockets, threw a very brilliant light, more so than the magnesium in the rockets used for holiday celebrations at home. They threw objects into startling relief and shone with the brilliancy of the electric headlight of a locomotive. The occupants of the opposing trenches were able to read by the light of one of these flares. At intervals of about one hundred feet they were shot into the air, forming great festoons of light, turning the night into day. The British were sending up few flares in return, and those sent up were of poor quality. Nothing so impressed the Canadians as the scientific preparedness of the enemy disclosed by these lights. The first night in the trenches made them feel that the war was not likely to end before they got right into it. That first night taught most of them that they were in for a long hard struggle, and that the sooner the people at home woke up to the plight of the army in Flanders and the general position of the Allies, the better. The rattle of the musketry along the trenches was incessant. It sounded almost as if a general engagement were taking place. The incessant whistling noises overhead were from bullets aimed not so much at the front line trenches as at the rear, in the hope of finding a billet among working parties or reliefs. At intervals of about one hundred yards along the enemy's trenches were placed machine guns that every few minutes broke loose, with a sound like rivetting hammers, sending showers of bullets across, ripping the sand-bags on the top of the parapets, and making the wary occupants of the trenches duck their heads as the bullets ricochetted in the air about them.

German machine guns played a most important part in the war from the commencement. They were all of the Maxim pattern and were made to stand rough usage. The " clank, clank " of the automatic action could be plainly heard across No Man's Land. The

Germans had about sixteen of these guns for every battalion of eight hundred men. From three to four per battalion were all the British were at first allowed. The German machine guns were mounted on a carriage shaped like a Canadian hand-sleigh. On this mount they could be dragged across the fields through the mud.

The trench system in the battle area was developed in the following manner. The troops fighting back and forward across the country would be ordered to halt at some line and dig themselves in. Every soldier in the field carries, besides his rifle and ammunition, an intrenching tool. The Germans carried a small shovel. The disadvantages of a shovel are that the user must stand up or kneel to use it, and while he is digging himself in he is exposed to fire. It took the Germans twice as long to dig in as the British, and they attempted such work rarely except at night. The British soldier carried a "grubber" slung across his back. When he was ordered to "dig in," he lay down, pulled the handle of his grubber out of its scabbard alongside of his bayonet, and inserted it in the grubber, forming an instrument not unlike a heavy hoe with a small pick opposite the cutting blade. Lying in the prone position, he used his grubber to pick and shovel the earth until he made a hole in the ground large enough to insert his body. He then enlarged his "dig in," till he had a hole about eighteen inches deep, two feet wide, and six feet long. The earth was piled up at the head of this hole with a thickness at the top of from a yard to five feet, according to the nature of the soil, to serve as cover from machine-gun and rifle bullets. When a man was trained to dig in, he could get out of sight and into safety in about fifteen minutes. These intrenchments are called "field," "hasty," or "shelter" trenches. With a bundle of rye straw from a neighbouring roof, the "dig in" is comparatively warm and comfortable. In it the occupant is safe from rifle

or machine-gun bullets, and from shell-fire unless a shell registers a direct hit.

After a battalion has dug itself in, if the fight peters out, orders are sent forward to " consolidate " the position; in other words, to build a line of deliberate intrenchments. The line of " dig ins " is generally located so as to give a clear field of fire in front. There is therefore not much trouble in laying out deliberate intrenchments either in front or in rear. The deliberate line is laid out in zig-zags or bays, each bay to accommodate from four to eight men. Between the bays there is a crook in the trench line. This crook provides a wall or traverse, as it is called, which stops splinters of a shell from killing or wounding any but the men in the " bay " where it falls. When the line is fixed hurdles of willow provided by the engineers are fitted up and fastened to stakes driven into the ground. These hurdles assist in forming a revetment or wall against which the men can stand as they fire. Earth to the width of about six feet is piled up from the enemy's side against these hurdles. Sometimes hurdles are laid horizontally in this mud wall to prevent it from being destroyed by shell-fire. Where the earth is burrowed on the enemy's side there is generally formed a ditch, which fills with water and adds to the difficulties of the attackers. The mud bank is raised to about four feet, and then a double or triple row of sand-bags on top finishes the job. Between the sand-bags, at intervals along the line, are inserted steel plates with holes in them to snipe through. Generally port-holes were provided in pairs in a recess in the wall: one hole was for observation, the other for firing. Behind the port-holes blankets were frequently hung so as to render their detection by the enemy a difficult matter. Machine guns were provided with similar positions. At night the machine guns were fired through old blankets, to prevent the flash of their operation being seen by the enemy. At intervals of

about fifty or sixty feet in the parapets, small redoubts were constructed, and in these redoubts were built "dug-outs," as they were called, for the accommodation of the men. In these they were supposed to rest in the day-time. Trench routine required that the men should work at night, and rest and keep hidden from observation during the day. Some of the men found it difficult to sleep out of their accustomed time, and lack of proper rest helped to bring on that nervous condition known as "shell-shock."

When deliberate intrenchments had been established at the front line, a second or reserve line was built at from two to five hundred yards in the rear. The reserve trenches were generally more deliberate in outline, and provided much better sleeping accommodation. About half a mile back of the front trenches a line of large redoubts were provided. Each line of fortification was strongly protected by barbed-wire entanglements. When the Canadians went into the trenches, the front line was the line of defence, and in it most of the troops were placed. As time wore on the French used only machine guns in the front line, the second line being made the chief line of resistance. Subsequently, this was changed, so that the first and second lines were lightly held and were supposed to face back on the third line. This system proved disastrous at the Aisne and the second or French system was adopted as the best.

While in the trenches a battalion occupied about eight hundred yards of the front line. It generally had three companies in the front line trenches and one company in reserve breastworks. Only two of the battalions constituting a brigade were placed in the front line at a time. The other two battalions were kept in reserve — one in brigade reserve about a mile behind the line, the other in divisional reserve further back. The battalions relieved each other in the front line about every four days.

The signalling system had reached some degree of perfection early in the war, and the chief instrument used was the portable field telephone. Each company carried a phone and had to keep in touch with battalion headquarters. Battalion headquarters had a staff of signallers that had to keep in touch with brigade headquarters, and the brigades had to tie up to general headquarters. The wires in the trenches were constantly being cut by shell-fire, and the duty of repairing these wires night and day was very arduous. The signallers were also message runners, and during a battle a messenger had to run great risks. Conditions at the battle front did not permit of ordinary signalling. Soldiers fought through months of war without ever seeing a flag used to telegraph a message. Under the fighting conditions on the Western front, the telephone, the star-shell, and the despatch runner took the place of " wig-wagging," in which the forces had been so thoroughly instructed before going overseas.

After the Canadians had spent a few days with the British in the trenches at Houplines, just east of Armentières, the commanding officers of battalions and their staffs were ordered one morning to rendezvous at the south-west suburb of the town. When they reached the rendezvous their horses were sent back and they took their seats in a " flock " of London buses that were placed at their disposal, and were soon speeding along the great highway that led south towards Bethune. On their arrival at Sailly they made their way on foot to the headquarters of the famous 7th or Guards Division, whose trenches they were to take over. This was on St. David's day, March 1st. The trenches the Guards were holding extended from Fleurbaix to the road that ran east to Fromelles, a kilometre north of the Rue D'Enfer, which, later on, at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, was to prove a death-trap for many brave Guardsmen. The section of trenches which the Canadians took over here was for

many months to be a land of calm. Three years later this region was to feel the full blast of war: it was at this spot in 1918 that the Germans broke through the Portuguese lines and succeeded in capturing Mont Kemmel. La Cardonière farm, where the Germans struck first in 1918, was the billet which the 48th Highlanders (15th Battalion) of Toronto took over from the Scots Guards in 1915.

On March 2nd the division marched out of Armentières and in the afternoon halted for the night at Sailly and Bac St. Maur.

It was while the Canadians held the line from Fleurbaix to Fromelles that the Battle of Neuve Chapelle took place. Several Guards officers remained here with the Canadians to initiate them into trench routine; and here began that friendship between the 1st Canadian Division and the 7th British Guards Division that was to exist throughout the war. On many a hard fought field these two corps insisted on fighting together. When the complete history of the war is written it will be known how valorously these two corps sustained the honour and glory of British arms. It was at this place also that the British and Germans fraternized on Christmas Day, 1914.

The Canadians found, occupying the trenches opposite to them, Saxons, men of a somewhat higher type than the average German. The companies in the trenches were relieved every three days. The relief and the rationing were carried on between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. At this hour the Saxons also relieved and peace fell upon the trenches. The Saxons proved themselves good sports, and when they were being withdrawn they notified the Canadians. "Look out to-morrow night. The Prussians are coming in! Give them Hell!" they shouted across the Devil Strip. The Saxons later learned that the Canadians followed their advice to the letter.

It was while in this locality that the Canadians first

inaugurated a system of patrolling No Man's Land which was ultimately to develop into trench raiding, a form of war sport which furnished many exciting incidents for the remainder of the war.

The sojourn of the Canadians in this position was no sinecure. The trenches they held were separated from the German system at distances varying from sixty-five yards to four hundred. For about six weeks the Canadians held about seven thousand yards of front. They were constantly under rifle, machine-gun, and shell fire in this hot corner. At night patrols went out into No Man's Land and occasionally had sharp hand-to-hand encounters with German patrols. During the day the enemy bombardment ripped holes in the wire entanglement, and at night these gaps had to be repaired. No light task! Machine guns were trained on the broken areas, and search-lights, star-shells, and Verey lights exposed the workers to the German sharpshooters. The conditions of the country and the frequent shell-fire had made the approach to the trenches a desolate area. Communication trenches were obliterated and reliefs and fatigue parties had to work their way across country. At times the men were in imminent danger of losing their way in the darkness. They often made the journey to the trenches, across land infested with dangerous ditches and communication trenches full of water, solely by the light of the German flares and star-shells. The men were becoming experts at taking cover, but under the circumstances casualties could not be entirely avoided, and by March 10th the division, although having taken part in no engagement, had suffered a loss of six officers and 164 of other ranks.

3. The Battle of Neuve Chapelle

March 10th was the day set for a big battle framed up to take place on the Canadians' right, opposite the

village of Neuve Chapelle. A few weeks earlier General Joffre, the French commander, had inaugurated in the Champagne country a system of " nibbling " at the enemy's line. " Nibbling " meant massing guns and troops opposite a special point in the enemy's line; then, fixing an objective, that is to say a road, hill, or village behind the enemy's line, the guns would suddenly warm up early some morning, putting a curtain of fire over the enemy's trenches. First the forward line would be shelled; then the shelling would stop while the French troops stormed the first line; then the second line would be shelled with similar results; and, lastly, the third line; then the territory thus wrested from the enemy would be consolidated. It was this idea which subsequently developed the tanks and the infernal creeping barrage.

The British decided to frame up a " nibble " at Neuve Chapelle. First, guns were got together at varying distances in the rear. Then General Haig, who commanded the army in the sector, issued an inspiring address and told the Canadians that the British were going to start the spring offensive there. During the winter a new army and a new war machine had been created by the British. It was no doubt partly to try out these that the attack was planned at Neuve Chapelle. A German salient projected into the British position at this war-shattered village, and the intention was to flatten it out.

The programme for the big battle ran somewhat as follows: everything being in readiness, several divisions were to be brought up behind the trenches at Neuve Chapelle during the night of the 9th and 10th of March. Next morning at 7.30 the ball was to open. The guns were to form two zones of fire. The big guns were to smash the first line of trenches for a mile into fragments, while the second line of lighter guns were to rain shrapnel on the ground over which supports might come, so that the first line would be iso-

lated. When the first line was sufficiently hammered the infantry was to rip the German parapets with rapid rifle-fire, and then charge with bayonets across No Man's Land. Once inside the first line of parapets bomb-throwing parties were to be told off right and left to clear the trenches. These bombing parties consisted of three or four men with bayonets to lead and two or three bomb-throwers to throw their death-dealing missiles at the enemy ahead of the bayonet men. The leading bayonet men carried flags, which they were to show on the parapets as they passed along so that they would not come under the fire of the supporting infantry.

Neuve Chapelle was a typical Franco-Flemish village in the war zone; a huddle of houses and shops, partly unroofed by shell-fire, deserted by the populace, and shunned by the soldiers. It had been, in peace days, a smiling village of two-storey brick houses with red-tiled roofs. It possessed the typical church and grave-yard such as are found in all of these Flemish villages. Almost every second house was a wine or beer saloon, an *estaminet.* The British rush in October, 1914, had driven back the German lines beyond Armentières, Aubers, and Fromelles. Neuve Chapelle had several times changed hands, but had finally been held by the Germans. They had a lot of stout-hearted rogues holding on there who would not let go; so Neuve Chapelle formed the apex of a salient in the British lines, which weakened it north so much that later on good ground had to be given up south of Lille in order to straighten and consolidate along the line of the river Des Layes for the hard winter campaign.

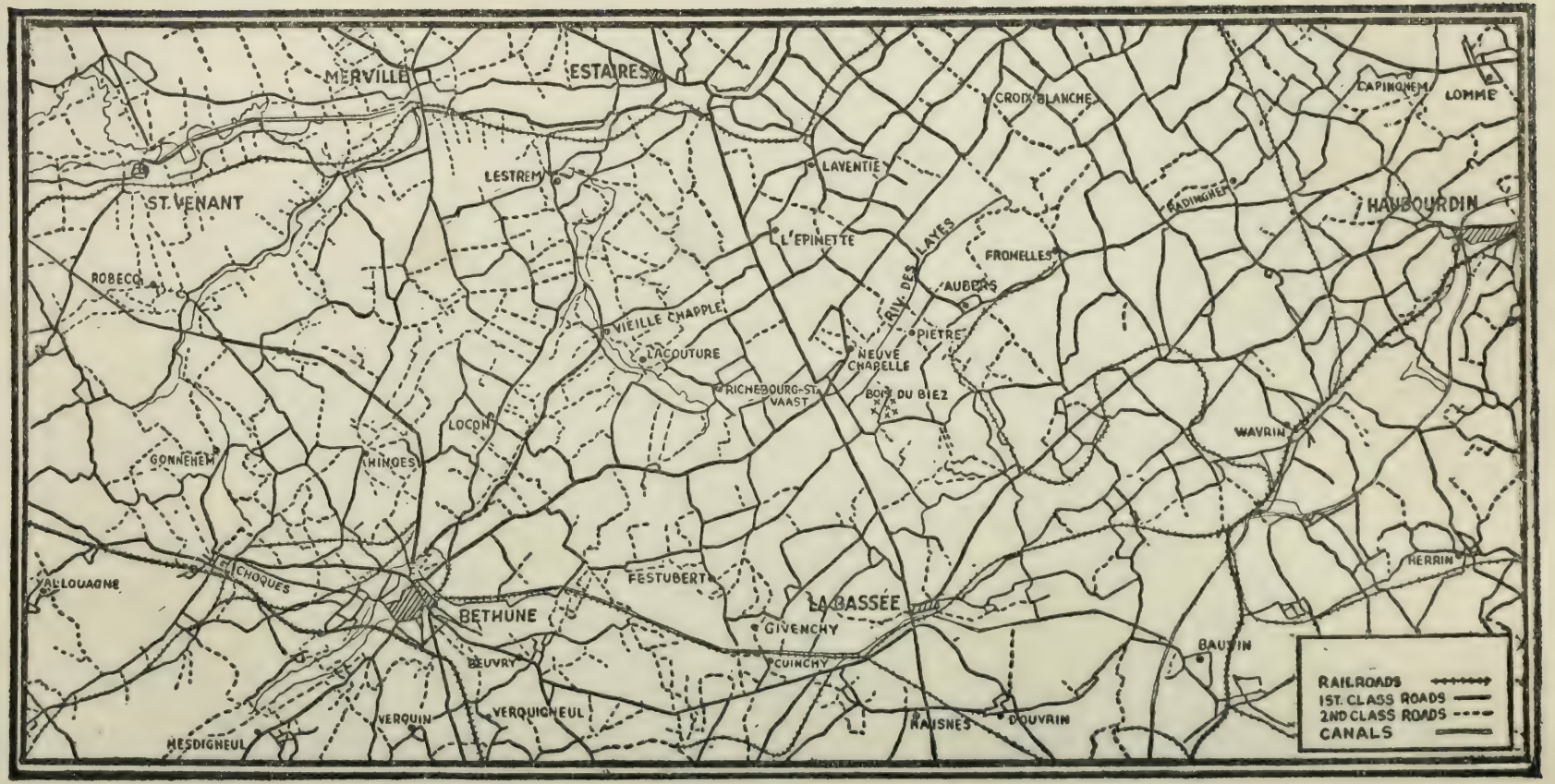
The attack on Neuve Chapelle had been under consideration for several weeks, and its details had been worked out by General John Gough, the Chief Staff Officer of the First Corps, who was killed by an accidental shot on February 20th, before being able to give the final touches to his admirable plan of battle.

The immediate plan of attack was briefly: an intense artillery preparation; a curtain of shells; and a vigorous infantry advance immediately the guns had ceased pounding the enemy's position. The new warfare was to be fully tested and the new army was to be put on its mettle. Men who had been busy in civil occupations in the cities, towns, and villages of Great Britain and the Colonies were to be tried out side by side with the war-hardened regulars.

The Canadian division was to play a minor part, a waiting part, in this engagement. It was to hold an important section of the front, but, with the exception of the divisional artillery, was not to be brought into action.

The attack on Neuve Chapelle was entrusted to the First Army, under Sir Douglas Haig; the Fourth Corps having the left of the line immediately in front of the objective; and the Indian Corps the right. It was necessary to keep the Germans occupied along the whole battle-line from Armentières to La Bassée, to prevent reinforcements being sent to the lines about Neuve Chapelle; and simultaneously with the main attack the First Corps was to give battle at Givenchy; and the Third Corps, from the Second Army, was to conduct a similar offensive immediately south of Armentières. The Canadians were in a position between two and three miles north-west of Neuve Chapelle, and held over six thousand yards of trenches, having on their left the 19th Brigade and on their right the 15th. Their task was to stand fast until such time as the 15th Brigade moved; and then they were to go into action with it. But, as we shall see, the battle was to develop in such a manner that only the forces immediately in front of Neuve Chapelle were to take part in it.

The preparations for battle had been conducted with great secrecy. The British, for the time being, had control of the air and were able to move men and guns in rear of the trenches without the knowledge of the



SCENE OF OPERATIONS OF THE 1ST DIVISION IN 1915

Germans. By March 8th the battle plans had been fully matured; and Sir John French issued his instructions to his Corps commanders. On this same day Canadian officers met General Rawlinson, Commanding Officer of the Fourth Army Corps, at his headquarters near Sailly, and for the first time had the whole plan of the battle explained to them.

The attack was to take place at daybreak on the 10th; and on the night of the 9th the roads in the rear of the British positions were packed with troops moving forward to the firing lines and with guns taking up battle positions. The majority of the guns were assembled immediately in rear of the point to be attacked; the light guns about Richebourg St. Vaast, between two and three thousand yards from Neuve Chapelle; and the heavies about Lacouture and Vieille Chapelle, distant between five and six thousand yards. The Canadian guns were located between Fleurbaix and Laventie, in such a position as to command the villages of Aubers and Fromelles on the north-west face of the Aubers Ridge. Here also were British horse artillery from India. Naval guns mounted on railway trucks were located at Croix Blanche.

The men were made ready for a protracted struggle. Each had in his haversack two days' rations; was provided with 150 rounds of ammunition in his pouches; and carried besides two bandoliers, each of fifty rounds, slung over his shoulders. Before taking up their positions the men were given a hot breakfast and invigorated by hot coffee. The commissariat, which never failed in providing the forces with food, was seeing to it that the men went into the battle-line fit and strong.

On this eventful day reveille was sounded earlier than usual, and shortly before dawn the Canadian battalions fell in by companies. But already many of the division had taken up their positions in the trenches. The Germans on the Canadian front were

on the alert; and as the men went forward through the darkness from the support trenches and billets, occasional bursts of shrapnel fell along the line of their advance. Some of the companies marched down Rue de Bois and found concealment among the farmhouses. Others cautiously moved across the fields, scouting along ditches and hedges. A considerable force took up a position among farmhouses several hundred yards east of the corner of Rue de Bois and the Fromelles road. Near this point there was a huge straw stack, which was being used for observation purposes. In the rear of it Captain Pope, of the 3rd Brigade Staff, had established a telephone office, camouflaged by wheat sheaves of the crop of the preceding year. Near at hand was a substantial barn on an elevated position, and from its upper storey, by means of powerful field binoculars, an excellent view of the immediate scene of action could be obtained.

The day of battle dawned fine and cool, similar to many days that had preceded it; and an occasional roar from the rear told that the guns were awake. The Germans replied with their heavies and with spasmodic bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire in the direction of the British first-line trenches. Overhead aeroplanes soared eastward, the drumming of their propellers having an ominous note for the Germans, but sounding like sweet music to the British. They had an important task to perform. As soon as the enemy realized that the attacking force was on them, they would rush forward reinforcements from Lille and Turcoing to Neuve Chapelle, which was comparatively lightly held. To hinder this, squadrons of bombing planes were sent out to attack all railway points, such as the junctions of Menin, Courtrai, Don, and Douai, in the German rear; and most effectively did the gallant young airmen do their work.

Due to the British air superiority and the secrecy with which the entire plans for the battle had been

worked out, the enemy was totally unaware of the huge preparations that had been made against Neuve Chapelle; but on this comparatively quiet spring morning, he was fronted with trenches jammed with men eager to go over the top; and in the rear of these trenches were guns of all calibres, from light field guns to naval guns and the powerful 15-in. weapons that were equal to the best products of the gun factories of Germany and Austria. For the first time in seven months of war, a battle was to open in which the British commanders felt that in the matter of guns they had a pronounced superiority over the enemy. In rear of the trenches, too, the 2nd Division of cavalry was held in reserve, ready for a dash towards Lille, if all opposition should be overcome along Aubers Ridge.

After the first few ranging shots there was silence. The Canadian officers from their points of observation expectantly fixed their glasses on the British lines marked by brown sand-bags, now hidden by hedges, again showing distinctly as they crossed the highways, only to be lost to view by clumps of tall elms, by houses, and the church at the corner called Fauquissart. The German trenches could also be seen, crowned with rows of white sand-bags, interspersed here and there with blue bundles that looked like bed-ticks filled with earth.

The sun was now up; day had broken bright and clear; and over the whole scene rested an ominous silence. But these crowded British trenches told their story. All the soldiers were on the alert; and beside them were short trench ladders that had been brought forward to enable them the more speedily to go over the top when the critical moment came to dash across No Man's Land.

At 7.30 a. m. the British batteries began their work of destruction; and soon over three hundred guns, light and heavy, were storming the German front line

trenches. Over the heads of the waiting infantry a stream of iron roared in continuous flight to the barbed-wire entanglements and parapets of the enemy; the shells from the field guns and howitzers with deadly accuracy skimming the British trenches and smashing through the wire entanglements of the enemy, ploughing the earth into gigantic furrows, crashing into the enemy's strongholds, blowing up parapets, and filling the air with green and yellow smoke. Sand-bags and machine guns flew fifty feet in the air; and among them were dark objects that looked to the distant observers like the bodies of men. In a few minutes the enemy parapets over a wide range had disappeared. So continuous was the artillery fire that it sounded as if a gigantic machine gun were at work. Even at their remote distance from the main attack the Canadians felt the earth tremble as though shaken by an earthquake. Nothing of the enemy front could now be seen, on account of the yellow smoke from the lyddite of the bursting shells. But behind this in the air there was a ring of fire, where the shrapnel shells were bursting and showering a leaden curtain to prevent the enemy supports from coming up. The Canadian eighteens and 60-pounders had joined in this chorus of war, and were sending their shells into the German positions about Aubers. The German gunners under this deluge of fire made a feeble response, the Canadian guns receiving momentary attention. But their observation was bad, and the half dozen or so 40-pounder shells that they sent in the direction of the Canadian artillery burst harmlessly in a field many hundred yards from the guns.

Meanwhile in the British trenches the men waited expectantly and impatiently for the guns to cease firing. Every soldier was eager for the signal that meant a dash over the top. About eight o'clock, after half an hour of the intensest bombardment so far experienced in the war, the roar of the guns ceased. This

was immediately followed by fierce musketry and machine-gun fire, which sounded to the Canadians for all the world like the distant thunder of Niagara Falls. At five minutes past eight this fire too died down; the whistles of the officers gave the signal; and in a wild rush the men in the trenches went over the top cheering, and sped across No Man's Land in the face of machine-gun and rifle fire from isolated positions that had withstood the bombardment.

The centre of the position was attacked by the 2nd Londoners and 2nd Berkshires of the 25th Brigade. Like an immense forward line in a football rush the men of these regiments dashed forward to the enemy's trenches. So effective had been the bombardment at this point that only from isolated strongholds here and there in the line, where riflemen or machine-gun crews had escaped disaster, came opposition. But there was no stopping the rush, and in less than ten minutes a large section of the German front line trenches was in the hands of the attackers; and the few cowering occupants, yellow from the lyddite fumes, who had as by a miracle survived the deluge of shells that had been poured upon them, crawled from their places of concealment and held up pleading hands in token of surrender. After the Londoners and Berks came the 1st Irish Rifles and the 2nd Rifle Brigade, dashing through the victorious forces and speeding towards the village beyond.

While this triumph was being achieved in front of Neuve Chapelle, to the left of the line the forces were not having such easy going. The 23rd Infantry Brigade led the attack on this front and dashed forward simultaneously with the 25th Brigade. But despite the half-hour's bombardment to which the Germans had been subjected, the barbed-wire entanglement over a considerable section of the trenches was practically intact; and the 2nd Scottish Rifles and 2nd Middlesex found forward progress impossible. They threw them-

selves against the wire, seeking an opening, but recoiled under the devastating fire from the rifles and machine guns. The 2nd Devonshires and 2nd West Yorkshires, who were in support, likewise courageously attempted to overcome the obstacles, and succeeded in carrying several hundred yards of the enemy's position. Even this partial success could not have been gained had not General Pinney, Commanding Officer of the 23rd Brigade, when he found his command held up, advanced to the scene of action and inspected the obstacles. He saw that the trenches at this point could be gained, if at all, only with a heavy casualty list; and he therefore withdrew his troops momentarily and sent word back to the guns to pound once more the wire in front of the trenches on the left. For some minutes a rain of shells fell on the enemy's right, and then with a rush the sorely tried regiments won their way through.

On the extreme right the Garhwalis, Gurkhas, Dehra Duns, 2nd Leicesters, and 3rd Londoners were doing equal deeds of valour with varying success. They too ran up against intact wire entanglements, the Garhwalis suffering heavily; but in the end the Germans in this section of their front trenches were all driven out, slain, or captured.

Meanwhile over the heads of the victors shells were being hurled from the British guns. The village of Neuve Chapelle was now subjected to a concentrated fire; and its shell-shattered walls were soon nothing but crumbling heaps of bricks hidden in clouds of dust and smoke. After a brief but effective pounding of the village, the British infantry again moved forward in a spirited rush. There were still a few strongly fortified positions in the village itself and its suburbs; but the British came on with irresistible dash, and in a short time the Rifles of the 25th Brigade and the 3rd Garhwalis were battling their way through the streets of Neuve Chapelle. By twelve o'clock the village was

practically clear of the foe, and the second line of captured trenches was being consolidated.

Meanwhile the German guns had not been idle. The enemy had been taken by surprise, but they had abundance of artillery along Aubers Ridge. This had been quickly brought into play, and a torrent of shells deluged the British front and rear. So effective was this fire that practically every telephone wire was cut and means of rapid communication with supports destroyed. It had created havoc, too, in some of the regiments, particularly on the left of the line; and before the advance could be renewed it was found necessary to reorganize the attacking forces.

By this time word had come to the Canadian officers in the vicinity of Captain Pope's telephone station that the British had not only succeeded in capturing the first line trenches, but were in complete possession of Neuve Chapelle. The Canadians were now in momentary expectation that they would be ordered into the fighting line to aid in storming the strong defences of Aubers Ridge, the capture of which would clear the way to Lille. But they were to be disappointed. There was a lengthy, disastrous delay in the battle. For a time the gun-fire on both sides died down; and it was not until 3 p. m. that the British had their forces sufficiently in hand to attempt a further attack. The Germans had now somewhat recovered from their fright, and, it would appear, had received some reinforcements.

At 3 p. m. the battle was renewed with energy, the main points of attack being Bois du Biez, an important wood to the south-east of Neuve Chapelle, and the village of Piètre, to the north-east. Through the region now under attack, between Neuve Chapelle and Aubers Ridge, ran the river Des Layes. The eastern bank of this river was held in force by the Germans, and from bridge-heads a destructive fire from rifles and machine guns swept the attackers. Along this line until night-

fall attack and counter-attack took terrible toll of the combatants. At one strongly fortified position, Moulin-du-Piètre, the ground was littered with dead and dying. When night fell the Germans were still holding their own; and the British consolidated the ground they had won and waited for the battle of the morrow.

The morning of the 11th broke mistily, and observation for the guns was difficult. As a consequence the infantry were unable to make further advance through lack of proper artillery preparation. The mist gave the Germans a welcome respite, and they quickly moved up from Lille and Turcoing considerable reinforcements.

During the day the battle raged furiously in Bois du Biez and about machine-gun positions and trenches at Moulin-du-Piètre; and night closed with ghastly losses to both sides and no definite results. The 12th continued misty, and the German reinforcements had been greatly augmented. But though attack and counter-attack were continued until nightfall neither side could make progress. The British could not make any permanent impression on the Aubers Ridge line of trenches; and the Germans were unable to drive the victors of Neuve Chapelle from the territory they had won on the 10th. By evening it was a case of stalemate, the Germans giving over their counter-attacks and the British resting content with consolidating the line immediately to the east of Neuve Chapelle.

A victory had been won — a victory that told the British that with proper artillery preparation they could smash through German lines prepared through months of arduous labour. However, it was only a partial victory: a tract of French soil one thousand yards in depth and in breadth three thousand had been wrested from the enemy at terrible cost. Outposts of their defences had been captured; but in their most vital points they were still firmly entrenched. The

artillery preparation had been on a vast scale, but it had not been sufficiently powerful. Again someone had blundered. The supports that ought to have been thrown in failed to appear; and the three days' battle was fought on the part of the British almost solely by the men who had rushed over the top on the morning of the 10th or by their immediate supports.

When conditions around Neuve Chapelle had died down once more to the routine of trench warfare, the British had time to count the cost of their victory. It was out of all proportion to the results achieved. Some of the brigades which had taken part in the battle had a casualty list of over seventy-five per cent. of their strength; and the total casualties amounted to 562 officers and 12,239 men. About 1,800 were reported missing: these were either killed or wounded in the fluctuating struggle around Moulin-du-Piètre or in the Bois du Biez, on ground that the British had fought over but were unable to hold. The Germans had savagely counter-attacked in mass formation during the greater part of two days; and their losses must have greatly exceeded those of the British, but of these no accurate figures can be obtained. They left in the hands of the victors as prisoners 30 officers and 1,650 men, and their total casualties were variously estimated at from 15,000 to 18,000.

The Canadians had been comparatively idle while this three days' battle raged such a short distance from the trenches they were holding. For the greater part of the time they were subjected to spasmodic bursts of artillery, rifle, and machine-gun fire, but suffered few casualties. They had not taken part in the main action; but they had been under fire and showed the steadiness of veterans. The three days' experience was invaluable. It taught them lessons that were to stand them in good stead when, six weeks later, in front of Ypres, they took their place in the most courage-testing and nerve-racking battle of the Great War.

4. In the Ypres Salient

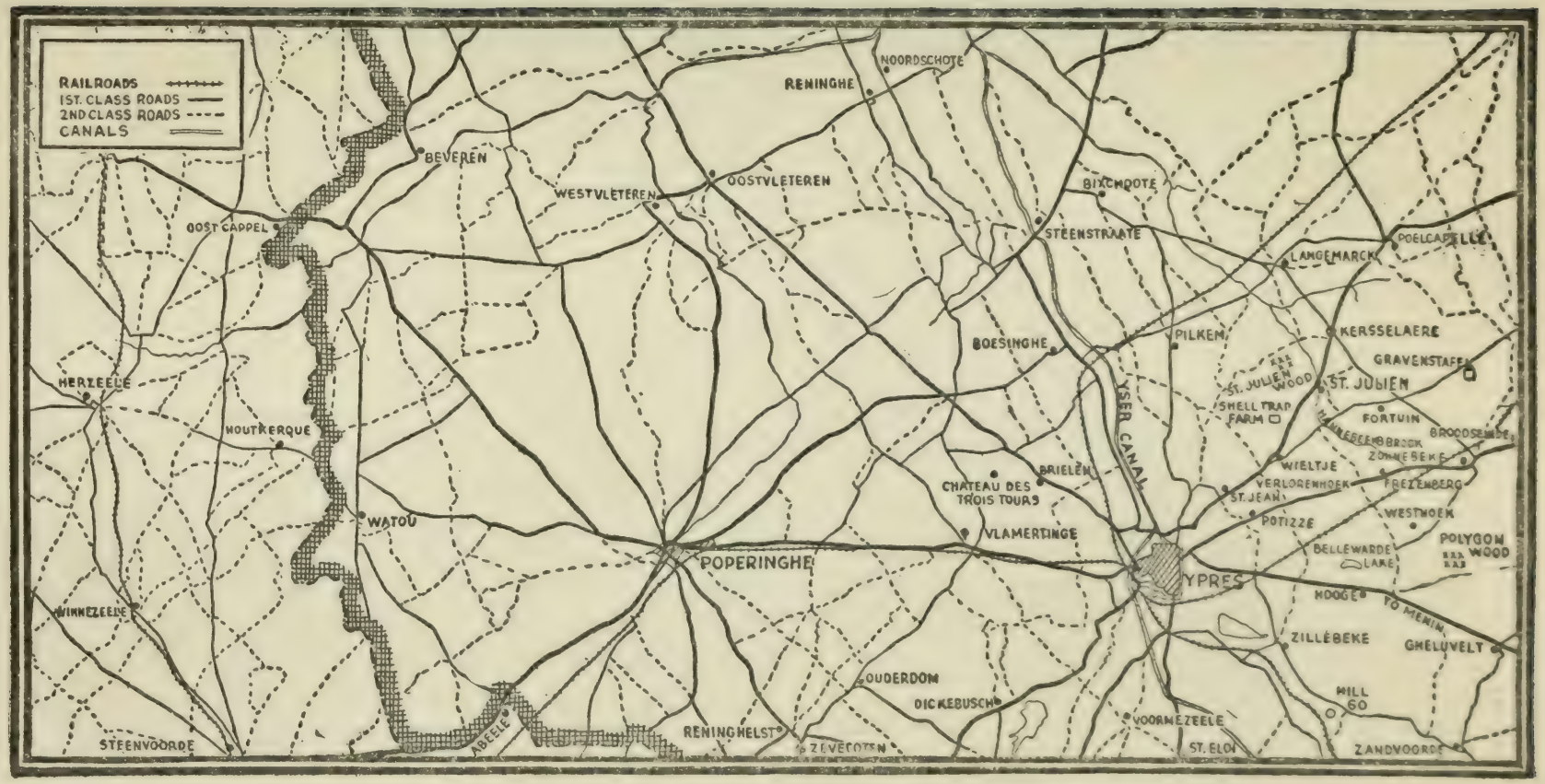
After the Battle of Neuve Chapelle the Canadians were marched to Estaires, where they spent some time in rest billets. Here they were trained daily in trench fighting, with the expectation that they would again go into action about Neuve Chapelle. While they were at Estaires they had their first sight of a Zeppelin observation balloon, from which German observers were spying out the country in the vicinity of La Bassée.

On April 7th the Canadian Division moved north to Cassel, with the intention of taking over some of the front held by the French army in the vicinity of Ypres. They paraded early, and during the day marched about twenty-five miles in full marching order; and very few of the men fell out. The trench life and the daily drills while in rest billets were beginning to make veterans out of these boys — many of whom were still in their teens.

On the 10th of April the division was reviewed by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, the commander of the Second Army. After the inspection the general gathered the officers and sergeants about him, and expressed his pleasure in having such a fine body of men as the Canadians in his army. He particularly commended the artillery and engineers, who even in this early stage of their war career had proved themselves most efficient soldiers.

On the 15th of the month the troops were again on the road. On this day they first set foot in Belgium, where so many of them were to find nameless graves and where they were a few days later to perform deeds of valour that brought undying fame to Canada. They crossed into Belgium at Abeele, where some thirty-eight London motor buses carried them part of the way along the famous highway from Poperinghe to Ypres.

The 1st Brigade, under Brigadier-General Mercer,



SCENE OF OPERATIONS OF THE 1ST DIVISION IN 1915

went into billets at Brielen, a village west of the Yperlee Canal. General Alderson here located his headquarters in the Chateau des trois Tours. The 2nd Brigade, under Brigadier-General Currie, was billeted in the villages of St. Jean and Wieltje, north-east of Ypres; while the 3rd Brigade, under Brigadier-General Turner, V. C., was billeted in the north section of Ypres.

In the preceding autumn the Germans had marched into and through the ill-fated city, and for a time held possession of it, while on their rush for the coast. But the British and French had driven them out; and the First Battle of Ypres had been fought some three or four miles east of the city. A handful of British and French had hung on there in face of terrible odds. But Fortune had smiled on their efforts, and when the Canadians arrived on the scene the fighting had subsided to dull trench routine.

It will ever remain one of the mysteries of the war why the Germans had allowed themselves to be stopped at this point by such a small force of the Allies. In the First Battle of Ypres there was no opportunity for brilliant generalship: it was pure pluck and luck — a soldiers' battle — that had given the Allies the victory. Had the Germans at any time chosen to bring into play their preponderance in men and guns they could have swept the small forces opposed to them into the sea. Bull-dog courage and bluff alone had given the Allies the initiative and enabled them to win what was virtually a victory. The saying of Napoleon that the Lord fights with the biggest battalions, on this occasion and many others during the Great World War, proved untrue.

Ypres, or, in the Flemish dialect, Yperen, was formerly the capital of West Flanders. At one time it was the centre of the cloth trade, and its inhabitants numbered about 200,000. It boasted four thousand looms, and was at once the wealthiest and most powerful city

in Flanders. Its cloth-making industry dates back to the 10th Century, and reached its highest point about 1347. But a plague swept the community; and the war with Ghent in 1383 proved fatal to the woollen industry. The place was devastated by the French soldiers of Alva and Alexander Farnese in 1584, and the population reduced to five thousand, while all the industries were practically destroyed. During the 17th Century Ypres was the centre of the wars of the Low Countries; it was besieged and captured in 1649, 1658, and 1678, and was finally held by the French till 1715. When the Canadians marched into the city it had only a shadow of its former greatness. The population of 16,000 souls, which were in it when the war broke out, had dwindled to fewer than 10,000. Here and there the walls of the buildings showed signs of rifle and shrapnel bullets. The great memorials of the Golden Days had already partly crumbled away under the destructive power of the German cannon. Ypres had suffered more from the devastating influence of the war than any other city in Flanders, and for over two years longer it was to be a battle storm centre.

When the Canadians took up their quarters in Ypres, the German gunners, partly in revenge for having been driven out of the place, partly to destroy it as a base, renewed their bombardment — this time with an intensity that began to work havoc, particularly among the public buildings; and soon of the ancient and famous Cloth Hall only the walls and towers were left standing. This building, begun by Count Baldwin of Flanders in 1200, was completed about 1304; and it had been beautified and renovated from time to time down to 1843-62. The main façade of the building was 435 feet long, in the style which is known as early Gothic architecture. In the centre there was a massive square belfry; and it had turrets at the angles. The building proper was three storeys high and well lighted. At each window in the upper storey was a niche, and

in these niches were statues of the counts and countesses of Flanders.

Another impressive building which was to suffer from the storm of war was the Church of St. Martin, built in the 13th Century. The small flat stone in front of the altar marked the grave of Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, who died in 1638, after founding the sect named after him — the Jansenists, sometimes called Old Catholics, the redoubtable opponents of the Jesuits. This church possessed one of the most beautiful rose windows of any church in Europe.

The Belgians had evidently hoped that the German advance was permanently checked, and were busily repairing the injury to their houses done by the previous bombardments. Bricklayers were putting new bricks in the holes in the walls where German shells had entered. In the fields surrounding the city west of the canal, the Flemish farmers were at work filling up the shell holes and the trenches that had been dug through their farms. The streets were fairly lively with well-dressed men and women. Business, despite the occasional bombardment, was being carried on as usual. Little did these unfortunate people, who had clung to their homes in the midst of war, think that a few days later they would be driven out of their beautiful city by the German shells, and that over three years would elapse before they could return in safety to their ruined homes and shell-ploughed fields.

Almost simultaneously with the arrival of the Canadian division in the Ypres salient, great activity was observed behind the German lines; and the bombardment of the trenches in front of the city and the lines of communication in the rear increased in intensity. Battle was in the air, and, as it proved, in a few days the greatest battle so far fought in the war was to materialize — a battle that was to startle the world, stirring the breasts of men with horror and enthusiasm; horror at the vile means used by the Huns to

AUGUST, 1914

AUGUST, 1917

GUILD HALL OF THE CLOTH MERCHANTS, YPRES

achieve victory, and enthusiasm for the heroic conduct of the citizen soldiers from Canada, who held their section of the front line under conditions that would have strained the courage and discipline of veterans.

CHAPTER III

THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

1. Gravenstafel Ridge

ON the afternoon of Thursday, April 22nd, 1915, two battalions of the 2nd Canadian Brigade facing north-easterly were holding the Gravenstafel Ridge. Two companies of the 5th Battalion were on the right. At that time known as Tuxford's Dandies, the 5th were a blending of hard-riding contingents from the mounted regiments of the Canadian West. In this war they had to fight dismounted, being thereby condemned to a measure of immobility which they chiefly exhibited to the regret of the Germans. On this occasion the 5th were blocking the important highway which runs from Roulers through St. Jean and Fortuin direct to Ypres. Continuing their right flank in trenches curving southerly were the 28th (Imperial) Division.

Two miles easterly and in easy view lay Passchendaele, which was not in that year of the war a name to quicken Canadian pulses; in fact was of no more significance than a hundred other village names. There is much likeness amongst villages in Flanders and it is not often given to the soldiers who pass through or billet in them to foresee their celebrity. St. Julien lay a couple of miles to the right rear, and all the 5th might have noted would be the squat-built, shell-mauled church spire which the apparently more favoured Highlanders in the village itself could view,

as they had viewed a dozen others in as many other villages, from the windows of an *estaminet*. Yes! they are much alike, these villages, with their churches, *estaminets*, and solid houses with inevitable and insanitary courtyards, — and yet some of their names will have a permanent place in Canadian history. On the left of the 5th the 8th Battalion joined up with the 15th Battalion of the 3rd Brigade; and on that pleasant, sunny afternoon there were few in either battalion that suspected what it might cost to prevent their being put asunder.

At this stage of the war the Canadian division had been but lightly blooded. They had heard from comparative safety the then unprecedented gunnery of Neuve Chapelle and Hill 60. But not in their own persons had the " Originals " experienced that hurly-burly of devastation which was to become not the exception but the regular grammar of this war. The malice of nations was but beginning to exploit their mechanical resources. A certain amount of explosive hardware was understood to go with the army, but reliance was placed on enduring bodies inhabited by stout hearts. Moreover, there were believed to be rules of civilized warfare and forbidden as well as permissible weapons and deeds. Humanity had not yet learned that the Sermon on the Mount had been replaced in German thought by Clausewitz' great book on war; or realized what it means to have a whole nation repeating to itself day by day and year in and year out the pet maxims of Clausewitz: " War is an act of violence pushed to its utmost bounds," and, " In war the errors which proceed from a spirit of benevolence are the worst." At any rate, not till that April day did the world learn that a Kaiser of the Germans had robbed Caesar of the Borgias of his toxic laurels.

In those days our soldiers reconciled themselves with difficulty to the idea of a congested warfare where a brigade will perforce content itself with a quarter of

a mile front and dig in several fathoms below the surface and make for itself a labyrinth of crooked trenches with a multitude of lethal devices. The experience of South Africa with its wide extensions and the habit of taking the rifle seriously had developed a contempt for shoulder to shoulder formations. Every man felt that he himself could block a wide lane and he had the ancestral confidence of the archer who vaunted that he carried twelve men's lives in his quiver.

So it was with no trepidation that the 5th and the 8th Battalions held the gate on a front of twenty-five hundred yards, in trenches which, compared with the massive field fortifications of a later period, were fragile and precarious. When word was sent back by Lipsett, its commander, that " the 8th Battalion can hold its bit," it was a boast that the men made good. But it was modestly meant. For neither he nor his men could have dreamed of taking delivery in such quantities from both shell-founder and chemist. Besides, had not the brigadier the 7th and 10th Battalions ready to support them? So nobody doubted they would keep Gravenstafel Ridge. Thus the afternoon wore on until 5 o'clock with the usual comfortless routine of the trench and with the men crouching in alert confidence.

It all began in a moment. " So are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them."

Now it had become a sort of unwritten etiquette at the front not to display unnecessary valour or make unauthorized demonstrations. It was considered the badge of the new-comer to cause an outburst of fire or, as the saying was, " get the wind up." Officers and men guilty of such laxity of discipline did not endue themselves with heroism because of their exposure to shrapnel and whiz-bang, but felt like mischievous boys caught robbing an orchard. So when the dogs of war were let loose on that Thursday afternoon every group

of Canadians had the conceit that they were riveting to themselves the attention of the German High Command. Thus the officers of the 5th accused themselves on the mere strength of their frisking about the open fields near Colonel Tuxford's headquarters, playing a briskly contested game of polo. But it was soon perceived that what was coming over was not a desultory favouritism to any group; there was enough for everybody.

First came a flight of shells numerous as the migrating swallows. This proved no passing shower, but, reinforced by the normal heavy batteries (corresponding to our 6-inch guns) and then by the monstrous "Jack Johnsons," a continuous and terrific downpour, not only in front, but from both left and right. Our men then learned for the first time how slender and inadequate the trench preparations that they had taken over and strengthened were to meet the real hurricane of modern artillery.

In the training of infantry as conducted up to the outbreak of the Great War, it would be incorrect to say that no attention had been given to the art of field fortification. For in the *Infantry Training, 1914,* which consists of some 265 pages, nearly half a page is devoted to training in what for some millions of men for a space of over four years became their chief industry, narrow livelihood, and broad road to destruction, namely: "Field engineering and duties in billets, camps, and bivouacs."

There was also a *Manual of Field Engineering,* which took pains to prohibit any idolatry of field fortification by printing in capitals the words: "IT MUST ALWAYS BE REGARDED AS A MEANS TO AN END, AND NOT AN END IN ITSELF."

Practically the militia out of which the 1st Canadian Division were recruited had some training in how to scoop out a row of riflemen's shelters, with a general notion of how to deepen and enlarge them into con-

nected trenches.[1] They had never got so far as the paragraph which relates to communication trenches. It was fortunate for our men on this April occasion that they had previously occupied trenches built under the supervision of British engineers; otherwise they might have accepted as sufficient without amendment the flimsy erections that had lately been taken over from the French. They at least knew that these were not sufficient. But on the whole the idea still prevailed that field fortification was a grudging and temporary concession. If they thought at all about the difficulty of bringing reserves into the support trenches and supports into the front line, they were more reconciled to the danger of running the gauntlet than to the labour of building communication trenches.

The shell storm of this battle brought the sorrow of increased knowledge. Trenches grew ragged and lost shape and seemed bit by bit to melt into the surface of the ridge. All the previous casualties of the campaign began to be re-enacted for these battalions every half-hour. There was no better security in support or reserve than in the front line. Night, which in former calculations was relied on for movements of reserves, brought no relief, but rather a complexity of danger. Companies sent to reinforce, when crossing the open ground, which was lighted by the flares and towards morning by the moon, sometimes lost more than companies holding the ground.

Now the Germans chose the points of their attack not merely with a view to their strategical objective, which was Ypres and the roads to the Channel, or to tactical considerations, which also would lead them to covet the Gravenstafel Ridge. They had given thought to what modern writers are pleased to term the

[1] It is true that Lord Dundonald ten years before the war put a skeleton camp of officers and N. C. O.'s at Niagara to the task of building a quite imposing redoubt. Whence they learned two indelible lessons: first, that a fortification near Niagara is an international affair; and, second, that digging is hard work.

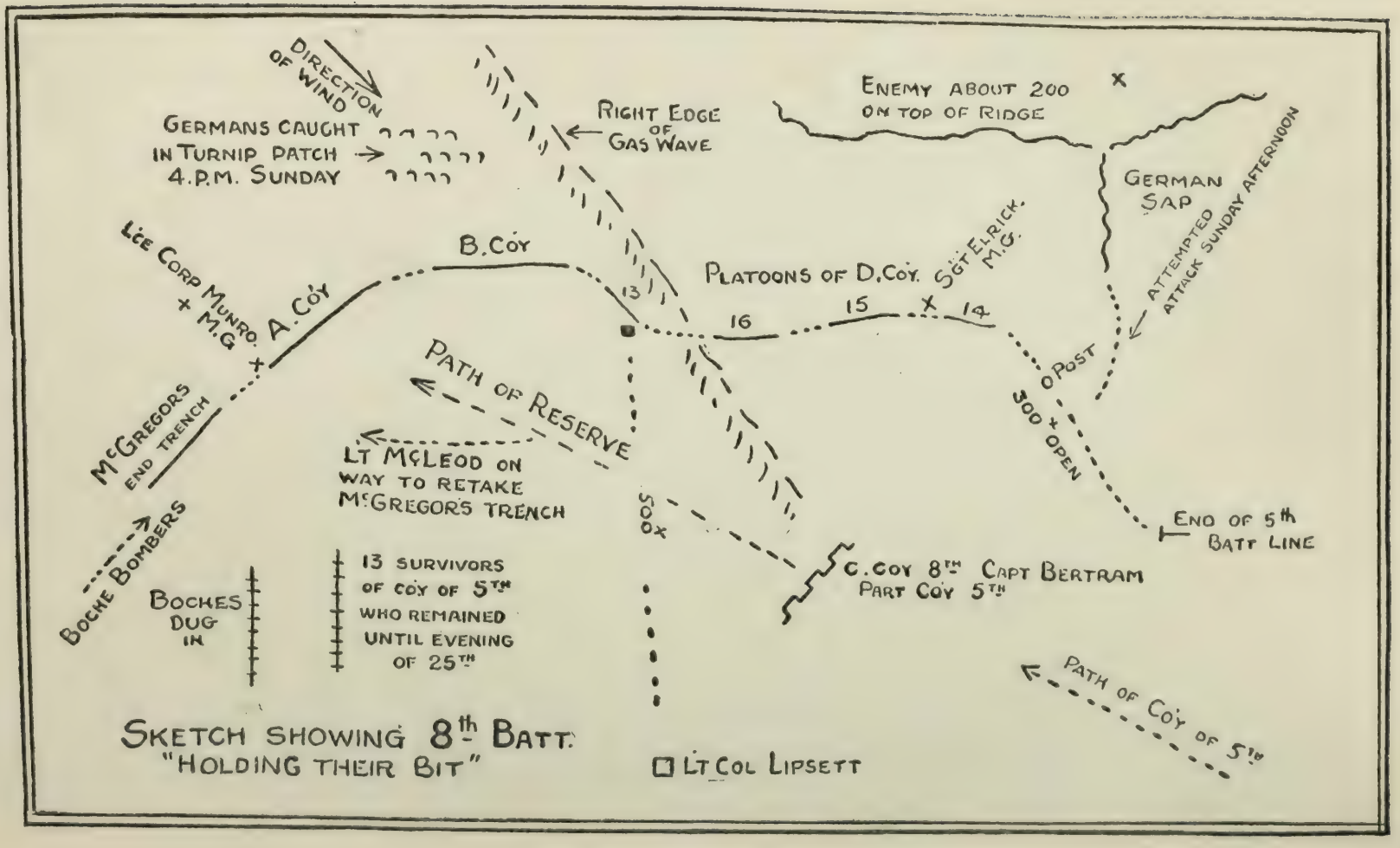
" psychology of war " and what a century ago Napoleon had termed the " moral " as opposed to the " physical." A favourite device of Napoleon, who was the predecessor of the German General Staff in dealing on a large scale with allied enemies, was to drive a wedge with suddenness and vim at the point where the allied armies joined one another. An opening once made, he could rely on the gap enlarging as the natural jealousy latent between men of different nationalities and with different interests grew into furious contempt and active suspicion of treachery.[1]

On this occasion the Germans drove their first wedge on the afternoon of April 22nd between the French Colonials and the Canadian division. Proceeding further on the same psychological path, they found a junction between the Canadians, whom they despised under the general designation of " Colonials,"[2] and the 28th (Imperial) Division. Here at about 1.30 Friday morning the German infantry assaulted twice from the north-east and from the east near Broodseinde. The cement was too strong. Rifle-fire assuaged the force of these assaults.

The 8th Battalion, as shown on the accompanying sketch, were posted in a very irregular formation following the undulations of the valley of the Stroombeek, which at that season of the year was practically dry. There was a gap of three hundred yards between the right of D Company and the end of the 5th Battalion, which lay to the right rear. This gap was defended by a detached post and by Sergeant McElrich and two machine guns situated between Nos. 14 and 15 Platoons, from which point he could rake the front to left or right. Two more machine guns under Lance-

[1] How nearly this operated in 1815, a study of the Waterloo campaign will reveal. Blucher's second-in-command openly accused Wellington of treachery.

[2] Misled by that astute British document the Army Act, s. 177, which apparently never heard of such a thing as a Dominion.



SKETCH SHOWING 8th BATT.
"HOLDING THEIR BIT"

Corporal Munro, posted near the left of A Company, covered the front in that quarter.

D Company headquarters was in rear of its No. 13 Platoon and was used as a convenient distributing point for orders, as about five hundred yards in its rear lay the battalion headquarters of Colonel Lipsett. C Company lay in reserve in some shallow trenches somewhat to the right of the line from battalion headquarters to the front.

Calamity began to threaten the 8th Battalion. Whiffs of tear gas had been coming across for some time and exasperating the already angry troops by making them show symptoms of a pity they did not feel. The first intimation of the horrible atrocity intended to involve themselves was when a few Highlanders blundered into the left of the trenches and died horribly in the agonies of asphyxiation. Then their own share was delivered.

It was some time between 3 and 4 a. m. of the Friday morning when a corporal who had just brought in a listening patrol and was watching from the parapet saw a heavy mist break out of the German line about a quarter of a mile to the left. Then immediately it belched out all along the line and there came rolling slowly with the wind what a German professor in an ecstasy of ghoulish glee called the " mysterious terror of this uncanny greenish wall." It moved up to the parapet and monstrously heaved itself over into the trench, where it caught the men just as they were " standing to." In a moment they were coughing, gasping, strangling, nearly blind, their faces contorted, and their bodies wilting in agony.

The remedy came from the Germans. Confident in their ability to tread flat the victims of their poison, the enemy swarmed over their parapet and began to rush across the intervening two hundred yards. But a last flicker of the fighting spirit made the least stricken of the Canadians spring upon their own para-

pet and thus lifted them above the worst of the vapour. Through the now thinning mist the crackle of rapid fire welcomed the assault and abashed the assailants. Not for the first time in war, legitimate weapons in skilled hands proved more deadly than illegitimate — and, while they saw the lines broken to their left and the enemy pouring through, the 8th "held their bit."

The men of the 8th were not of a type that one would ordinarily select to bully or brush aside. Composed of the most vigorous elements of the population of Manitoba, they represented the frontier-seeking Old-Countryman and his first-born in Canada. Taking their badge and designation from their preponderant unit, the 90th Regiment of Winnipeg, they became known as the L. B. D.'s, or Little Black Devils, and in this fight they lived up to the name. Under the maddening influence of the gas, they struck to kill, and the Germans had little occasion to twit them with "errors proceeding out of the spirit of benevolence."

Time and again the Germans jumped upon their own parapet, yelling ferociously, and thrice more did they attempt to pass over. Their warlike shouts carried no panic across to the Canadian line. Twice in their rage the 8th disengaged themselves by going over the top with the bayonet, not only clearing their own parapet, but chasing the broken assailants past their own line. Numerous bodies in No Man's Land testified that the way was barred by the low-flying bullets of men whom Bernhardi had despised as militia. "They can be completely ignored," he wrote in 1911, "so far as concerns any European theatre of war." Ignored they might be; outflanked and liable to be enfiladed they appeared to be; and gassed they were. But they could not be brushed off Gravenstafel Ridge.

The reinforcements the men were expecting did not come. Not only did they lack the thundering strokes of the 7th and 10th Battalions; but of the two reserve companies of the 5th, one was diverted to the left, the

Canadian Official Photograph

OFFICERS OF THE "LITTLE BLACK DEVILS OF CANADA"

other, C Company, reached the reserve trenches of the 8th, — all that could come up, — about twenty-five men under Lieutenant Fitzpatrick, who, after exhausting all possible versatility in the means of defence, fell operating a machine gun. The rest of the company bore witness that in that salient it was sometimes more fatal to be in reserve than in the front.

The edge of the gas cloud passed to the north of No. 16 Platoon and involved No. 13 Platoon slightly, and B and A Companies with increased density of the poison. McGregor's company of the 15th were wiped out — the few that could get away breaking in the direction of the 8th Battalion's headquarters. It was now evident to Colonel Lipsett that the Highland salient to his left was crumbling down and that it was for him to choose whether to retire his battalion or make a new left front, or, as it used to be called, "refuse his flank." He chose to hold his original line and add to it the line of McGregor's trench now occupied by the exultant Boches.

To accomplish this, C Company, under Captain Bertram, left the reserve trench and went across to reinforce A Company, by this time badly enfiladed and much depleted by casualties. Lieutenant McLeod, with a platoon of the Reserve Company, accompanied by that devoted remnant from the 5th Battalion, inclined to the left and at the point of the bayonet cleared the nearest trench of the 15th Battalion and held it.

But other and large groups of Germans, who had burst through further up the line, turned to their left and began to work in rear of the trenches towards Lipsett's headquarters. To check these, the survivors — now reduced to thirteen — of that 5th Battalion contingent dug themselves in in a detached trench facing left. The German flanking parties hit this like a sunken reef and recoiled and dug themselves in parallel to it, thus investing it with earthworks. These 5th men remained in post until the evening of the

Saturday, when in the darkness they quietly slipped out.

Thus the commander of the 8th Battalion ventured to make good a precarious position and the men, by their steady intrepidity, justified his hazardous decision. This was the first step in the rise to fame of a commander who later on as a major-general in command of the 3rd Division enjoyed a reputation second to none in the Canadian Corps.

England has not always been happy in the men sent to represent her in her Dominions and Colonies; but in lending Lipsett to Canada she made a selection that redounds to the sagacity of her Army management. His firmness was concealed under exquisite approachableness. His great personal activity was combined with the sort of courage that made him want to see things without the medium of the buzzer and the dug-out roof. When this curiosity of the first-hand general ultimately led him to the inevitable sniper's bullet, it is no empty saying that no officer lost by Canada in the whole war was more regretted by the men he led.

Saturday was a bitter day for casualties, and there was no respite. About two o'clock Colonel Lipsett sent a message — half order to withdraw and half appeal to stay — to prepare to withdraw to the ridge by headquarters, but could they hold on until dark? He knew his officers. D Company officers and McLeod of C Company and Captain Morley of B reported they could. They did.

Before daylight on Sunday morning the 8th were relieved by the 8th Durhams — but not all of them. D Company remained in their trenches, and with them some ammunition carriers from the 10th and 7th and, of course, some stragglers from the insatiable 5th. Sunday forenoon was undisturbed except for a German assault on A Company's sector, now held by the Durhams. The Durhams were equal to this. In the afternoon D Company of the 8th came in for trouble

Canadian Official Photograph

BRIG.-GENERAL (AFTERWARDS MAJOR-GENERAL) L. J. LIPSETT, COMMANDING 2ND BRIGADE, AND STAFF

from all quarters. On their right the Germans had dug a sap trench from their front line, pointed for the long gap between the 8th and 5th. Along this they tried to swarm around D Company's flank. McElrich's machine guns sent them scurrying home. About 4 p. m. other swarms of Germans appeared to the left front of No. 13 Platoon in a patch of what our men called "mustard," but which was really second-growth turnips. This attack was intended to co-operate with a formidable bombing attack that was proceeding from the left rear. But our rifles and machine guns spoke first and cleared the "mustard" patch.

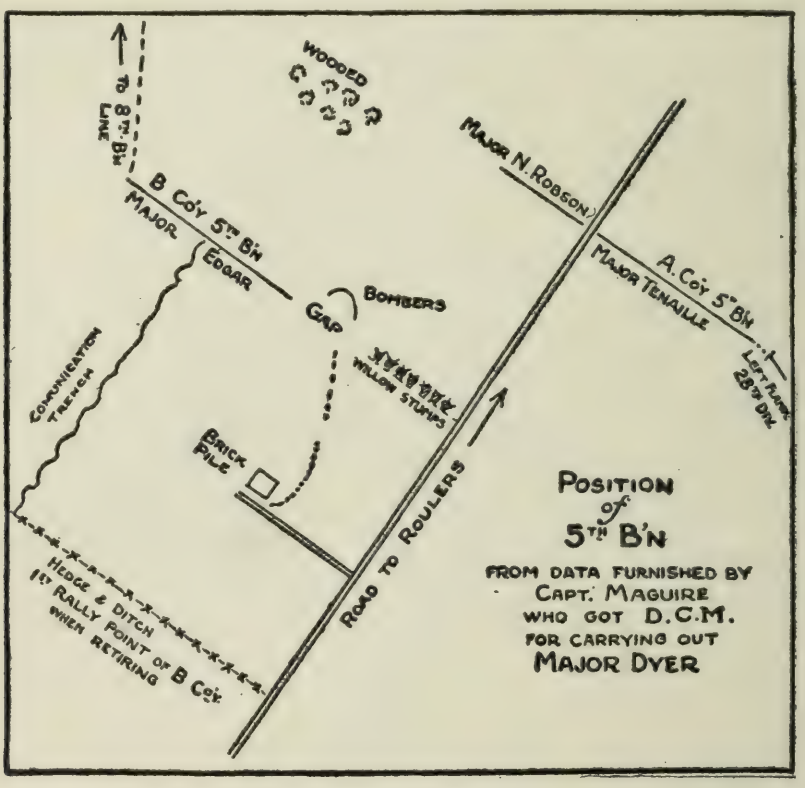
The bombing attack was, however, too successful. The bombing parties, starting with the trench formerly retaken by McLeod, cleared the trenches of the Durhams bit by bit until the left flank of No. 13 Platoon of the 8th was exposed. Whereupon Captain Northwood, the company commander, ordered the platoon commander, Lieutenant Owen, to take his platoon out. Owen led his men out, saw them on the path to safety, and then returned to share the fortunes of his company commander. Eventually the remnants of this adhesive company were taken prisoners. Captain Northwood, Lieutenants Owen and Bell, with the whole formidable array of Nos. 14, 15, and 16 Platoons — about thirty men in all.

At the time when Lipsett's battalion were relieved the 5th were also ordered to be relieved. But the immobile 5th were precisians in the matter of retirements and required a written message — delivered by the less disabled of two badly wounded officers[1] — before they would withdraw.[2]

[1] Major Dyer and Captain Hilliam.

[2] In retiring, Major Edgar, O. C. of the left company, first provided for the evacuation of the despatch-bearer, Major Dyer, who by this time was quite helpless. Afterwards he performed the tactical manœuvre well understood in that period of the war of retiring while keeping up a skirmishing fight,— a form of resistance which went out of fashion

Thus on other troops than Canadians devolved the discretion or rather necessity of leaving the nearly obliterated site of the Canadian trenches on Gravenstafel Ridge and of flattening the too-salient line. In this operation the Imperials were so hard pressed and the issue seemed so dubious that on request Brigadier



Currie put in again the relics of his brigade to share the brunt. When on being relieved a second time he drew out his force, he might well have said of it, as did the Spanish general when asked of a certain regiment, — "Expended!"

later owing to the intensity of barrages. Major Robson, in command of that part of A Company to the left of the main road, conformed to his movement. The greater part of A Company, together with the company commander, Major Tenaille, were on the right of the road. On receipt of the message Tenaille acted very deliberately and concerted measures with the British troops on his right so as not to expose their flank; and his own withdrawal co-ordinated with the operation of the 28th Division.

2. The Highland Spear-head

On Thursday, April 22nd, the 15th Battalion, as we have seen, were holding the line to the left of the 8th. On their own left the 13th continued the line to where it joined the Algerian division of the French. To the 13th was entrusted the responsibility for the main road which runs through Poelcapelle and St. Julien to Ypres. Of all the Canadian battalions in the Ypres salient these two, in the event of a breach anywhere in the line, stood the least chance of escape. Probably no two battalions had less notion of escaping.

As a local reserve there lay in or close by St. Julien, Major Alexander's company of the 15th, two platoons of No. 3 Company of the 13th, and a company or half company of the 14th.

In the event of serious attack the two battalions had with these reserves to make good some twenty-five hundred yards of most awkward salient, with little hope of immediate relief. As trouble might be carried in through any of the entrances to Ypres from Langemarck to the Menin road, the remaining four battalions of the 2nd and 3rd Brigades had been echeloned to meet whatever case might arise: the 7th near Fortuin; the 14th, part near St. Jean and part near Wieltje between the Roulers and Broodseinde roads; and the 10th and 16th close to Ypres. But it would not have been easy to make a workable distribution of these reserve battalions with a view to a quick reinforcement of the salient occupied by the 13th and 15th. They were so far up that if attacked they must rely on their supply of intrinsic Scotch stubbornness for some hours before help could arrive. As events proved they ran out of other things first — ammunition, food, and water.

The French on the left were not of the type that had turned the tide at the Marne and afterwards revised the world's idea of the typical Frenchman by their

stolid holding of Verdun. Those in front of Langemarck were French Colonials, Turcos and Zouaves, men of all complexions except light ones, — breezy, flamboyant, stagey fellows, flash-in-the-pan fire-eaters; good enough to storm a position; less reliable to keep one. The Germans selected wisely the theatre for the most atrocious of their criminal exploits. Nowhere in the Allied lines could they have found a group more prone to a sudden depression or less fitted to resist an unheard of and mysterious form of military doom.

On the German side it must have been with a curious sensation that the infantryman watched the preparations for a new warfare. He saw reservoirs and pipe lines with force-pumps being installed and vents carried out beyond the parapet, all done as methodically as such work is done in a municipality. He could have pictured himself as a grumbling ratepayer watching the expensive growth of local improvements. Only when the work was nearly complete, instead of a tax bill he was given a new kind of helmet and saw his neighbour arrayed in a similar headdress and looking more grotesque than the gargoyles on the churches he had helped to destroy. That must have brought home to him the meaning of this work, with perhaps a glimpse of how good it would seem to men in the long years to come. But whatever thoughts he had, he could not have pictured himself as a plumed knight or his new method of war as a combat of chivalry. A war which has crushed and brought to the judgment seat a nation that could stand by and applaud such diabolism is a war that the cleansed earth need not regret.

The Turcos saw none of this installation of premeditated murder. Looking across to the German trenches about five in the afternoon, they saw a series of sharp puffs of white smoke and then trundling along with the wind came the queer greenish-yellow fog that seemed strangely out of place in the bright atmosphere of that clear April day. It reached the parapet,

paused, gathered itself like a wave and ponderously lapped over into the trenches.

Then passive curiosity turned to active torment,—a burning sensation in the head, red-hot needles in the lungs, the throat seized as by a strangler. Many fell and died on the spot. The others, gasping, stumbling, with faces contorted, hands wildly gesticulating, and uttering hoarse cries of pain, fled madly through the villages and farms and through Ypres itself, carrying panic to the remnants of the civilian population and filling the roads with fugitives of both sexes and all ages.

There was no battle at the trenches; the French line simply disintegrated. Thus, with all the fences down, the masses of German infantry came roaring past the flank of the 13th Battalion, sweeping up the artillery of the French and accelerating the pell-mell disorder of the fugitives. This rush, making straight for the headquarters of the 3rd Brigade, carried forward the German line a distance of two miles, embracing, but not, as we shall see, securing, the wood to the west of St. Julien and a battery of British 4.7's that had been loaned the French.

This left the 13th stranded like cowboys watching a stampeded herd thundering by; and worse than that, it left them the two miles of the Poelcapelle-St. Julien road as a ruinous responsibility.

The first crash of the disaster overtook Major Norsworthy and the two platoons holding the support trench. This trench was covered by the Canadian front line from the direction in which the Canadians were facing, but not from the north. It lay squarely in the way of the deluge of shell that the Germans were pouring over the French trenches. The last message that came to the first line from Norsworthy was that he was evacuating after heavy loss and to avoid further casualties was moving to another position from which he could support the battalion if neces-

sary. What happened is now a matter of conjecture based on traditions handed down by word of mouth from soldier to soldier in the battalion. He appears to have taken up a position next the St. Julien road about six hundred yards from our front line and to have been killed in hand-to-hand fighting while endeavouring to keep the Germans from reaching the road. Lieutenant Guy Drummond is said to have been killed while rallying French fugitives. It is just another of the many instances in this battle where a small detachment fought it out to a finish and by the desperate character of their resistance added to that hesitancy to advance which lost the Germans the fruits of victory.

But the wire broke and communication with the rear was suspended until midnight, when Major Rykert McCuaig, now in command of the front companies, first got in touch with Colonel Loomis in St. Julien. The first messenger had been intercepted and killed by the Germans.

Colonel Loomis' message was a direction to McCuaig to use his own discretion as to his dispositions. McCuaig had not waited for this; and these are some of his acts of discretion, which by most men would also be taken for acts of valour. His first effort was to bear aid to the French, and he proceeded into their lines to investigate, noticing as he went that the sun had a peculiar greenish appearance. The Germans have at least won themselves a place in a sun of that colour. He found the remains of the Algerians holding a sort of natural breastwork running back about a hundred yards from the trenches and about one hundred yards away from the Poelcapelle-St. Julien road. From there they were exchanging a lively enough fire with the Germans, who were now lining a hedge about one hundred and fifty yards further west. The breastwork was in the nature of an isolated position and could not be extended as a trench line.

To McCuaig the ditch of the road was obviously the

position on which he should form his company, in other words, "refuse his flank." But he had to proceed gingerly lest he cause a new panic among the Algerians. So he left them two sections of Captain Walker's platoon to stiffen their morale and formed the rest of the platoon in echelon, that is to the rear and to the side of the Algerian position and in the ditch of the road. Gradually he extended his left flank down the road by adding other platoons.

The situation of the men still left in the front trenches now became peculiarly trying. These trenches, which were practically as they had been turned over by the French, consisted of a sand-bag parapet which was not thick enough to be bullet-proof near the top. But this was not the worst feature. There were very few traverses and practically no parados. Traverses are walls of earth or sand-bags at right angles to the front and intercept enfilade fire from either side. The parados is a rear wall that prevents rifle-fire from the rear and catches the backlash of any shells that drop too close.

So long as the fire was from in front, these trenches were like Charles XII's bread, of which he said: "It is not good; but it can be eaten." They were uncomfortable and precarious, but endurable. But about 6 p. m. the Germans turned the guns of one of the captured French batteries on the rear of the section of trench just north of the road and made four direct hits with about a dozen casualties.

At 9 p. m. the Germans attacked and chased the Algerians out of their advanced position. McCuaig and his men were able to retrieve about two hundred of them and use them chiefly to reinforce the line along the road and partly to assist in pulling down dug-outs and forming a parados for the front line.

In this condition of affairs the 13th passed the night, gradually extending down the road and suffering severe casualties under the heavy enfilade fire. The

Germans gave them no rest and had the advantage of being able at their discretion to command light and darkness; for they had an abundance of flares and our men had none.

The firing abated but little during the night. Two attacks were pressed by the Germans, but they got it hot and heavy. The officers of the 13th Battalion did not stint ammunition, as they were determined to disguise from the enemy their numerical weakness, until the arrival of reinforcements.

During the night a new trench affording a better field of fire, and shortening the line so as to save one hundred men to fill gaps, was constructed three hundred yards in rear of the road. Shortly before dawn, as no reinforcements had arrived, the retirement was made in great secrecy, covered by a brisk fire by the machine guns under Lieutenant Ross. No sooner was it effected than the reinforcements came — having had to follow a very circuitous path. These were Captain Tomlinson's company of the Buffs and two platoons of No. 3 Company under Major Buchanan, who was now second in command of the 13th. It was decided that McCuaig should reoccupy with the relics of his own company and part of the Buffs the portion of front trench just abandoned, and this was again managed without detection by the Germans.

Shortly after this a manifestation of German guile was frustrated. McCuaig, Tomlinson, and a French officer were standing where sand-bag work was being constructed at the point where the 13th trenches crossed the road. A number of figures, apparently wearing French uniforms, but indistinct in the early morning light, appeared in rear of the French trenches, crying out, " We are the French." It did not deceive; and " fire was opened on our alleged allies, who at once replied."

If there are degrees in such matters, — when all our companies were in such deadly plight, — then for a

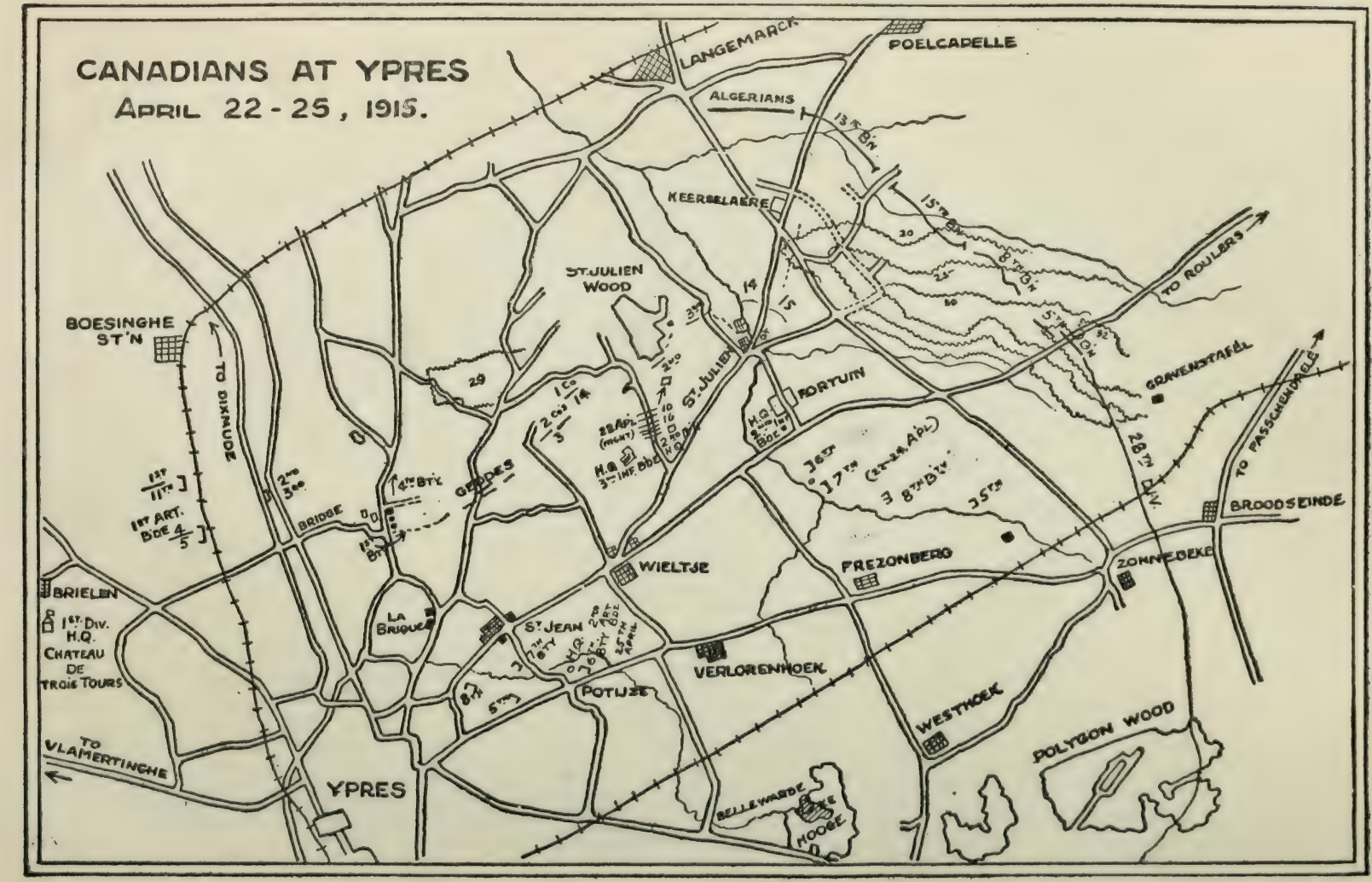
haven of rest McCuaig's Corners during the Friday would have been about the last spot to be picked. The incomplete barrier across the road had to be abandoned. The former support trench was now occupied by Germans, so that from the front — the old French trenches on the flank and the old support trench in rear — the defence was subjected all day to a heavy rifle-fire. The badly constructed and unfinished parados was not bullet-proof and had numerous gaps which made the carrying of messages a terror to the messenger [1] and an uncertainty to the sender. Add to this the pestilential bombardment most accurately directed by aeroplanes.

About dusk the order came from brigade headquarters for a further refusing of the flank. This time, the battalion was to take up a position reaching from the left flank of the 15th towards St. Julien. It is some indication of the unshaken steadiness of these Highlanders that the burying of their dead and the evacuation of the numerous wounded were first methodically carried out under Captain Whitehead.

The retirement itself was not easy. A determined assault by bombing detachments of the Germans was held back by a rear-guard skilfully handled by Lieutenant Pitblado. Once arrived at the new line they were for some recondite German reason allowed to dig in without interruption and to supply themselves with water, which most of them had lacked for twelve hours.

The position of the 3rd Brigade as now formed left the 15th Battalion in their original trenches, which ran at a sharp angle with the new formations. In fact the Highland salient was now like a spear-head thrust into the flank of a wild beast; and from the accompanying sketch it is obvious that General Turner must either flatten out his spear-head or have it broken off.

[1] One messenger, Corporal Giveen, particularly distinguished himself by twice going and returning over the hundred yards which separated this detachment from the next company.


CANADIANS AT YPRES
APRIL 22 - 25, 1915.
LANGEMARCK
POELCAPELLE
ALGERIANS
13TH BN
15TH BN
KEERSELAERE
ST. JULIEN WOOD
TO ROULERS
BOESINGHE ST'N
TO DIXMUDE
ST. JULIEN
FORTUIN
GRAVENSTAFEL
TO PASSCHENDAELE
BROODSEINDE
BRIDGE
GHEDDES
WIELTJE
FREZONBERG
ZONNEBEKE
BRIELEN
1ST DIV. H.Q. CHATEAU DE TROIS TOURS
LA BRIQUE
ST JEAN
VERLORENHOEK
POTIJZE
WESTHOEK
POLYGON WOOD
TO VLAMERTINGHE
YPRES
BELLEWARDE LAKE
HOOGE

The process of flattening began on the Saturday morning under a heavy bombardment accurately directed by aeroplanes, and when the enemy had worked their way to about two hundred yards from the position. Obviously it should have begun with the companies at the peak of the salient. But the pressure of the Germans governed, and the word came from the left and was passed up after the movement had already begun further down. Very few of McCuaig's company got out, but those captured were all wounded. At least one remained voluntarily, — Lieutenant Pitblado, who had already distinguished himself in trying to save Captain Whitehead, who had a mortal wound. The circumstances as related in McCuaig's report also illustrate why his report and his activity in this war both break off at 10 a. m. on Saturday, April 24th, 1915: "We were going back together when I was wounded in the knee, but was able to proceed. I was shortly after shot through both legs and rendered helpless. Pitblado, in spite of my protests, refused to leave me and bandaged up the wounds in my leg under a very heavy fire. He was then wounded a second time in the leg, which finished his chances of getting away. I was subsequently wounded four times while lying on the ground. We both remained there until picked up by the Germans an hour or two later. Their firing line passed us about ten minutes after we were wounded."

The original 15th Battalion were preponderantly made up of the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, with a fair-sized contingent of the 97th Regiment, Algonquin Rifles. Thus these latter, who had in peace invested themselves with the name of a tribe which called up visions of moccasins and war-paint, suddenly at Valcartier found themselves in a different tribe and garbed in kilt and sporran. On occasion no doubt the 15th could have shown either the fiery and tumultuous rush of the Celt or the stealthy and panic-bearing

stroke of the Indian. But the present occasion called for the valour of sacrifice; and called not in vain.

Their entrance into the salient was not auspicious of good fortune. Brought from their billets on the Steenwoorde-Cassel road, partly by route-march and partly by motor, they entered Ypres to find its famous buildings rocking and reeling under the crushing missiles of huge German ordnance. Safety for the men was sought by moving some of them further up the salient to La Brique. But during this time a single seventeen-inch shell opened the chambers of death to some forty civilians and soldiers, and among the latter Captain Trumbull Warren, one of the best-beloved of the battalion officers.

About 9 p. m. of April 20th the battalion took over from the 16th Battalion some trenches which had just been handed over by the French. These trenches were much as the 16th had received them, with some very urgent sanitary improvements. The shallow burial in the trenches themselves of some fifty French casualties was beyond remedy and almost beyond endurance.

From right to left flanking the trenches of the 8th Battalion the companies of the 15th ran, — No. 1 under Captain McGregor, three platoons of No. 3 under Major McLaren, and two platoons of No. 4 under Major Osborne. Osborne had an old French headquarters dug-out about 250 yards in rear of the line; through which communication by field wire ran to the battalion advanced headquarters, on the northerly front of the ridge about 750 yards in rear of the line. At this advanced headquarters there were some support trenches, where the battalion second-in-command, Major Marshall, was stationed with three platoons and some other details.

The trenches themselves were airy, sketchy indications of field fortifications, chiefly consisting of semi-circular redoubts about forty yards across. These redoubts, of which the parapet was none too firm, had

AN OFFICER OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS IN FULL UNIFORM
(Captain Trumbull Warren, killed at Ypres, April 20th, 1915)

no parados or rear wall and no traverses or protection against enfilade. The forty-yard gaps in the line were connected by an earthen screen, behind which a small man crouching very humbly might run unperceived. Connected by a similar screen lay the flank trench of the 13th Battalion about one hundred yards to the left of Major Osborne's line.

There was no accumulation of spare ammunition in these trenches, merely a little left by the 16th. The result was that despite some ammunition brought up during the bombardment there was not sufficient to face a continuous assault. Another shortage was that of water, for which the 15th depended on farm wells, which had been broken by the heavy shell-fire. Rations also turned out to be scarce owing to the difficulty of bringing up the ration parties. Added to this, the field telegraph wire was cut early by shell-fire and, notwithstanding several hazardous efforts to keep it in repair, was out of commission except for a few minutes near midnight of the 23rd, when Major Marshall sent word to hang on as he was sending Lieutenant Jones and thirty-one men to replace casualties. These duly arrived and were much appreciated. But with this exception the front companies were an isolated detachment, holding out with parched tongues and tightened waist belts to the limit of their cartridges.

During the 22nd the casualties were not extreme. Not that the service was easy or free from incidents that, but for what followed, would have in after years been sufficient in themselves for memoirs and romances. The continuous bombardment; the turpenite shells; the ominous attendance of the aeroplanes marked with the cross and observing for the German artillery; the cloud of greenish-yellow gas over to the left; the battalions of Germans advancing through the gap; the pretended French officer that turned out to be a spy; and the continuous stream of French Al-

gerian fugitives passing through the trenches, — these were enough entries for one day's diary and enough to keep the men standing to all the night.

Daylight on the 23rd brought neither relief nor certainty, but was the signal for a renewed bombardment of villainous intensity. The lachrymatory shells were almost beyond endurance, the men getting some alleviation from wet handkerchiefs. About 4 p. m. a ray of hope came to them. The artillery ceased for fifteen minutes while the enemy's infantry poured in rapid fire. But the assault which the Highlanders were awaiting with grim anticipation did not come over; and the shell-shower recommenced as before.

About 5 o'clock Captain Clark-Kennedy, of the 13th, who had been through to General Turner, brought a copy of the brigade order instructing the 13th to hold their present trenches until after dark, when they were to fall back and, pivoting on the left flank of the 15th, dig themselves in on a line roughly inclined to the advanced headquarters of the 15th. The order also directed Major Osborne to take measures to protect the right flank of the 13th. This movement was carried out after dark. And Osborne went over the ground with Captain Tomlinson of the Buffs, who were to hold that part of the line running from Osborne's left to a house (inclusive) about 150 yards in his left rear.

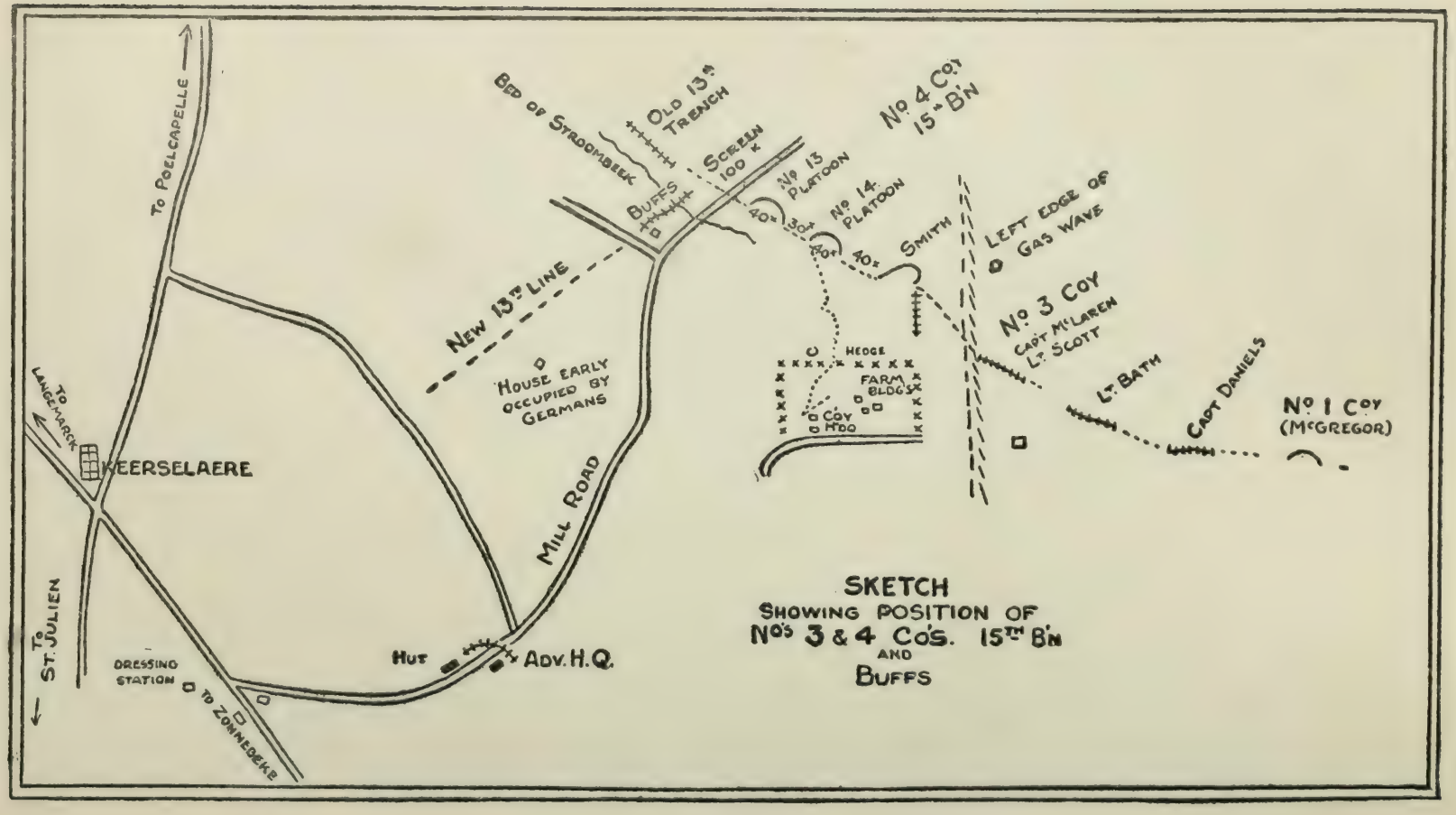
These Buffs, who had already passed up through St. Julien and, being guided by circuitous paths, had reported for duty to the 13th, now proceeded to fit into the Canadian line as if they belonged to it. For it is one of the virtues of the true English regiments that they are not temperamental and do not require humouring when in strange company; but fit comfortably into any section of a fight like interchangeable parts in a standardized machine. Thus on the night of the 23rd they joined with a company of the 15th to form what on that day was called the "Devil's Corner."

The Buffs had only their entrenching tools, and like the Highlanders had no rations and little water. Nevertheless, finding an old partly constructed and disused trench more or less on the line indicated, Tomlinson borrowed some tools from Lieutenant Fessenden of the 15th and managed to improve and occupy the position.

The night of the 23rd-24th was a second sleepless night. In addition to their own casualties the 15th had to evacuate those of the 13th and about two hundred wounded Algerians who had been congesting their trenches and were waiting until dark to be removed. For this purpose the stretchers were supplemented with blankets, fascines, and planks torn out of the dug-outs. What men were not employed in this service were put to work in reconstructing the redoubts, of which one had been completely blown out at one end, and in putting up traverses against enfilade fire. In this work the last materials of the dug-outs were absorbed. As it was to be expected that the Germans would move along the now abandoned original trench of the 13th, Captain McKessock, the machine-gun officer, arranged the machine guns as a form of reception committee. Lest anyone should sleep during these hours of darkness the enemy's guns kept going — principally against the new trenches of the 13th.

About 4 a. m. of the 24th the still sleepless troops had been " standing to " in accordance with the practice of the trenches and were just about to stand down when a German stationary balloon dropped three beautiful but ominous red lights. This was marked by an increase in the intensity of the cannonade. Germans also appeared over their parapet, wearing what seemed to be divers helmets, and with hose pipes in their hands. And then came the gas!

Now the first effusion of gas had, with a fine impartiality, been intended for the Highlanders equally with the Algerians; but had been mercifully deflected by the



SKETCH
SHOWING POSITION OF
Nos 3 & 4 Co's. 15th Bn
AND
BUFFS

wind. This irruption did not miss its Canadian objective, but centred squarely on Archie McGregor's company, overlapping on the one side upon the 8th Battalion and on the other upon the right platoons of McLaren's line. The expression, "a fog that can be cut with a knife," was literally true. For there was a definite line of cleavage, the edge of the vapour reaching about half-way between the redoubt where Captain McLaren and Lieutenant Scott were stationed and that further to the left occupied by Lieutenant Smith.

What happened to McGregor's fine company will never be fully told. The 15th opened rapid fire — as at a ghost. In a few minutes the men in the gas zone could neither see nor breathe. The German was quite correct when in anticipation of this attack he said: "It is a weapon against which they are simply helpless." In Archie McGregor was lost a veteran officer who knew and taught his men what real musketry fire could do. In Lieutenants Langmuir and Taylor perished two fine upstanding young men, the latter having stroked the eight of the Argonauts into the championship of America. It was here, too, that Lieutenant Mavor began to acquire that persistent casualty habit that led him to add another gold stripe to his sleeve whenever he entered an action. No. 3 Company, being nearer to the edge of the poison zone, fared somewhat better. Lieutenant Scott was carried out and recovered sufficiently to be able to rejoin and be wounded at a later period of the war. Major McLaren, along with Lieutenant Bath and some twenty men that were able to move, got into a trench some hundred and fifty yards in the rear; from which they worked up to the left redoubt still held by Lieutenant Smith.

Smith had lined a small communication trench almost at right angles to his own line and with the aid of the machine gunners that Captain McKessock had

planted on the edge of the redoubt was cheerfully busy accounting for the Germans who had now occupied the gassed sections of the trenches. McLaren himself went over to get in touch with Major Osborne, but being much affected by the gas, lost his bearings and landed amongst the 7th Battalion, and was evacuated by them as a casualty in time to prevent his being taken prisoner. In the meantime, at Smith's position, which was now the right end of the trenches held by the 15th, the Germans were being brought to a halt, but they were trying to break through from other directions. A number of them had come across further to the left and were making for the redoubt occupied by No. 14 Platoon.[1]

On the left flank the old trench of the 13th was filled with Germans, who were trying to stem the effective fire of the Buffs.

The fire had to be slowed down as cartridges were running short, and the situation was, in Major Osborne's opinion, "more than serious." So he made his way down from the trenches to his headquarters to try to get a message to Major Marshall for reinforcements and for ammunition.

The efforts of the operators — working in the open to mend the cut wire — were unavailing. While waiting to see the fruits of their efforts, Osborne saw a most fascinating but tragic demonstration of the skill of the German gunners. Starting at the southerly end of the new 13th line, they dropped shell after shell of high explosive with surgical precision into these frail trenches, clearing them bit by bit and shortening the range as the 13th abandoned them and retired in scattered groups across the fields. Then up the abandoned portions of the trench the German infantry poured in a stream, headed by one bearing an artillery

[1] This had been under command of Lieutenant Bickle, who had been taken sick, and retired by peremptory order of the doctor, against his own inclination.

flag and following the barrage at a distance of about seventy-five yards.

It was this enforced retirement from the left that cornered McCuaig, who got word of it too late to get his company of the 13th safely out. The word never reached McCuaig's next neighbours, the Buffs, who all the while were busily pouring rapid fire into masses of the enemy coming down the original 13th trench.

There is a rude old saying about "sticking your nose into danger." This literally applies to Osborne. For, returning from his headquarters to the front line to view the situation, he was shot through the nose by a rifle bullet, and as if that was not painful enough, had his shoulder pierced by shrapnel. Tomlinson of the Buffs was also by this time a casualty, and his men, having spent their last cartridge, came into the 15th trench. To this must be added that the investment of this tiny fortress had been completed by considerable numbers of Germans who had come through No. 3 Company's old line. These had occupied the farm in rear of that company, and, attempting to advance, had met a stiff resistance from riflemen, whose unexpected musketry drove them back, so that they retired across a mustard field on the rear of Osborne's trench.

Invested now on all sides and under heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, with their own ammunition exhausted, no rations or water, and without sleep for two nights, these survivors waited with expectancy that hand-to-hand assault which is the last resort and the consolation of the British soldier. It did not come. Instead, the methodical German gunners began to range on the trench. The first shell landed fair and blew out the end dug-out of Lieutenant Fessenden's platoon. Another shell would have written "finis." Lieutenant McDonald, to whom Major Osborne gives the lion's share of credit for those days' work, consulted with Lieutenant Rider, now commanding the Buffs, and with his own officers. All that men could

do, had been done; to continue resistance longer would be a useless sacrifice of life — and so he surrendered.

At that period of the war Staff erudition was a ponderous thing. There was a good deal of working out of "Appreciations," and deliberate writing and issuing of orders. So that by the time the General Headquarters Staff, the Army Staff, the Corps Staff, the Division Staff, the Brigade Staff, and the Battalion Adjutant had all written and issued orders, the original opportunity was in danger of being lost and the original emergency had become close to a disaster. The final report of General Ian Hamilton, explaining what did not happen at Suvla Bay, is instructive as to how far a chain of British Staffs resembled the chain of necessary links in that inimitable nursery story of "The Old Woman whose Pig would not go over the Stile."

The Highland salient (not forgetting the Buffs) had lasted from 5 p. m. on Thursday, when the Algerians broke, until 10 a. m. Saturday, forty-one hours — long enough for even British Staffs to loosen their joints. The spear-head was broken off, but the beast had lost his advantages in pausing to bite at it.

3. A Gate Four Miles Wide

But however stubbornly the two Highland battalions might hold their impossible salient and however skilfully and steadily the 13th and the Buffs might effect the re-formation of the line and extend towards St. Julien, there remained a four-mile gap to the Yser Canal. This was not the case of a line bent or cracked or even broken; it was like a section of mountain railway carried off by the floods — a veritable washout. It was like a postern leading into the heart of a fortress and the gate blown away. It was necessary to improvise a gate four miles wide.

The higher commanders of the available forces be-

stirred themselves. General Turner of the 3rd Brigade, being nearest to the danger, had to make the dispositions, and, along with his brigade-major, Hughes, was much in evidence. During the darkness all the infantry of the Canadian division were put in action and supplemented by a loan of odd Imperial battalions brigaded and known as Geddes' Detachment. Behind these, and sometimes not even covered by infantry, were the Canadian guns, and back of them the road to Calais. The enemy were playing with loaded dice and before morning we put our last coin on the table.

The Germans had swept the remnants of French opposition, as with Van Tromp's broom, clean through St. Julien Wood and had exultingly entrenched, awaiting the signal for a new advance. Incidentally the guns of the British 4.7 battery had fallen to them as spoils. Much has been made of the recovery of these guns by the Canadians; with considerable speculation as to their disablement and probable ultimate fate. The Wellingtonian superstition of the leader who never lost a British gun dies hard in the civilian fancy. The modern soldier regards guns as so much very necessary hardware to be squandered if need be as freely as the shells that fit them, and hints that the general who has never lost a gun has never used one. The Canadians had other business at St. Julien Wood.

Did the triumphant enemy once suspect how few battalions — and these with scarcely a possible reserve — stood between them and all the highways into Ypres, then the battle was over and the fate of the Canadian division was sealed. It was necessary to give the roaring bullies such sudden and sharp strokes as would forestall their next rush and make their leaders peer anxiously into the " fog of war " to see what new and formidable adversary had arrived. So the 10th Battalion, which had been going up as a working party, were diverted from their destination and the

16th were brought up from their billets near Ypres, and in the darkness these far-brought sons of the Empire formed for attack, facing the wood.

Our Saxon ancestors, with grim appreciation of the dubious give-and-take of battle, called it the Weapon-Barter. In this form of barter as in others the Scot is a difficult dealer. The two Canadian Highland battalions who even now, as we have seen, were holding the peak of the new salient, could be depended on to stay at their market-stalls and do some dry bargaining for the commodities of gas and shell-shreds that the Hun was sending. So too their Canadian-Scottish comrades of the 16th, who took the left half of this midnight negotiation, could be trusted to deal in a Scotch spirit with the German lease of St. Julien Wood.

The 10th, being from the North-West and chiefly from Alberta, were, like the typical Western man, always in a hurry, and went at the wood as if angered by delay at a way-station between Calgary and Edmonton. They did not quite put it behind them, but the Germans knew something extraordinary had struck their line. The approach to the wood was managed with what precaution and stealth the nature of the ground permitted. The forming up and take-off for the final rush is told by a survivor of the 16th.

"Arriving at the long ridge we saw a wood two miles away and were told that this was our objective. The Germans must be driven out before daylight. It was arranged that the attack should be made at midnight. We moved forward and got into a hollow out of sight of the enemy in a wood about three hundred yards away.

"Everything was quiet and a beautiful night. Hearing no sound we began to think there were no Germans in the wood. We gave orders to fix bayonets and take off overcoats. The battalion then lined up in long lines, the 10th in front and each company di-

CANADIANS RETAKING BRITISH GUNS IN ST. JULIEN WOOD

vided into halves, one half thirty yards behind the other half. At midnight we moved forward quietly until the ridge was reached. The moon shone out and I was thinking what a picture the flashing bayonets made in the moonlight when the Germans suddenly opened fire on us with machine guns and rifles. It was a hideous din. We were now about two hundred yards from the wood and were ordered to give the charge. When we had gone about fifty yards the rank in front of me seemed to melt away. We rushed at the wood."

The Germans had neglected none of the instructions given in their manuals relating to temporary field-fortification and the defence of a wood. Every yard of the clear ground had to be crossed under a most malignant fusilade from rifles and machine guns. The casualties in both battalions were staggering. In the words of another survivor: "It was a ghastly sight. The front of the wood was beyond description. Our dead and wounded were lying in heaps."

But the men crashed through this resistance, and, passing those disputed 4.7's, bustled the relics of the German garrison out through the far side of the wood. It will never be possible to get the full story of this night's work. Bush-fighting of any sort, even in daylight, is a grim performance. As forces enter the woods they lose the stateliness of ordered formations; ten thousand years of civilization catch like a loose cloak in the first branches; and men fight singly or in small groups with all the brute ferocity of savages, but more noisily and blunderingly and unredeemed by their woodcraft. Let us not then conjure up at length, as in a nightmare, the glimpses given that night by the intermittent light of flares and of the moonbeams which appeared at intervals among the trees, — here an officer pistoling a machine gunner; there a giant Highlander goring and ripping with his bayonet; the writhing bodies of the wounded and then the still forms of combatants who had made their separate

peace. It is unlovely stuff, this midnight bush-fighting.

The counter-stroke had succeeded and its terrific momentum created in the enemy's mind the necessary delusion of British reserves. This was all the success that could be hoped. No criticism can be offered that the Canadians did not retain the wood, or even that they tried to keep it too long. Our troops in the British forces, as shown both here and at Festubert and elsewhere, were not in those days sufficiently respectful of the German artillery. For that methodical ordnance, when undisturbed by hostile shells, could search a position like a prospector screening the loose earth for some precious metal. The old academic discussions as to whether defence trenches should be on the " lisière " (front fringe) of the woods or in the centre or in the rear of the woods were solved in this case by the discovery that there was no refuge or safety in either one or the other.

The attempt to hold the rather bold salient line reached in the wood, while it strengthened the impression of a counter-attack that was being pushed home, exposed the Canadians to further heavy casualties. These proceeded not only from the incessant German cannonade, which owing to the loss of the French guns could not be mitigated, but also from galling enterprises with rifle and bomb from German trenches enfilading ours on both flanks. It was in striking out to the right front against one of these pestilential neighbours that the 10th lost both its commander and second-in-command.[1] On the whole it was a splendid

[1] Lieut.-Col. R. L. Boyle, who died of his wounds, had served in the Light Horse in the South African War. He was at the relief of Mafeking, and after the work in Rhodesia he was employed in the operations in the Transvaal east and west of Pretoria. Recovering from wounds, he took part in the engagements in the Orange River Colony. Of gigantic frame and of a courage more than equal to his physique, he was an outstanding figure in the Canadian division. His second-in-command, Major Joseph MacLaren, was a Dundee Scotchman transplanted to Brandon, Manitoba.

The succession to the 10th devolved on Major Ormond, who got

enterprise, that counter-attack on St. Julien Wood, even if it did not make the vulgar error of breaking off too soon.

One of the sketch-maps of the period shows one company of the 14th at one part of the line, three at another, and still another at a third.[1] As there are only four companies in a battalion it would seem that the sketch is wrong. But it is not so much an error of the map-maker as an illustration of the difficulty of keeping a chronological record of the movements of the various companies and detachments into which the battalions were split up.

The 14th Battalion had an even greater variety of movements and of heart-breaks than most of the others. Outside of the small detachment that was helping to keep St. Julien, of which mention is made elsewhere, the 14th were put in and taken out and generally moved about more than any other unit.

Unfortunately from their composition they were not adapted to manœuvres that involved complexity. The men were drawn chiefly from the English-speaking 1st and 3rd Regiments of Montreal. But there were over a company of French-speaking men from the 65th Regiment. Now, whatever are the merits of bilingualism in an individual and whatever the arguments for it in a nation, it is an uncommonly awkward feature in a battalion. Movements have to be made in a bad light and yet silently. Orders have to be communicated in a few words, spoken perhaps in a mere whisper, and it does not facilitate soldiering to

promptly wounded, and then on Major Guthrie, well (and pleasantly) known in the politics of New Brunswick. Remarkable to say, the latter did not get into the casualty list until Festubert, a month later.

Colonel Leckie of the 16th had better luck in withdrawing his men from this advanced position than did the 10th, his position in trenches at the edge of the wood, although not precisely enviable, being a little less wickedly enfiladed than Colonel Boyle's. The 16th, however, lost heavily both in officers and men during the bicker in the wood, among the dead being Captains Fleming, Feddes, Merritt, and Macgregor.

[1] See sketch-map opposite p. 66, *Canada in Flanders*.

have to call into play the loud repetitions and semaphore-like gesticulations which ensue when men of different tongues try to make themselves mutually understood.

As an illustration of what difficulties a lack of English led into, we may recall the case of "Thrice Identified Barré," — Major Hercules Barré of the 14th, — who, going up in the dark to visit his company, was twice arrested as a spy by zealous English-speaking persons and paraded for identification to a headquarters; and on the third attempt to go up was wounded and afterwards found by the same officer who had previously identified him.

The 14th were first put in the line at a point west of where the 16th and 10th had started out to make their counter-attack on the wood — their right flank being left of the place where No. 1 Company of the 2nd afterwards came to grief. They are entitled, however, to be still shown on the sketches of the period as being in this part of the line, as half of No. 1 Company of them remained here. The luxury of this half-company was not excessive. Following the training of that day, they first scooped out individual shelters with their entrenching tools, and then enlarged and connected them into a trench. The night was lively with incessant shelling, but that does not keep one warm; and they were without their greatcoats. So some of them searched the neighbouring farmhouses for garments and got some relief from the chill. The quartermaster had forgotten them. Thus from the night of the 21st-22nd April they lived on their "iron rations" until the night of the 25th, when they got half a biscuit apiece and a drop of rum.

A portion of the battalion appear on the St. Julien-Poelcapelle road during the night of the 22nd-23rd and seem to have been withdrawn during the night through St. Julien. The battalion was also in the vicinity to the left of St. Julien at about ten o'clock on the morn-

ing of the 23rd, attempting to make an attack towards the wood in order to take the pressure off the remnants of the 16th.

Here the luxury of bilingualism weighed heavy on their tactical efficiency. No. 4 Company, composed of French Canadians, completely mistook their objective and turned in a wrong direction. The result was that they were badly confused, and were cut up and rendered useless for the rest of the battle.

Afterwards we find the second-in-command, Colonel Burland, with part of the battalion, taking an active share in the skirmishing fight that took place all the way down from the support trenches occupied by Major Marshall's details. For, as the salient crumbled, various elements of the 13th, 15th, 7th, 10th, and 5th, chased by the " crumps " over the ridge, collected themselves in the lower ground and began to organize a new resistance. Among these Burland and his men were conspicuous.

The ill-luck of the battalion pursued them even when relieved. As they were crossing the canal the transport animals got into a panic at the bridge and blocked the way for a longer time than was pleasant to tarry. In fact the other battalions held this against the 14th, but sympathized with their other misfortunes.

When the 3rd Brigade were finally withdrawn the 14th were the last to go, and retired sullenly with an unsatisfied feeling, like an athlete that hears time called for the close of the game before he has properly worked himself out.

An interesting romance or perhaps a philosophy of British soldiering could be built up out of the cases in the war where the intervention of hasty and fortuitous detachments was indispensable to saving the day. Thus, in March, 1918, after the débâcle of Gough's army, the counter-stroke of the nondescripts and all-sorts gathered by a suddenly discovered general and

thrown into the gap was the one bright spot in the lurid and disastrous spectacle of the fight near Amiens.[1] So also in the Second Battle of Ypres, the broken French line could not have been patched but for a detachment so oddly assembled that no two historians up to date have agreed in naming the same battalions. We know that a battalion of Buffs were there, because Geddes was their colonel, and that a detached company of them fought up near the apex. We also know that some of the Middlesex were there. For the survivors of the "Mad Fourth" said "the Middies were on our right." Some day it may be that there will be many applicants eager to claim the high distinction of having had a place with Geddes, and then we shall be able to sort out the numbers present of Yorks and Lancasters, Royal Lancasters, Cornwalls, Royal Scots, Shropshires, Northumberland Fusiliers, and other participants, with their successive hours of arrival. At any rate on the morning of the 22nd Geddes acknowledged the presence of about 1,500 men in his line connecting St. Jean with the left of the Canadian 3rd Brigade; and however made up, they were as necessary to holding the line as money is to an election. Taken out of rest camps when they had just begun to relax from the bruises of recent battles, these fragments of unrelated battalions were hurried into action, and the first news we heard of Geddes on the morning of the 23rd was that he was going to attack.

Geddes' own death by gun-shot, on the morning of the 28th just as he was being relieved, comes as one of those senseless breakings-off that we complain of in history. For we should all have liked to read of his further deeds and words and those of any men that for the time being were Geddes' men.

[1] It is gratifying to remember that in this collection of all-sorts there was a Canadian infantry battalion, the 127th Battalion York Rangers, masquerading as railway troops, but reverting to type as riflemen. This was a part payment for what Canada owes Geddes' men.

In a letter Victor Odlum, then major in command of the 7th, wrote:

"On the afternoon of the 23rd Colonel McHarg was shot by my side and the command devolved on me. On the 24th our battalion was badly cut up; reduced from 24 officers and 900 men on the ground to 6 officers and 325 men. On the 25th it was again surrounded and lost still further. And on the 26th and 27th it continued to suffer. From that time till May 5th it lay under shell-fire. On May 5th it was brought out."

Letters written just after an engagement are prone to exaggerate difficulties and losses. But this letter does not sin in its statement of either difficulties or losses. Among all the casualty lists of the hard-bitten Canadian battalions that of the 7th stands highest at this period of the war. For which there was a reason.

The defence of St. Julien was improvised and scanty. On the right front of the village lay the reserve company of the 15th on one side of the Poelcapelle road and two platoons of the 14th on the other. Far away to the north was the "refused" flank of the 13th Battalion. This had been extended towards the village with the timely assistance of Tomlinson's company of the Buffs. Between St. Julien and the left of the 13th the ground lay open and unwooded, inviting the Germans to possession of the village of Keerselaer and the Poelcapelle road.

The Germans were already beginning to feel their way in behind the troops stationed to left and right of this gap, and it was necessary to make the ground appear more occupied and hazardous. So the 7th, which had been billeted near Fortuin, were hastily advanced to bar the way. When the companies of the 7th arrived in their approximate position, they took up a line on the crest of a small hill. Their situation from the first was most disquieting. The only certainty was that to the west of their position were moving masses of the enemy in unknown numbers. What lay on their

right, whether friend or foe, could only be ascertained by reconnaissance, as the position of the 13th or Buffs was not visible from the position of the 7th.

It was while personally attending to this duty of fixing his right flank and of either locating the enemy or making liaison with the nearest friendly unit that Colonel Hart-McHarg[1] fell mortally wounded. This was the first of the misfortunes that persistently came to the battalion from their flanks. For several days they were as a strong link in a breaking chain.

At best it is not easy to keep connection with flanking units. By use of 'phone and buzzer and by passing the word along co-terminous trenches, it can generally be managed. But where there has been no time to lay wires to a new position and where what wires there were, have been severed, and when the flanks of the nearest units are not within hail of our own flanks, the tension of expectancy becomes appalling. Ordinary fears are with good soldiers relieved by a brisk assault by the enemy. It is like the sting of a shower-bath to a warm-blooded athlete. But this sense of a lateral vacuum that may at any moment be succeeded by the horrors of enfilade fire affects a man as a blow below the ribs. Only the staunchest military bodies can stand firm.

At 3.30 on Saturday morning the big assault came — unmistakable in its violence, but uncertain in its direction. From front, shells and bullets from rifle and machine gun; from rear at first shells and gas. Gradually the sibilant whisper of the bullets crept further and further past the right flank and by noon it came from the rear. The 7th were being surrounded. The troops that had been holding the impossible salient to

[1] Lieut.-Col. W. Hart-McHarg was well known in British Columbia as a practising barrister and well known in the Canadian militia as a veteran of the South African War. But it was as a rifle-shot that he was best known, being a sort of standard member of the Bisley Team and having won the individual championship of the world in the Palma Match at Camp Perry, Ohio, in 1913.

the north had flattened the line, and without warning[1] had left the right flank of the 7th jutting out into the German Empire.

Were it a tactical study in staff training, we might linger and moralize over this lack of mannerly notice, this breach of ceremonious etiquette. But these were very much soldiers' battles. The relics of the Highlanders and of a lone company of the 5th[2] were coming back almost as if every man were fighting for his own hand. Most of the officers and non-coms. were down; the platoons had been shot into mere sections; and it was unlikely that the elements nearest the 7th knew who or if anybody was on that flank. It is sufficient that they went by fighting as they went.

There was nothing left but for those in the 7th who could, to fight their way out. A little over a third of the battalion broke through. The battalion cohesion, however, was not lost. That night this gallant residue, added to the remnants of the 10th, were thrown in to relieve the pressure on the left flank of the 8th, which had been "refused" to conform to the flattening of the Highlanders' line and required to be continued towards the west. The operation was successful; but further unannounced withdrawals on their flanks both right and left caused these much-tried battalions to be nearly surrounded and cut off. To save the situation there was only one course to follow, to fight their way out again.

When the now skeleton 7th finally drew out on May 5th to refit and await a draft, the survivors were less disheartened than disgusted. Like most of the Canadian battalions, they did not quite realize what a good piece of work they had done, but had that unsatisfied longing for close work with the bayonet which

[1] We have seen that they did not warn the Buffs either. That is because the orders came from the German high explosives.

[2] D Company of the 5th had got somewhere in here — all that were left of them. If there was anything more perilous than holding a line it was trying to reach it with reinforcements.

a British soldier loses long after he has lost all his other illusions of soldier-life and most of his hair and teeth.

4. The Anabasis of the Mad Fourth and the Fighting First: the Tranquillity of the Army Reserve.

On the afternoon of April 22nd, 1915, the 4th[1] and the 1st Battalions as part of the 1st Brigade were luxuriating in their quarters as Army Reserve. They had marched the day before along a stone-block road through Poperinghe and towards the sound of the guns at Ypres. The 4th were comfortably billeted in Vlamertinghe and the 1st occupied a hut cantonment about a thousand yards down the road to the south. In those days our battalions had no concert companies or opera troupes or moving pictures; but neither did they pass their days in melancholy and their nights in lamentation. The institution of war bread was then unknown in France and here and there a soldier could be seen threading his way along the streets of Vlamertinghe with a long French loaf under his arm as the basis for one of those improvised feasts that linger longer in the memory than tactical details and the burden of battle. General Mercer had arranged, too, for battalion sports in his brigade; and they went off with much zest according to programme like some event carefully trained for and not a mere interlude held in the shadow of impending fate. The 1st followed their sports with their usual game of Association football, which to the soldiers of the old 1st Division was as sacred an observance as the National Anthem. To their right the heavy guns of two na-

[1] The 4th Battalion was raised out of a group of contingents from Central Ontario, including those from the 12th York Rangers, 13th of Hamilton, 19th of St. Catharines, 20th of Halton, 35th of Simcoe, 36th of Peel, 37th of Haldimand, 38th of Brantford, 44th of Welland; the 1st, similarly, out of Western Ontario.

tions were mingling their spawn of annihilation on the debatable slopes of Hill 60. Diagonally to the north-east the towers of Ypres were shaking into piteous ruin under the concussion of prodigious shells which cast up a thick black dust. And then began an incomprehensible tumult and hurly-burly to the north about the place where the lines of Old France were known to join those of her sometime colony of Canada — a tumult that marked the opening of a new and atrocious method of warfare and a tumult out of which arose the new martial reputation of a young nation which for the moment seemed to keep the roof of Western Europe from tumbling in; but a tumult which added to the thundering uproar of Hill 60 and the crashing downfall of Ypres did not cause the flicker of an eyelid in that game of Association football. For a moment attention wandered to an aeroplane twisting its tricky way among the puffs of shrapnel. But that in itself was a game — an event of sport and thereby justly noticeable and not a mere affair of war. The soldiers of the 1st and 4th played out their sports and took their evening's rest in due course, save for some officers and other alert souls who were curious about an odd exodus that was gradually filling the fields and roads about Vlamertinghe.

First a few French Moroccan soldiers came across the fields calling *"Fini! Fini! Asphyxié!"* Then there developed a long stream of Belgian civilian fugitives panting down the main road from Ypres, with all the evidences of that mingling panic and thrift which makes the Flemish villager run for his life after waiting to the last minute to save his possessions. For both sexes were loaded with all the household belongings they could carry, and some of the women and children slightly wounded by shell fragments were still carrying something out of the wreck. A little later some French gunners, riding their artillery horses, rattled in with the first coherent news of a disaster.

The 1st Colonial Division had been forced to leave their trenches by some kind of poisonous gas, and the Germans were breaking through a gap on the left of the Canadian division on a five-mile front. About seven in the evening a French lieutenant came painfully in to the headquarters of Major Belson's company of the 4th in Vlamertinghe. His story that out of his company of one hundred and fifty men one hundred and forty had been asphyxiated by a poison gas and his own manifest agony from the same cause, stirred his hearers to a new wrath against the enemy. On that day the Germans for a fleeting tactical advantage made an application of the chemistry of murder that, turned against herself, has cost Germany some tens of thousands of her sons, and an application of frightfulness that, instead of producing fear, has incurred for her a hatred that will endure for generations.

That night about one o'clock the two battalions fell in quietly, passed out of Vlamertinghe, and took the road north-east through Brielen to the Ypres Canal, which was crossed on the bridge of boats at about 4 o'clock just as day was breaking. At the cross-roads just before this bridge was reached was the squat-built stone *estaminet* immortalized as the headquarters of the 1st Brigade. Here, listening to the heavy shells rocketting by as they searched the Brielen road for our imaginary reinforcements, sat General Mercer during most of the day, smoking a pipe with a large bowl and tranquilly assuring anybody that was reporting on his way to the rear that the Canadians were all connected up. While to help out the illusion his brigade-major, Hayter, stood by and used large technical words to impress the wayfarer with a sense of imperturbable security. But at this hour of the morning the brigadier had not taken to his pipe, and the padre, Major Beatty, was taking advantage of the halt to hearten up the men with appropriate sayings out of Holy Writ.

If the Canadians were not connected up that day it was through no lack of diligence on the part of the 1st Brigade. A slim scout-officer, Lieutenant Bennett, was despatched on a bicycle to St. Jean to report to Colonel Geddes the arrival of the two Canadian battalions at their position and inquire of him where his left flank rested and when he intended to counter-attack. Bennett reported back the position of Geddes' left flank and said that the colonel had about 1,500 men and would attack at about 5.30.

He was then despatched along the Ypres-Boesinghe road to try to locate the headquarters of the disintegrated French division. Proceeding up this road about a mile and a half, he came upon some elements of French troops who, in a very discouraged and demoralized condition, were entrenching in a perfunctory manner along the west bank of the canal. But he could not obtain any information from their commander as to when they would be in readiness to attack. Indeed he returned with small hopes of assistance from that quarter.

The battalions, having advanced across the canal, arrived in the vicinity of the Pilkem road, near where some well-built farm buildings were situated at a bend in the road. Here at first they were ordered to dig in with their entrenching tools — the 4th in advance and the 1st to their left rear. This order, given in anticipation of a retirement of the 3rd Brigade, was cancelled in about half an hour, and about 5.30 Colonel Birchall, commanding the 4th, summoned his company commanders to an old German trench and directed an immediate attack.

In the ancient world they called it an anabasis or going-up when the ten thousand Greeks proceeded to go through the Central Empire of that day — the Persian — with small regard for proportion of numbers or assistance on their flanks and with amazing unconcern for what might lie in their way. The going

up this day of the 4th and 1st along the Pilkem road was in the nature of an anabasis. There was the flavour of Old Greek audacity about this movement. For on the right were the Middlesex forming part of Geddes' detachment; behind was the canal with two guns on its bank; in front were the unknown forces of the Germans. And with a splendid pedantry Colonel Birchall fixed his left flank on the Pilkem road to join the French where no French were. It was as if working out a tactical scheme with skeleton forces on a limited training area, where you have a field marked with a sign "Out of Bounds" and in your scheme you mark it "occupied by Allied troops."

Only the ground to the left had a building or two and was not out of bounds to the Germans. They had the buildings occupied with machine guns, which worked sad havoc among the Canadians; but at length our two guns on the west bank of the canal found these buildings and set them ablaze. However, the choice lay with Birchall to scatter his scanty force in a mere skirmishing line reaching to the canal or to organize it in depth and strike heavily in one place. He chose the narrower front and the result justified his choice.

The ground over which the 4th made their attack sloped gently upwards to the Pilkem Ridge, which stands about thirty feet above the lower fields, with a fine field of fire and unobstructed observation for the artillery and rifles of the occupants of the ridge. To the right of the Pilkem road lay first the field which was afterwards called the "Field with the Manure Piles," because near the road the thrifty farmer had erected a row of piles of sods and manure cut square with fastidious precision. Not a few Canadians seeking temporary cover behind these found them better ranging marks than protection. Across the north boundary of this field ran a cross-road from a chapel on the Pilkem road. Behind this road lay a ditch — one of the few good breathing spots on the way up the slope.

Beyond the road lay wide farms and in one place an intersecting thick hedge which caused the Canadians many casualties. On top of the ridge itself lay one of those typical old-time Flemish farmhouses with the courtyard in the rear surrounded by the stables and hollowed out to collect the generous heap of manure on which the Gallic rooster struts and crows.

The two leading companies of the 4th advanced each on a two-platoon front, the remaining platoons in support, and were followed with precision by the remaining two companies in similar formation. After them the companies of the 1st in succession were led along a shallow ditch in the rear of the "Field with the Manure Piles," turned to the left and copied the precise formation of the 4th. The whole movement of the two battalions was as of an expert teller peeling one by one the bills off a roll. The German artillery was well served. Their shrapnel was as the hail and their high explosives from the field guns, fired at low trajectory, tore out of the sod strips the size of a hall rug, pulverizing everything within the strip. Major Kelly of the 4th was seen to fall wounded and never seen again — the stripped sod his sole evidence and epitaph. Meanwhile even more than the artillery the machine gun and sniper took their toll of the advancing rushes of the Canadians.

Backed only by two guns and alternating short rushes with halts, when under cover of their superb musketry the thinned firing line was fed by the supports, the attackers made their way up and still up, forty yards at a lift, until about eleven o'clock, when they had reached a line some four hundred yards from the summit of the ridge. At this point Birchall, having come up to the front line of supports, thought the going too heavy for the present advantage and ordered the men to dig in and await a more favourable moment when the fire should have died down.

Even thus far the price had been heavy. Among the

earliest to fall was Captain Brant, a dauntless descendant of the famous line of Mohawk chiefs that fought with England in her wars of the American Revolution and the War of 1812, who thus bore testimony to the continuance of Britain's oldest alliance in the New World — that with the Confederacy of the Six Nations.[1]

Until well on in the afternoon Colonel Birchall remained with the firing line. Conspicuous on account of his great height, his "British Warm," and the light cane he carried, he kept walking up and down, cheering the men and encouraging them to make further advances. About four o'clock he thought the opportune moment had arrived and sent back a message that as the fire was less intense another attack, he thought, would be advisable. Unless advised to the contrary, he would attack and was asking for supports.

By this time some English and Scottish battalions were showing up in the rear and a message from brigade headquarters stated that the French promised support on the left. So, shortly before five o'clock, the 4th, by this time pretty well mixed with the 1st, made for the thick hedge with Birchall leading. It was in breaking through this hedge that the heaviest casualties fell to the German machine guns. However, break through they did and reached a position about eighty yards from the enemy, when the order was given to prepare to charge. At this point Birchall himself paid the penalty of his smiling disregard of dan-

[1] The Six Nations or Iroquois were the real exponents of certain doctrines and theories which the Germans imitate. They called themselves by an Indian word which means "superman." They understood frightfulness to such a degree that at one time by the terror of their name they controlled the country from Michilimackinac far down into Pennsylvania; kept the French cowering in their blockhouses at Montreal; and made the tribes know their power as far as the Mississippi. But they did not waste men in mass formation, as they never had more than 3,500 warriors. They knew when to quit war — before they were broken. And they respected treaties; their promise was as good as their threat. Hence their alliance with Britain has lasted since 1664.

ger and fell pierced by three bullets. His adjutant, Captain Jack Glover, had already been killed, and his second-in-command, Lieut.-Colonel Buell, disabled, and the companies were for the most part without officers. Nevertheless, with both flanks for the moment in the air, the battalions kept going and took the ridge.

"We advanced," writes Major G. H. Wilkinson, then a captain commanding No. 3 Company of the 1st, "as far as a little old farm — I don't remember its name — on the top of the Pilkem Ridge, which we took at the point of the bayonet, surprising Fritz somewhat, because I don't imagine he thought we were able to do it. The centre of that old farm and the stink-pot in the middle of the courtyard was a regular shambles. I saw more wounded and dead men in a radius of about fifty yards than I think I ever saw before or hope to see again. It was just before dusk when we succeeded in taking this place and as the fire immediately or about this time diminished somewhat in intensity we were able to look after some of our wounded and get them back." It is of interest to note in this connection that the battalion bombers of the 4th attended to the wounded as the stretcher-bearers had all been killed.

That night the Canadians, relieved by the King's Own Scottish Borderers and others, were taken to the left to dig in and link up with what was left of the French between the Pilkem road and the canal. This position they held for another twenty-four hours, twice during that time showing their teeth by making feint attacks. At nightfall they were relieved. The 4th were taken across the canal and at roll-call there responded 3 officers and 127 men.

The 1st — having lost only about half their officers — were thrown into the mêlée in the vicinity of Wieltje, which during that night was, as our informant says, "almost everybody's property, sometimes ours and sometimes Fritz's; but the morning found us entrenched in front of Wieltje." Next day saw them

in another curious episode at Fortuin, when an English battalion of light infantry — very green troops just out from England and wholly untuned to the snarl of shrapnel and the wheesh-pong of high explosives — broke and fled. What happened then and some subsequent proceedings we give in the words of an officer who took part in the action.

"They really seemed to be frightened to death, running for their lives. As far as I could see, there weren't very many of them hurt, and Colonel Hill and Colonel Beecher, and several of our officers attempted to stop the stampede as much as possible by getting out in the road and holding them up at the point of a revolver. This we more or less succeeded in doing, and then went in and took their place with them in the line which they held. That we held until again that night about midnight or perhaps a little earlier, when we were moved again through Wieltje and off to the left, with instructions to line the Ypres Canal, near Bridges No. 1 and No. 2, and defend the bridgehead at all costs. We stayed there, if I remember rightly, about forty-eight hours, during which time we had one or two scares, one being given us by receiving the impression from the French troops in front of us and to our left, that they were being attacked so severely that they would have to retire. In fact, it looked, one time, as though they were retiring, but on further investigation by an officers' patrol, consisting of Lieutenant Brookes and the writer [Major Wilkinson], during which time we were made prisoners by our own troops, we found that our scare was caused by the peculiar manner they had of sending out their ration and relief parties for supplies. Two or three attacks were made by the French in front of us, supported by us, during which time we lost pretty heavily through shell-fire.

"At any rate, after about two days of this sort of thing, we were again taken up the old Pilkem road, at midnight, when the whole of the Canadian division

moved to the extreme front, and dug in again that night. We found, however, that the corps had been so badly cut up, and needed rest so badly that they were taken out for a rest, and marched back to the Vlamertinghe huts, and we stayed for another day or two in support of the front line, during which time we had another scare that the Germans were breaking through the lines, when we again went up to the front line, and dug in just in the rear of Wieltje, supporting and providing an escort for some field artillery. However, the Boche didn't get as far as he thought he was going to get, and after about twenty-four hours of this sort of thing, we again retired to the Vlamertinghe huts, which had mostly been destroyed, by this time, by shell-fire, and we dug in, in the open field.

"This whole business lasted, if I remember rightly, about fourteen days, when we were pulled out of the line entirely, and taken back to the town of Bailleul for reinforcements."

Thus from the steadfast bearing of these two battalions during so many and varied vicissitudes of battle we get a clear understanding of that characteristic Canadian fortitude which was at that date considered an unexpected phenomenon, but became later on in the war a fixed element of military calculation. For we see it mattered not whether a battalion was bled to the white all in one day like the 4th or was bled freely and taken out and put in and taken out and put in like the 1st so that the exhaustion of fighting in one place was relieved by marching to fight in another place; the battalion still formidably lay in the path of the enemy. Where there were officers they led their men, and where there were no longer officers the men led themselves almost as if pleased at the responsibility. It was a very democratic army, that old 1st Division, and all the more so because in respecting their officers the men did not have to distinguish between a cold respect for the uniform and that warmer regard men have for

the neighbour and fellow-townsman who has taken them to the war.

5. The Capture of St. Julien

The actual taking of St. Julien has been as obscure as the name of the village has been famous. In the village itself, up to about 5 p. m. on Thursday, April 22nd, were the battalion headquarters of Lieut.-Colonel Loomis of the 13th and of Lieut.-Colonel Currie of the 15th on opposite sides of the Poelcapelle road; and one company each of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Battalions. In addition to this was a very large shell-hole on the road just south of the bridge over Hännebeek brook. In this shell-hole Major King kept his limbers; his battery, the 10th, being north-easterly of the village in a position where, as events turned out, he was gloriously and audaciously exposed.

The first intimation of anything unusual was the peculiar greenish colour of the dust and vapour from a shell that smote the village. At first it was taken to be some new explosive that the Germans were trying out.

Presently a sergeant of the 15th came and reported in his officers' dug-out that the village was "full of French niggers." Evidently something was wrong. Up to this time there had been merely the normal troubles. Infantry on being relieved are expected to leave their quarters in a state of amazing tidiness. Even trenches that are in point of safety like the house of a certain person mentioned in Proverbs, "the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death," are garnished preparatory to moving. All paper and litter are collected and burned or buried. Sanitary conveniences, however crude in construction, are left clean, albeit with an aroma of chloride of lime. This strictness is part of the pride as well as the good sense of the British Army and has paid for itself in the wonderful health of the troops. So it is a serious reflection against a unit if

it should be reported by the relieving force as having left its quarters in an unclean condition. The 3rd Brigade had taken over from the French Colonial Division — very African troops — and they had not understood such matters. And then every unit taking part in the firing zone is expected to busy itself with working parties, constructing new defences and deepening or, as it had to be in Flanders, heightening and thickening the existing works. In this case the brigade had ordered that new dug-outs should be built. Also, by one of those contradictions which are normal in brigade orders, it was positively enjoined that no man was to show himself in St. Julien by daylight. Which of course led to the normal note from the company officer to the staff-captain asking if the company was expected to tunnel and if so with what implements and material. All of which, of course, did not prevent the work proceeding.

The 15th, No. 2 Company, under Major Alexander, had a slender trench already prepared in front of the last houses in the village and running from the easterly side of the Poelcapelle road in a curve south-easterly and flanked on the right by a few dug-outs. A little distance to the rear of this position was a hedge. Their orders were, on an alarm, to occupy this trench, and they did. Two platoons of the 14th came up under Captain Brotherhood and Lieutenant Stairs and carried the line of trench from the westerly side of the road towards the Hännebeek brook. Captain Cory, second-in-command of Major Alexander's company of the 15th, having some facility in French conversation, rounded up about two hundred of the French blacks and induced a diminutive French officer to post them to the left of the 14th and continue the line westerly in the direction of the 3rd Brigade headquarters. These were the cobweb defences of the village.

Returning to his own front, Cory viewed with admiration the gleeful proceedings of Major King, who had his

battery in action in front of the 15th's trench and in rear of a hedge. The major, who seemed in a particularly happy state of mind, first pointed to a house scarcely further than one hundred yards away: " That house is full of Boches," he said. " Watch me blow them out at point blank." Which he did with his first shell. Having satisfied his playful instinct, King requisitioned a covering party, of which Lieutenant Stairs took charge, and a carrying party to connect with the limbers in the shell-hole.

King fought his guns in this foremost position until about midnight. During the night he assisted effectively in the affair at St. Julien Wood by pulling two of his guns out and reversing over towards the wood. His situation becoming at length too precarious, he directed his drivers to get out " any way you can get out." They justified his confidence by riding through to Ypres.

In the village of St. Julien itself the control centres in Colonel Loomis of the 13th. As soon as the heavy bombardment on Thursday broke out, Colonel Currie of the 15th exclaimed, " Damn it, I am going up to see where my boys are "; put on his equipment and two revolvers; and journeyed up to the right of Alexander's company, from where he subsequently proceeded to his advanced headquarters. Shortly after he left the village the wall of the house where he had been fell in, and Colonel Loomis came over and ordered the details to transfer to his own headquarters and the dressing station in rear of it. This became a warm spot, as the Germans were firing from the west into the backyard of the premises; and, for protection, the adjutant of the 13th organized a working party and made a shelter with sand-bags.

During the night a fine company of the Buffs under Captain Tomlinson passed through the village and was guided along the usual route of the ration parties to make connection with the left of the 13th.

About daybreak a portion of the 7th, preceded by the brigade-major, Lieut.-Colonel Kemis-Betty, passed through the 15th trench and proceeded to occupy a line starting from the hedge behind which King's battery had been firing and inclining in the direction of the advanced headquarters.

Friday was an anxious day and literal compliance with the brigade order that no man should show himself by daylight in St. Julien was general. The enemy proceeded to systematically dismantle the village with shell-fire. Their infantry methodically started to dig trenches near a farmhouse in the vicinity of Keerselaer. The little attention our artillery could spare them did not halt this work, which in view of their numbers and of the cobweb trenches of our defences was rather to be encouraged. For here, as in several other places, a resolute German advance must have succeeded.

An inspection of the left of our line found the two platoons of the 14th still very much in position. The Turcos, however, had executed one of those unannounced withdrawals that are the despair of tacticians. The left flank was in the air.

Loomis did what he could to connect the village on the right by getting Major Alexander of the 15th to dig a communication trench up to the left of the 7th's line. On the left of the village he had to trust to the energies of the 3rd Brigade staff to fill the gap.

During the Friday night Captain Cory had the supervision of the parties that supplied not only with rations, but with ammunition and water, the other three companies of the 15th, the whole of the 13th, and the sacrifice company of the Buffs. Taking a winding path that lay between the Mill road and the St. Julien-Poelcapelle road, he made several trips during the night, and found a new line had been established by the 13th swinging back at right angles to their former position.

About 4 a. m. on the Saturday the defenders of the village saw beautiful but menacing red rockets drop from a German sausage-balloon. Immediately thereafter the memory of what the previous day our men had thought a real bombardment became faint like the far-off moaning of the sea. This one was real and was terribly intended to end the defence of St. Julien.

It was necessary to find out what was doing on the left, and Cory made his way to where the French had been. Then he saw, about a thousand yards to the west, the end of a line that he recognized as occupied by the 3rd Battalion from seeing Lieutenant " Bill " Jarvis among them. And from this position, turning to his right, he got a staggering picture of what was bearing down on the doomed village. First the gas rolling in greenish clouds over the hill on his right, and then the German infantry, without concealment or pretence of taking cover, deploying from the trench they had dug the day before and sweeping in waves toward St. Julien. Reaching the trench of the two 14th platoons, he found Brotherhood and Stairs already killed and Captain Williamson, the machine-gun officer, firing " into the brown " of the stolidly advancing German masses. He watched for a while the signal execution done by Williamson, who was killed while talking to him. Then about 7 o'clock Cory ran the gauntlet of the Poelcapelle road and reached his own line.

Here the defenders were watching another strange picture. Over the high ground to the right were racing along some relics — mere chips and crumbs — of the front companies; and the Hun artillery were not shelling resisting formations, but remorselessly crumping small groups of fugitives. Of these but two stragglers reached the trench, one of the 15th and one of the 13th,[1] and both were incoherent with shell-shock.

[1] The 13th man related circumstantially how he had seen Captain Clark-Kennedy's head completely blown off. As a matter of fact,

Canadian Official Photograph

LT.-COL. W. H. CLARK-KENNEDY, V. C., C. M. G., D. S. O. AND BAR

About 10 o'clock a small detachment of the 3rd under Captain Len Morrison and Lieutenant Walter Curry, having previously reported to Colonel Loomis and worked their way around the village, reported to Captain Cory. The latter, having in mind the brigade orders as to holding the line, felt that his own unit was elected to stay until relieved or ordered to retire. But he realized also, from the violence of the hurricane of munitions that was passing overhead and lashing the village and the exposed trench of the 14th, that to accept new men now was simply to put more eggs in a broken basket. So he gave them the pleasant advice: "There is nothing to be done here; you had better beat it." The 7th were still holding their bit, and Latta, their machine-gun officer, was conspicuously busy on their rear flank. But at 11.10 they got orders to retire. And here again the inadequacy of the trench work of that period produced disaster. They started to retire down Alexander's little communication trench and choked it and the 15th trench so that numbers of them took a chance of crossing the open fields and got frightfully cut up. One company of them appeared to be having better success by making off through some dead ground. After about twenty minutes of this confusion Major Byng-Hall of the 7th arrived on their heels and re-formed about seventy-five of his men in the 15th trench.

The defence of this part of the line was continued in the knowledge that there was no longer a holding line where the 7th had been and in an uncertainty equally as to where the new line on the right might rest and as to what was happening to Loomis and the village in the rear. It was obvious also that unless heavily reinforced two platoons, even of such stuff as those 14th

Clark-Kennedy lived to keep his head on a number of difficult occasions, and finally to come out of the war as a lieutenant-colonel, V. C., C. M. G., D. S. O.

platoons had shown themselves, could not hold their exposed position on the left.

At 12.45 it ended suddenly, as such things do. There was a hedge on the south side of the cross-road that runs from St. Julien easterly. Captain Cory ordered some men to retire and line this hedge. Robert Tilley, a signaller, and six others darted across and reached it in safety. This was the last flicker. Those who were too slow were made prisoners. The Germans had started pouring through the houses of the village and through the hedge in rear of the 15th trench and now they came over in front. Now up the Poelcapelle road as prisoners of war marched the survivors of the garrison, — Byng-Hall and his 75 men of the 7th, Cory and his 39 of the 15th, 4 of the 16th, 2 of the 3rd, and 2 of the 13th. St. Julien had fallen, " a little city and few men within it."

Thus the Germans took St. Julien in the time they should have taken Ypres and been roaring down into Calais. Secrecy and rapidity are twin elements of military success. They succeeded in keeping secret their gas preparations and on that memorable Thursday won a victory which they could not use. For they had lost the fruits of surprise by their dilatory methodicism. There is a time in war to proceed deliberately; to collect, organize, and consolidate. But there is also a time to bore in and rush the enemy off his feet. The German tacticians of April, 1915, did not know how to fight to a finish. They wanted to make everything sure in a game where nothing is sure; and they marked time and stepped short, though the greatly victorious in war have always stepped out and doubled. They were slow.

There were others of like character. There was a British general and a brigade of Imperials who had been listening for hours to the crackle of musketry and the rat-tat-tat of the machine guns in St. Julien. They were organizing a strong counter-attack on the village

— when it should have fallen. The continued resistance did not suggest any acceleration in their methodical, deliberate, and unsuccessful preparations. It was of course not good tactics to operate by driblets. But the instinct that makes a soldier want " to march to the sound of the guns " is good comradeship; and good comradeship runs parallel for most of the way to good generalship; and too cold-blooded a philosophy in war has generally overreached. But in this instance the attack was not made until Sunday and St. Julien remained German until a later campaign.

6. The Companies that Kept Touch

On Thursday evening, April 22nd, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions[1] had been summoned to divisional headquarters at Brielen and then proceeded on a night march across the canal and reached the vicinity of the St. Julien road near Wieltje, when their commanders reported to General Turner at the 3rd Brigade headquarters. They got orders to take up positions and entrench, the 3rd near Wieltje and the 2nd about half a mile further along towards St. Julien. The line of the Canadian front at this time (between 11 and 12 p. m.) ran from St. Julien past 3rd Brigade headquarters and was thicker where the 10th and 16th were forming to attack St. Julien Wood. It was continued by part of the 14th, which was on the right rear of the 16th, and by Geddes' detachment, which was taking up a position further to the left. Behind this front line the 2nd and 3rd took post as reserves. Enduring the usual experiences of the reserves at that period, the 3rd remained in this position with A and B Companies in

[1] The men of the 2nd (Eastern Ontario) Battalion were representative of the militia regiments in Ontario, east of Toronto (there being one Toronto corps represented — the 9th Mississauga Horse). The 3rd (Toronto) Battalion had a preponderant contingent from the 2nd Queen's Own Rifles, a stout contingent from the 10th Royal Grenadiers, and one from the Governor-General's Body Guards.

advance and C and D in support behind them until about 4 a. m. of the 23rd, when orders were received by 'phone from headquarters to send two companies in haste to hold a line from St. Julien to the wood.

Acting in accordance with this order, C and D Companies, under Major Kirkpatrick, took the road to St. Julien and swung to the left up a lane that branches off to the north-west from the edge of the village. Deploying off this route into two lines, these companies, D on the left and C on the right, proceeded to make an attack, according to the then most approved tactics of open warfare, across the unwooded country between the wood and the village. What the attack lacked in artillery support was made up in gallantry; and the line was pushed forward a considerable distance and a position secured in some shallow trenches believed to have been formerly occupied by the French. The enemy having proceeded to dig in about one hundred yards away, the two companies again attacked and occupied this further position.

Now always between the Staff and the battalion (and especially the company) officer there is a natural and perpetual antagonism in all ways of thinking. Says the Staff officer, " Report on this "; thinks the battalion officer, " I have something better to do than writing reports." Says the Staff officer, " Your men have acted riotously "; says the company officer, " My men are angels." And nowhere is this difference in thinking more manifest than in the stricken field. Says the battalion officer, " Is that the enemy in front? Then me for him, ding-dong! " Then comes message from the Staff — " How are you connected on your left? " or, " You must maintain touch on your right." Well, every yard the two companies had made across the open was in the very teeth of destruction, said teeth being called shrapnel, high explosives, machine gun, and rifle. Officers and men went down and by 6 o'clock that morning the survivors looked on the results as one

gazes on a long day's work. It was an advance worthy of any troops in the Empire.

But every yard won had widened the gap between St. Julien and the right flank of C Company until now this gap was getting big enough to pass a deployed battalion — several hundred yards of gap. So along about 9.30 the Staff, not unappreciative of good fighting, but still thinking of connection and touch, sends a message to Major Kirkpatrick.

" Germans reported reinforcing wood. Our artillery is opening on them. Take all steps to strengthen your position and watch right from wood to St. Julien. Dig in and hold on to your position. Apply Colonel Loomis as to troops on right."

To dig in and hold on was simple, and, as Clausewitz says, " the simple is none the less difficult." But the other part of the order was neither simple nor easy. So Captain Streight let loose Lieutenant Jarvis, who had already that day shown resourcefulness in breaking up a nest of snipers, and who now volunteered to take his platoon and make the connection with St. Julien. Accordingly Jarvis and his men proceeded to cover the ground and run the gauntlet of the German snipers by crawling on their bellies towards St. Julien. At regular intervals they planted a rifleman as one would drop seed — after the fashion of a certain Greek who planted dragon's-teeth that sprang up armed men. But Jarvis' supply of dragon's-teeth ran short before he covered the gap to the village. So he proceeded alone and reported himself and his tidings to Colonel Loomis.

Now Loomis of the 13th at his headquarters was much worried and, as it were, waiting for the roof to fall in. Three companies of his battalion were in the most perilous predicament imaginable; the remaining company he had sent to their aid. The situation on his right was more than precarious; from his left he had no news except the rattle and crash of uncertain battle.

He conceived a great admiration for Jarvis' exploit and lent him all the men he had left about his headquarters — a few pioneers and his orderly room staff — in all a dozen.

With connection made in this way and maintained somehow, the companies fought on — even made another advance and repelled several. But St. Julien was falling and a connecting file with men from five to ten paces apart is not a flank guard. The messages to and fro — reassuring ones from Colonel Rennie and cheerful ones from Kirkpatrick — became less and less hopeful. At 11.35 a. m. on Saturday the companies were holding on nicely. At 12.20 they reported: "Germans attacking in considerable numbers on our right moving from north to south on St. Julien." At 12.35 it was: "I fear Streight's right flank will be turned. Enemy has secured all front trenches in St. Julien. We will drop back our right flank and hang on." At 1 o'clock the Brigade Staff (as might be expected, running true to Staff form) sends, "Do not lose touch with St. Julien. Hang on. A counter-attack is being made on your right." At 2.03 the companies were ordered to "retire on general headquarters here." The platoon on the right was withdrawn first — two unwounded men reaching Colonel Rennie.

The next messages came from German prison camps. Shelled all day, repeatedly attacked in front, outflanked on the right, then on the left, surrounded, out of ammunition, and finally overpowered in hand-to-hand assaults, the companies continued the fight until 4.30 p. m., when the wearied survivors laid down their arms amid the compliments of an admiring German officer.

We may here mention what became of the battalion which, having despatched C and D Companies on their mission near St. Julien at 4.30 on the morning of the 23rd, became thereby technically, and later, as we have seen, actually the 3rd Battalion less two companies. At 8.30 on the same morning came the order to move

two companies (A and B) and the Machine-Gun Detachment to the general headquarters line of trenches and to the left of the 3rd Brigade headquarters.

This latter headquarters was in a vicinity which on some maps of the period bears the cheery title "Shell-trap Farm." In this position the two companies maintained themselves with the vicissitudes normal to this battle. They got some relief to their overcharged feelings by industriously sniping parties of the Germans who were passing from St. Julien Wood to various trenches in its vicinity. There was one particular gate through which some of the Germans had to run the gauntlet, and this for quite a few led down into the chambers of death.

About 4.30 a. m. on the 24th the enemy opened a terrific bombardment from the east and north-east of the 3rd Brigade headquarters and the farm began to acquire its name. This was no mere flurry. For at 6 o'clock the shelling was still most persistent, like rain that has set in for all day. About this time the Staff began to make preparations for the eventuality of having to hold the general headquarters line and shrink the salient.

Meanwhile, as the 3rd did not seem to be doing enough, orders were sent to Colonel Rennie to despatch ten men and two officers to reinforce Colonel Loomis on the Fortuin road south-east of St. Julien. The party under Captain Morrison and Lieutenant Curry duly arrived and fell in with a detachment of the 14th, with whom later they returned in time to escape capture.

The position of the two companies A and B was as far as they could judge flanked on the left by about 1,200 yards of open ground without any visible trenches or supports. But there is now a tradition in the 3rd that they were not considered to be sufficiently exposed and that the despatch which Captain Muntz, commanding B Company, was reading when he fell mortally wounded, was an order to carry his company

further forward — an order which his death luckily forestalled. Captain Allan, commander of A Company, was likewise wounded, but stayed on duty and lived to command the battalion.

On the evening of the 25th the 3rd Brigade was relieved by British troops, but the 3rd Battalion was ordered to remain until other troops came up. This it did until dusk of the 26th, when it was relieved by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Ordinarily the name of the unit that relieves your own is one of the details of campaigning that dims in the memory with the lapse of days. But the survivors of the 3rd remember the advent of the Argyll and Sutherlands as the most beautiful of actual war-pictures. For without preparation they attacked towards St. Julien Wood and staged the attack with superb and punctilious regularity. The expression " as if on parade," sometimes applied to well performed manœuvres, is no more adequate to convey the picture than would the word " pretty " be good enough for Juno the Queen of Heaven. It was marvellous to see these splendid Highlanders spring forward and simultaneously drop, fire, spring up again, and go forward to the whistle of an officer wearing a monocle. Up and up they went, with casualties falling here and there under the fire of the German machine guns, until they had covered half the distance to the wood. Thence, the attack having failed, they retired, leaving more casualties, but not abating one whit of the snap and regularity of their movements. The 3rd stood in their trenches and admired. Yes, because the deed was admirable and even in a cynical world not without a sort of usefulness. For the Germans looking on must have felt the shabbiness of their own new warfare and wondered at the force that could make men die so splendidly.

7. How the 2nd Battalion got other Messages besides their Mail

If the good people at home who make up packages of things that soldiers like could see their parcels being distributed and the pleasure their far-brought kindness carries with it when the bugle sounds

> "Letter from lazy Mary,
> Letter for lousy Lou,"

they would never doubt that the socks, cigarettes, cakes, maple sugar, and sundry other tokens of practical remembrance make glad the heart of the boy overseas.

There have been difficulties in the organizing of the mail service to the Canadian battalions. Railways were congested, the Canadian division had been trekking from place to place, and most of the Imperial and French authorities had very vague and negligent ideas as to the existence of a Canadian contingent. Add to this that in the early days of the war there was great carelessness and considerable knavery in the handling of letters and packages on their way to the front. These matters were afterwards set right, so that in the later years of campaigning delivery became, if not prompt and regular, at least tolerably certain. Indeed, in nothing has the progressive growth of a spirit of comradeship been more marked than in the gradual increase in the degree of respect paid a soldier's property in transit to the front, and in the veneration with which all ranks have learned to treat the personal effects of the fallen.

Now there are some of the 2nd Battalion who remember April 22nd with outstanding clearness because that was the first day since they had landed in France when they received parcels from home that were intact. There were also some other matters not easily forgotten.

The battalion were, along with the rest of the 1st Brigade, in army reserve and were stationed a little north of Vlamertinghe. Near this spot was a cemetery, giving that notification of our mortality which is so impressive and effectual to the elderly and infirm. The battalion of course were playing football. Presently the bugle blew the " Post Office Call " and distribution of the letters and parcels began. There was not much discipline about the handing out of letters in those days. The younger soldiers forsook whatever they were at, and their long-repressed homesickness made them scurry at the double towards the battalion post office. The more philosophic kept their allegiance undivided and, repressing their merely human emotions, continued to play football. Gradually the deserters began to trickle back and resume the serious pursuit of the pigskin. While this struggle between the associations of home and Association football was still pending, there was a more serious interruption threatening the game.

Towards 5 o'clock whiffs and whirls of strange mephitic vapour came from across the canal, and the roads and fields presented a strange spectacle. The soldiers were as quick to perceive a remedy as a danger. The players in possession dribbled their footballs for the higher ground. Some men climbed trees, others sheds or the cemetery wall. From these points of vantage they watched the spectacle — the civilian population mixed with soldiers, some in French blue and others in those impossibly bright uniforms that were still being worn by some Zouaves and Turcos. The civilians were hastily snatching up things portable and leaving their cattle behind. Our soldiers wondered. It argues confusion to carry a frying-pan and a bird-cage and hope to move with little children on foot faster than one can drive cows — even deliberate French cows, which move serenely and are pastured in clover with a rope and a peg so that they eat eco-

nomically in a circle. It was a panic our men were studying.

The bugle cut short their speculations and this time it was the "Fall in." Reduced to immediate control, they were dismissed to fall in again at 7.30. About 8 they moved into Vlamertinghe, turned north and crossed the canal.

Ordinarily a night march is not so much an anxiety to the rank and file of infantry as a tedium. The nerve-strain is on the officer. His maps may be accurate, but that is doubtful. His guides may mislead. He may be a bit night-blind himself. His imagination can picture that, during the march, conditions at the rendezvous may have changed, — he may be leading in where his command will get cut off. The soldier plods along at the rate of about two miles an hour, halts when those in front halt, resumes when they resume, and is sulky because he cannot sing or smoke. But he is not excited, — merely tired, and, if the roads are bad, disgusted. But this march in the night of April 22nd-23rd was a nerve-racker to the most seasoned old grumbler in the ranks. To the younger soldiers it was something that would blot out all previous memories of nightmares. The march was broken and indirect. Having crossed the bridge they took up a position in a half-circle about three-quarters of a mile from the canal. Then they moved in zigzag fashion to a gun that seemed to mark the right of line. It was apparently the only gun firing on our behalf; while shells of all sorts were whizzing overhead and cracking ominously as they passed. The loneliness of one gun appals more than would its silence. For a while, if your guns are all silent, you can dream of them being kept in reserve; the silence may conceal strength on your side and surprises for the enemy. One gun is pitiful, like a candidate who is hopelessly outballoted and has lost his deposit. Add to this that from below the new horror of the gas reached up and grasped the throats

of a number of men, strangling them as with the noose of a thug.

The battalion moved up in the first place as supports for the 16th and 10th in their operations against St. Julien Wood. Less than a mile to the south and a little west of the wood lay the frame buildings where were the headquarters of the 3rd Brigade, the farm itself being then marked Vlamertinghe Farm and afterwards better known and avoided as Shell-trap Farm. The farm to the north of this was marked Candit Fraere Farm. In the rear of this farmhouse was a dressing station; and in front was Sergeant J. K. Young of the 2nd Battalion with a small machine-gun section, which he employed so well in beating down hostile forward movements from the wood and afterwards disengaged so cleverly when the remains of the battalion were withdrawn that he was recommended for mention in despatches. These farms were somewhat protected, or at least covered by hedges with gaps cut in them at intervals.

South from the wood was No. 4 Company, under Major Bolster, in the field that was called the Mustard Patch. Should you meet a man of the original 2nd Battalion he will be interested in you if you mention the Mustard Patch. Further to the right lay two farmhouses, one within dangerous range of the wood and behind which was posted a dressing station so precarious before it was demolished that to go there meant receiving surgical aid without much increasing your chances of survivorship. The other farmhouse, near the St. Julien road, was used as a battalion headquarters.

The line of the 2nd Battalion was continued by Nos. 3 and 2 Companies, deployed at first about fifty yards in rear of trenches held by the remains of the 10th Battalion and much subjected to a pestiferous enfilading from a German trench in the right rear and from a house that got the name of Machine-Gun House.

CAPTAIN GEORGE T. RICHARDSON
Awarded the Legion of Honour (Posthumous)

As the 10th were badly exhausted, the 2nd undertook the shifting of these neighbours, and with success. Lieutenant Doxsee possessed himself of Machine-Gun House, where he was subsequently killed. His duties were taken over by Captain Richardson. On the right of the 2nd were two companies of the 3rd, of whom mention has been made in another place.

The vicissitudes of the 2nd were the normal lot of companies holding the line, and their stubbornness in holding was quite equal to that of the other Canadians. It was well on to four o'clock on Saturday afternoon when the last details were withdrawn; and from their dilatoriness in accepting or not accepting the first order to retire, they were afterwards sometimes known as the "Safety Seconds."

It is impossible to get a full and coherent story of all the companies of any of these battalions. Company narratives at best are narrow and view the happenings of other companies as through a glass darkly and of other battalions no better than would a horse with blinkers. So we may fairly give up trying to accompany the whole 2nd Battalion and pin ourselves to a single company. The luck of the others was much the same, and we can judge the sack by the sample.

No. 1 or A Company,[1] then, of the 2nd moved northerly during the night of the 22nd from the vicinity of the one gun that spoke, up to and a little beyond the farm building which we have identified as Candit Fraere and behind which, as we have said, was situated a dressing station and in the front of which were Young and his machine gun. They had an objective. They were detailed for an attack.

When St. Julien Wood became untenable towards

[1] The companies in the Canadian division were originally eight to a battalion. From the periodic reorganizations that took place on Salisbury Plain they finally emerged with four double companies to a battalion. It will be found in dealing with the "Originals" that one is apt to get them confused between the lettering of the old and the new companies.

morning on the 23rd, the 16th had retired and split in retiring, some of them going rather to the west and others taking up a position in the Mustard Patch. Westerly from the wood and running towards another farmhouse was a German sap trench about one hundred and fifty yards long, roughly occupying a semicircle, — what old-time workers on fortifications would have laid out into a beautiful geometrical figure with three or five measured sides, and, having found it good, would have called it a Blunted Redan or a Lunette. And it would have been approached with decorum and defended with dignity and gone down into history as the defence of the Lunette or the attack on the Redan. But the ceremonial mystery of fortification has vanished like astrology, — and common infantrymen dig trenches somehow and defend them murderously, and the beauty of the work is its crude irregularity. Well! This hideous lunette is what A Company of the 2nd Battalion were ordered to take.

The attack was preceded by an unfortunate reconnaissance. Many times in this war we have made the mistake of sending raiding parties or patrols that were too weak numerically for a striking force and too large for scouting purposes. The party in this case was composed of a sergeant and eighteen volunteers. What they saw they never reported; because they never returned. What they did was to make the garrison alert. Two scouts would have been sufficient for information; the whole company none too many for striking a blow. Remember, however, that when the reconnoitring party moved off it was dark — the night illumined only by flares, gun-flashes, and intermittent moonbeams. They might have succeeded in getting and holding a bit of the trench.

Undiscouraged by the non-return of the reconnoitring party, the rest of the company crept up in the darkness and took up a position about 150 yards from the sap trench. Then shortly before dawn they opened

with the rifle, and when it seemed they had established that "superiority of fire" which was the Apostles' Creed of our tacticians of that day, the company sprang to their feet, the officers leading, and made furiously for the trenches. Major Bennett in advance jumped upon the parapet and was bayonetted. Every other officer of the company went down. The attack was foiled by bursts from rifles and machine guns.

A circumstance then arose which leads us to pause and inquire if a certain amount of cold-bloodedness towards wounded comrades is not a necessity of discipline and an ultimate kindness to others. Our British rules of service had encouraged the grouping together of men from the same vicinity on the sound instinct that it made for comradeship to have beside you boys from the same village. They were not only your "pals" or your "chums," they were your "townies."

This was peculiarly the case with the Canadian battalions recruited from a large number of militia regiments, and in none more so than with the 2nd Battalion, which was a composite force from many localities in Eastern Ontario. From the colonel down it was an article of faith as soon as a man was wounded to try to carry him off. This doctrine or instinct is not good war. Casualties on this occasion were much increased by the unhurt shouting loudly for stretcher-bearers and attempting themselves to carry off the wounded. This benevolent tumult directed and prolonged the fire of the German rifles and machine guns. Later on our soldiers learned to accept their losses with silent voices and still bodies. But much may be forgiven to that closer-than-brotherhood that had grown up during a dismal winter passed in the bleak camps on Salisbury Plain.

The mobile survivors, having lost all formation, had at length to retire. A number of men led by the company sergeant-major took post in a shallow ditch be-

hind a hedge. The remainder emerged from their confusion and rallied at the dressing station; where the sergeant-major, going back, found them, and as soon as light served brought them up and lined the hedge. Here they kept up a brisk fire, and in this position they maintained themselves until the night of the 25th. The battalion commander, Lieut.-Colonel Watson, finding them here, demanded why they had not taken the trench. The reasons being convincing and nothing in the nature of a forward movement being feasible, he devoted himself to cheering them by his presence and evacuating their wounded — himself acting as a stretcher-bearer.

8. The Canadian Gunners

During the years before the war no class of officers in Canada's neglected militia were more enthusiastic and study-sharp than the artillery. This was perhaps due to the intricate fascination of their branch of the art of war. An infantryman was apt to limit his tactical studies to a few set forms of attack and defence and then concentrate the energies of his leisure time either on close-order movements or on the lure of the rifle-range. Thus in a few years he became recognized either as a " Drill " or as a "Pot-Hunter "; just as before the war a man would be either a Grit or a Tory, but could hardly be both.

In the mounted corps of the militia tactical studies were not unknown; as prior to the advent of the aeroplane the duties of reconnaissance presupposed the use of the horse. But the notion dies hard that the first duties of a mounted man are to learn to ride well and care for his mount. So that there was not much leisure for theoretical studies when so much practice was needed to keep one's seat and not ride like an infantry major.

But the artillery could not achieve the dull com-

pleteness of formal soldiering. A new gunner's world had just been opened out by the introduction of quick-firers. The American frontiersman of the eighteenth century did not look forward to the meadows of the Cumberland river with a keener vision than did the pre-war artilleryman to the future of his weapon. It is true that the theories of those days as to the proper uses of guns were only in proportion to the then sprinkling-pot ideas of munitionment and that after a few months' real campaigning officers held a very modest estimate of their previous knowledge. But as artillery knowledge went Canadian officers were relatively good students.

Nor did our batteries fail us during the bad hours in the Ypres salient. They were outnumbered, it is true, and in the absence at La Bassée of our own heavies were trying to make the 18-pounder speak up against everything from the German 77 millimetre and captured French 75 millimetre (all firing shells of about the same calibre — three inches) up to those monstrous engines whose missiles were tearing to shreds the Cathedral and Cloth Hall of Ypres. Indeed when we seek for reasons for the lumbering hesitancy of the German advance, we must in fairness say that to the redoubtable musketry of the Canadian infantry were added the accurate ranging and effective impertinence of Canadian field-guns that refused to be silenced.

The 2nd Brigade Canadian Field Artillery, under Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Creelman, when the great on-fall began on Thursday, April 22nd, 1915, had their guns posted southerly from Fortuin with a view to the most likely attack being upon the lines occupied by the 2nd Canadian Infantry Brigade on the Gravenstafel Ridge. For from Roulers to Ypres lay the most direct road. So these gunners were covering the trenches of the 8th and the 5th and in addition a company of the Buffs on the left of the 28th Division.

Under Colonel Creelman's command were the 2nd Battery (less one section), 3rd Battery (less one section), 5th Battery (less one section), 6th Battery, 7th Battery, and 8th Battery (less one section), making sixteen guns in all. He started the action with a quite moderate supply of ammunition, about 2,800 rounds in the gun-pits and about 1,200 rounds in the ammunition column at Wieltje. Before the end of the 24th he had expended some twelve thousand rounds, partly borrowed from the neighbouring British divisions, but chiefly brought up under difficulties by the energetic commander of the Brigade Ammunition Column, Captain Eakins.

With these shells the gunners made the take-off of a rush difficult for the Germans in the trenches opposite the 8th and the 5th. As often as the artillery saw the signs of any massing of infantry for the purpose of migrating in the direction of the Canadians, they would drench the German parapets with shrapnel and the movement would be cancelled. Time and again this prevented assaults from being pressed home and enabled the infantry to husband their ammunition for the few occasions when the enemy were able to get across.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th the business of the front companies of the 13th and 15th Battalions had been at length wound up and the German infantry were beginning to feel their way in behind the left flank of the 8th Battalion. To check this Lieutenant Geary and a section of the 6th Battery were ordered forward to a semi-covered position on a fold of the Gravenstafel Ridge. Geary performed this task, retiring only when his ammunition gave out, and by his effective gunnery forced the Germans to temporarily forsake their objective. The respite gained enabled Colonel Lipsett to complete the movement of refusing his left flank.

Towards the evening of the 24th a peril began to accumulate that threatened not only the rear of the 2nd

Canadian Official Photograph

OFFICERS OF THE C. F. A. BRIGADE IN FRANCE

Infantry Brigade, but also Creelman's gunners and the whole rear of the 28th (Imperial) Division. This was nothing less than a massed attack being prepared to take off from St. Julien Wood. Between this and the Canadians guns were mere details of a badly cut up Territorial battalion; and these were withdrawn at dark to Wieltje. Our artillery accepted the emergency and served out an iron ration to the hungry Hun.

" Two guns of the 6th Battery, under Lieut.-Colonel H. G. McLeod, and two guns of the 2nd Battery, under Lieut.-Colonel C. H. McLaren, were withdrawn from their pits and laid in the open upon the line of woods. Orders were sent to Lieutenant J. S. N. McPherson, who was in command of an outlying section of the 8th Battery, to do the same. Soon Germans in long lines emerged from the line of trees and started across the open, each man on the sky-line and silhouetted against the red glow of the setting sun. It was the most ideal target any of us had ever seen. Every man at every gun saw his objective. The order to fire was given and in a very few minutes two lines of Germans ceased to exist. Up to dark no third line had attempted to leave the woods."

That night the 2nd Artillery Brigade withdrew to a new line at Potijze. The reasons are thus set forth in Colonel Creelman's report:

" About 10 p. m. our supply of ammunition was almost exhausted. German infantry were digging in only a few hundred yards away, with no British or Canadian infantry between us and the enemy. No reinforcements were in sight, or reported to be on the way.

" We were under heavy rifle and shell fire. Several billets were on fire, lighting up the sky. We had not received any orders or information from superior authorities for over twenty-four hours and conditions elsewhere were unknown. I accordingly, very reluctantly, gave the order to the brigade to retire to behind

Wieltje, which we did after I had spoken to Lieut.-Colonel Lipsett by telephone and regretfully explained the reason for our forced withdrawal. As we moved out the large thatched-roof farmhouse occupied by the 5th and 8th Batteries as a billet was in flames, the result of incendiary shells.

"The retirement of the brigade was effected with very little loss. We were able to avoid the heavily shelled main roads as we had previously made a rough cross-country road by removing a few fences and hedges and filling in a few ditches in preparation for a forced retirement. The following morning, April 25th, the brigade was in action near Potijze."

It may seem a strange thing to say, but it is often a great relief to infantry to have their own artillery shelled. When they hear high overhead a whirring like that of a trolley in a factory or like a child's express-wagon on a cobble pavement, they know this six-inch fellow is on a visit to the guns, and not, like the last one, about to thunder against their own door. It is selfish but comforting.

Nevertheless the shells that rumble into the background, and then ominously fall silent for a long-drawn moment, — followed by a crash, — often, in the language of the trenches, have the names of gunners written on them. During April and May, 1915, the 2nd Artillery Brigade had around two hundred casualties (including seven officers); and there were four hundred horses to replace. Before the operations were completed both the commanding officer and adjutant were in hospital.

The movements of the 1st and 3rd Artillery Brigades are not so easily followed as those of the 2nd, being more complex, and in the case of the 3rd still more hazardous. The 1st Artillery Brigade, under Lieut.-Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Morrison, on the afternoon of April 22nd was moving from Poperinghe via Vlamertinghe towards Ypres. By the

time when the action of Colonel Birchall up the Pilkem road was commenced, early on the 23rd, there were in position to help him only a composite battery of four guns composed of the left sections of the 2nd and 3rd Batteries. As the situation became clear that there were no French batteries covering this sector Lieut.-Colonel Morrison began energetically to concentrate his brigade, and orders were immediately sent to the 1st and 4th Batteries of the 1st Brigade C. F. A. to move up from Poperinghe with their ammunition echelons. By 4 p. m. we had in action the entire 1st Brigade (less one section each of the 2nd and 3rd Batteries), to which was added one section from the 5th Battery, 2nd Brigade, and one section from the 11th Battery, 3rd Brigade — a total of sixteen guns. The line here was afterwards strengthened by several batteries of French artillery as well as several batteries of Royal Field Artillery. Our guns remained in action, covering Pilkem Ridge and Hill 29 to the right of the ridge, from April 23rd to May 9th. The average expenditure of ammunition amounted to fifty rounds per gun per day; the total casualties in the 1st Brigade in this battle numbered one hundred and forty officers and men. Lieut.-Colonel (afterwards Brigadier-General) Dodds, writing more particularly of the work of the composite battery, says:

"During the entire seventeen days in action, the original composite battery position, at the bend of the canal west of the Brielen cross-road, was never found by the enemy and at times on the 23rd April one section was supporting the French whereas the other section was assisting the Canadian infantry. Many attempts were made by the French infantry to capture the redoubt 'Hill 29,' without success. At the same time several successful attacks on the enemy line east of Pilkem took place, but the superiority of the German heavy artillery at this time made it impossible for us to retain any gain made and the line on this front was practically

the same on the evening of the 9th May, when we were released, as it was on the morning of April 23rd. The ammunition supply never failed us, although at times the entire supply consisted of high-explosive shells, no shrapnel being available; on other days the reverse was the case and only shrapnel was issued. The gunnery was excellent and many buildings were destroyed and set on fire; the Pilkem windmill was blown up by the shell-fire of the composite 2nd and 3rd Battery commanded by Captain D. N. White.''

We have seen what an exciting position was occupied by the 10th Battery in advance of St. Julien. The 9th Battery had even more troubles. The battery were commandeered by General Turner by direct order to Major Macdougall, the commander. Staff work was somewhat disorganized in the evening hours of April 22nd, and Colonel Mitchell, in command of the 3rd Artillery Brigade, was not notified of this move. No precautions were taken for escorts; indeed no infantry could have been spared for such a purpose. The result was that the 9th were very much exposed to fire at effective rifle range. The Germans working out to the front of the wood shot some of the 9th gunners out of their seats with machine guns.[1]

Accordingly the 9th moved to the left front of St. Jean and kept their guns playing for the remainder of the night on the ridge about a thousand yards away. This spot was not a lucky one. About 8 a. m. on the 23rd the enemy got a direct hit on a small dug-out and put two gun crews out of action. The remainder of the men were driven from their guns, which had to be left in the open all day; but were successfully retrieved at

1 While the batteries of the 3rd Brigade were assimilating this kind of warfare their Ammunition Column were running the gauntlet to keep them supplied with shells. It was on one of these close-call expeditions that Lieutenant Ryerson came across the body of his brother, Major George (Happy) Ryerson, who had been killed with the 3rd Battalion.

night. This was as near as any Canadian guns came to being lost in the war.

It may appear in the foregoing pages of this chapter that very little mention has been made of official records or of the higher officers, such as Major-General Alderson and his staff or Brigadier-General Burstall, the Canadian Artillery chief. This is not by way of meaning that such officers failed in any respect of their duty. Their part will no doubt appear when the Official History of the War makes its appearance, after the sifting of the reports from army, corps, divisional, and battalion commanders.

Nevertheless, as the shell-power of modern guns has rendered first-hand observation increasingly out of fashion for higher officers, the reports of such officers have become less approximate and more conjectural. Few things in official reports will be found in their details to be exactly as they happened, because in many instances the men who saw did not live to describe the sight; and no systematic endeavour was made to get the details from survivors insignificant in rank but senior in evidence. It therefore appeared to the present writer to be in the interest of true history, while not neglecting such official documents as are now available, to supplement his narrative by the cross-examination of battalion officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates actually and manually engaged and most of them casualties in the fights.

The author was the more encouraged in this line of investigation by having heard no less eminent an authority than General Smith-Dorrien, in addressing the officers and non-commissioned officers of the 1st Canadian Brigade early in April, 1915, say to them: "All the battles thus far in this war have been soldiers' battles." Certainly nothing in the Second Battle of Ypres or the Battle of Festubert would have caused the general to vary his candid verdict.

This then is less the Chapter of the General or Colonel than the Book of the Battalion; and not of the battalion as a tactical unit whereof one says "it," but as a plural word comprising numbers that gloriously diminished as the actions progressed.

CHAPTER IV

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S CANADIAN LIGHT INFANTRY

1. February 28th to November 27th, 1915

IMMEDIATELY after the audacious assault upon the 23rd Bavarians, on February 28th, 1915,[1] the enemy began a bombardment of the position held by the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry with heavy artillery, the usual preliminary to a counter-attack. However, the German commander was evidently not strong enough in either men or guns to make an effective reprisal and only No. 3 Company of the Princess Patricia's had casualties to report. The day passed without further noteworthy incident. Dawn of the 1st of March initiated a week of severe fighting, and the battle-line south of the village of St. Eloi ebbed and flowed until the 6th, when the firing-line trenches then occupied by the battalion were actually vacated to permit of intense concentrated artillery fire being directed on the nearest enemy trenches. This had such satisfactory results that the German front line was rendered practically untenable, excepting for individual snipers.

On the 11th of March the battalion again returned to Westoutre for a well-earned tour of rest, and during their absence the Germans made a most determined assault on the slight eminence now known definitely as the "Mound of Death." To such threatening proportions did this attack extend that General Snow, com-

[1] See Vol. II, p. 326 et seq. of this series.

mander of the 27th Division, deemed it necessary to call upon his divisional reserve, and the consequence was that the Princess Patricia's found themselves, on the 14th of March, en route for the firing-line positions they had quitted only a few days before.

This much disputed "Mound of Death" was an insignificant elevation some forty or fifty feet high and probably of artificial origin. During the period of bitter warfare which followed after the French line regiments had dug themselves in at this point in October, 1914, this mound attained a strategic value out of all proportion to its size. It is situated just south-east of the point where the Ypres-Messines and the Voormezeele-Warneton roads cross; and was the scene of long-protracted fighting, so that its soil is now consecrated for all time by its baptism of British, French, and Canadian blood.

On the way from Westoutre the Princess Patricia's were joined by the King's Royal Rifles at Zevecoten, and both battalions proceeded to the firing line via Voormezeele. Before daybreak, on the 15th of March, a British attack on the "Mound" was launched, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade making the actual assault; and then, just as the day was breaking, Lieut.-Colonel Farquhar despatched No. 2 Company of his regiment to reinforce the fighting line. But the enemy proved too strong. The attacking force met with a terrible blast of machine-gun fire, which simply mowed men down, and against which all the heroism in the world could not have made progress. The regiment evacuated its dead and wounded from an untenable position and retired on Dickebusch, leaving only half a company to hold a captured position lying immediately to the west of the point in dispute. A tragedy which touched the heart of every member of the "Princess Pat's" caused the end of this extra tour of duty in the firing line to become forever memorable in the history of the regiment.

On the 20th of March, preparatory to his regiment again returning to Westoutre to complete their interrupted period of rest, Lieut.-Colonel Farquhar went over the ground with the commanding officer of the King's Royal Rifles, which regiment was to take over the position. While explaining the lie of the land and the actual position of the enemy the commanding officer of the Princess Patricia's unwittingly exposed himself to an enemy sniper and was struck in the head, receiving a mortal wound. Major Keenan, the Medical Officer of the battalion, was immediately summoned, but Colonel Farquhar was beyond human aid. He, however, recovered consciousness sufficiently to express the desire to Major Keenan and Captain H. C. Buller, the Adjutant, that his body should not be transported overseas, but that he should be buried with the boys he loved so well. His loss was a heavy blow to the regiment he had brought by precept and example to a state of efficiency second to none in the British Army, and, therefore, in the world — a claim it was to justify a few months later in the tragic days early in May, after which the Press of the world rang with the story of the " imperishable glory of the Princess Pat's." A strict disciplinarian, Colonel Farquhar made the iron hand felt through the velvet glove; but his men were quick to recognize in him the soldier born to command, a man worthy of respect, a strong buttress in the hour of stress when things were going wrong, a leader whom it was always well to follow, and one who would scorn to order them to go where he would not go himself, a man always animated by the highest traditions of the army he loved so well — in short, a soldier and a gentleman. His body was laid to rest in the small burial-ground deeded to the regiment in perpetuity, and which adjoined the battered church of Voormezeele. There his last wish is realized, for he lies " buried with the boys."

The command now devolved by seniority upon Major

Andrew Hamilton Gault, D. S. O., but as this officer, at the time, was convalescing in England — from the wound received in the right fore-arm during the attack upon the 23rd Bavarians on the 28th of February — Captain H. C. Buller took over instead.

The tour of duty which ended with the death of Colonel Farquhar proved to be the last that the Princess Pat's spent in the trenches to the south-east of St. Eloi; for, after the usual rest period spent in and around the village of Westoutre, April 9th found the 27th Division posted in lines lying almost due east of the ancient city of Ypres, in the neighbourhood of the Polygon Wood. While doing duty in this position, rest periods found the regiment in billets in the city itself, and the bulk of the men housed in the immense infantry barrack there. These quarters had to be vacated on the 26th of April; for a furious bombardment by heavy German artillery drove the battalion into bivouac quarters in the fields near Ouderdom, some eight miles to the west. Immediately to the north of the 27th Division the line was held by the 1st Canadian Division, which had at last been called upon to take its place at the front, sandwiched in between Imperial troops and a French colonial division, which included Turcos and Zouaves.

Early in May the old firing-line trenches were abandoned, and the retiral to a new line of trenches some distance in the rear was so cleverly effected that the enemy were not aware that any such movement had taken place. On the 4th of May enemy batteries opened a heavy artillery fire followed by an impetuous infantry attack. The Germans were repulsed; but the Princess Patricia's suffered heavy casualties. On the following day the Commanding Officer was so severely wounded by a shell splinter that he subsequently lost an eye and was invalided to England for several months. Fortunately, Major Gault had returned to duty in the nick of time to take over the command. But the battalion was

LT.-COL. ANDREW HAMILTON GAULT, D. S. O.

now considerably reduced in strength; even with the additional men brought over from the Battalion Depot by Major Gault the roll-call showed a total of under 650 rifles.

Trench routine at this critical time could not be carried out to schedule. The men were out of the trenches on the 5th of May, but were back in again on the 7th. On the 8th, at 5.30 in the morning, the German guns opened the heaviest bombardment experienced by any troops since the commencement of hostilities. Artillery of every conceivable calibre was called into action, and the concentrated fire on a restricted area speedily reduced the elaborate telephone equipment between the trenches and the headquarters dug-outs to a handful of scrap. Grooms, orderlies, signallers — every "employed" man in the battalion — were hurriedly ordered up to the firing line. As dawn broke the Germans essayed a bayonet attack; but sharp, accurate rifle-fire drove them back under cover. At 7 a. m. Major Gault was wounded in action for the second time, and in the fierce struggle in progress it was impossible to have him carried to the rear. Intense agony from multiple shrapnel wounds was endured without complaint for ten hours, when the approach of darkness made it possible to remove this gallant officer within reach of medical aid. By 9 a. m. all field and company officers were either dead or disabled, and the command devolved upon Lieutenant Hugh Niven, who a few months before had been a private in the ranks. The intensity of the barrage fire rendered it impossible to communicate with the rear by messenger, so that the higher command had no accurate knowledge of what the actual conditions were; nor could Lieutenant Niven learn the wishes of his brigadier.

The situation seemed hopeless — poisonous gas was drifting across from the enemy lines, and a bayonet attack was bound to follow the intensive artillery preparation. Ammunition for rifles and machine guns

was perilously low and, to put the climax to the critical situation of the Princess Patricia's on this fatal morning, touch with supporting regiments to the north and south was lost. Niven and his handful of survivors were in a desperate plight, but no thought of surrender entered their minds; a determination to " carry on " to the bitter end permeated all ranks. Towards noon a tenuous contact was established with the King's Royal Rifles on the right. Once more the enemy advanced machine guns to within eighty yards of the position. An attack with the bayonet developed, but the attackers were compelled to fall back again under cover.

Early in the afternoon Niven established contact with the Shropshire Light Infantry on his left rear; but a new danger threatened the hopeless remnant. During the last bayonet attack numbers of enemy marksmen had, in their retiral, secured crater positions on No Man's Land, and were now sniping freely, so freely, indeed, as practically to bring the regiment under a heavy enfilade fire. The two machine guns of the battalion had been buried, but after hours of labour they were disinterred by the regimental machine-gunners, and with them an effort was made to clean out these nests of snipers by machine-gun fire. This brought forth an immediate reply from the enemy artillery, and a veritable avalanche of high-explosive shells once more buried the machine guns and their crews. Many of the men were only slightly wounded, but were buried alive.

The enemy at this point developed uncanny precision with his high-explosive shell-fire. No sooner did one of the Princess Patricia's machine guns open fire than its location was spotted by the enemy, and it repeatedly happened that both gun and crew disappeared together with the trench, parapet, and parados. Every individual in the regiment proved himself a hero, but special mention must be made of Corporal Dover of

No. 4 Company, who disinterred his gun on three different occasions, took it apart, cleaned it, and brought it into action, and thrice succeeded in opening a destructive fire on the charging enemy. Dover was the survivor of many gun crews; but his last stand cost him both a leg and an arm, and late that same day this heroic soldier extricated his maimed and broken body from the surrounding debris and trailed his mutilated limbs across the intervening ground towards the former support trench, which was now in use as a firing line. His moans attracted the attention of some men of the Shropshire Light Infantry, and two gallant fellows came out of their trench and carried the wounded man to the parapet. He was then recognized, but, as he was being passed up to the arms of comrades waiting to receive him into comparative safety, a chance bullet, aimed in the darkness, passed through his brain and wrote finis to his story.

The left half of the trench was now obliterated, and soon a blast from a high-explosive shell caused the right half to collapse in the same manner, and the survivors were forced to make their way painfully towards the support line. The dead and wounded were perforce abandoned. At 1.30 p. m. a cheer from the battered remnant of the battalion announced the arrival of a handful of men from the King's Royal Rifles, who brought with them a fresh supply of ammunition and another machine gun. The enemy were now established in the Princess Patricia's former firing line — not in the abandoned trenches, but in the obliterated trenches: and that is as far as they ever did get on their way to Calais at this particular point.

When dusk fell the Princess Pat's quota of 635 rifles had been reduced to 153, but the 153 were still unbeaten and a chapter of imperishable glory had been written into the battle story of the Empire. The eventful day closed for the gallant remnant of a once proud regiment with an impromptu burial service over such dead

and mutilated bodies as could be collected in a partially obliterated support trench. After the ceremony the worn-out defenders trailed their way wearily back to their open bivouac in the vicinity of the village of Ouderdom, leaving the position in the hands of the 3rd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles.

The 10th of May found the few survivors acting on ammunition fatigue to the firing line, and also furnishing a pioneer squad constructing new support trenches. Both operations entailed further casualties. On the 13th of the month came a call for help from the old tried friends of the 4th Rifle Brigade. The call was gallantly answered, and this tour of duty finished for the time being the active service of the Princess Patricia's in the Ypres salient. Later — in June, 1916, — on practically the same ground but under a different command, the same regiment, acting as a unit of the 7th Canadian Brigade, 3rd Division Canadian Expeditionary Force, was to repeat history and emerge from a similar struggle with its effective strength reduced to 210.

Early in June, 1915, army corps orders were issued transferring the 27th (Imperial) Division from the Ypres salient to the vicinity of Armentières. The ground was covered in a series of short route marches, with halts at Dranoutre and Steenwerck. The weather was delightful, and all ranks benefited by the change of locality. Since the Germans had been driven out of Armentières by British cavalry in the retreat consequent upon the Battle of the Marne, this sector of the line had enjoyed a period of comparative rest, and, until the 27th Division left the neighbourhood in September, the same condition of affairs was maintained. The city bore many evidences of having come under the storm of war — an occasional roofless house, shell-splintered pavement, gaps in the rows of houses where incendiary fires had burned out or been extinguished; but many of the inhabitants

HEROIC STAND OF THE PRINCESS PATRICIA'S

were still in residence, and the enemy artillery only shelled in occasional outbursts. The trenches were in the neighbourhood of L'Epinette, — almost due west of Armentières, — and, when the Princess Patricia's were on firing-line duty, billets were located in schools and houses in Armentières, while rest billets were in farms around the village of Erquinhem-à-Lys, a mile or two to the west.

In August, 1915, the regiment celebrated its first anniversary as a unit, and athletic sports were held on level, low-lying fields on the banks of the Lys. A second draft of university men, some five hundred strong, had now been taken on the strength, and the survivors of the original regiment were allowed to return to the British Isles on six- and seven-day furlough — the furlough dating from the day of their arrival in England. On account of the exigencies of war, men departing on furlough took with them their entire kit and arms, although ammunition pouches were understood to be emptied at the port of embarkation.

It is worthy of note that at this time the French peasantry — that is, the old men, the cripples, the women, and the children — harvested their season's crop even up to the support-line trenches and well within range of enemy snipers and machine gunners.

The trenches, themselves, were a vast improvement on what the division had left behind them in the Ypres salient. Communication could be made at all hours of the day; dug-outs were roomy and comfortable; and duck-boards kept the firing line dry underfoot. Sections of the roadway exposed to enemy rifle-fire were carefully camouflaged by means of screens made of jute supported on fence-poles, and this precaution undoubtedly kept the casualty lists low, particularly in the case of rationing parties going forward after nightfall. During its stay in Erquinhem the regiment was visited by Field-Marshal Sir John French, and also by Prince Arthur of Connaught, who brought

personal greetings from his sister, the Princess Patricia, to her own regiment, whose operations she followed with the keenest interest.

In the middle of September, 1915, Army orders transferred the 27th Division to the Third Army Corps, and the " Princess Pat's " left Armentières with regret, carrying with them many pleasant memories of the warm-hearted French population with whom they had neighboured for several months. A night march brought them to Pradelles, near Hazebrouck, where a halt of several days' duration was called and the billets established in the village. From Pradelles the regiment proceeded to Hazebrouck, where it entrained for Picardy, via Abbeville and Amiens, detraining at the wayside station of Guillaucourt. A subsequent series of short route marches brought it to a hut bivouac on the Somme canal, a few miles south-west of Bray, which town was then the headquarters of the Third Army under General Sir Charles Monro. The 80th Brigade, to which the regiment was attached, was under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Smith of the Lincolns.

The Princess Patricia's went into front-line trenches lying south of the Somme river in the neighbourhood of Frise, with supports at Eclusier-Vaux and reserve at Cappy. This position was the second that the 27th Division had taken over from the French infantry of the line. The trenches were excellent; the marly subsoil of Picardy being peculiarly adapted for the construction of fortified earthworks. The usual tours of duty and routine were gone through without anything special to record until orders were issued which transferred the Imperial units of the division for service on the Eastern front. On this transfer being effected, the opportunity was taken to detach the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry from their Imperial comrades, and the regiment bade farewell to their good friends of many a blood-stained field. Opportunity

was given for the O. C. Division to issue valedictory orders, and the following appeared: —

"On the departure of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, the G. O. C. takes this opportunity of placing on record his keen appreciation of the splendid services rendered by this battalion to the 80th Brigade.

"This battalion joined the brigade on its formation at Winchester in November, 1914, and has remained with it ever since.

"The gallantry of the P. P. C. L. I. during the fighting at St. Eloi and later during the Second Battle of Ypres when the battalion hung on to its trenches with unparalleled tenacity and lost over seventy-five per cent. of its effectiveness, has won for it not only the admiration of the army, but when the history of the war comes to be written, will earn for the regiment a reputation which will stand among the highest in the records of the exploits of the British Army.

"The G. O. C. in bidding them farewell and expressing the deepest regret at their departure, knows that he is not only voicing the sentiments of himself and his Staff, but also those of the whole of their comrades in the 80th Brigade."

The Princess Patricia's moved westwards by line of route through Amiens to Flexicourt, at which place they were located for several weeks, acting as an instructional battalion to new drafts which were sent out from Britain to reinforce the Third Army. On November 27th, 1915, the regiment joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force, 7th Brigade (Brigadier-General Macdonnell), and Colonel H. C. Buller having recovered from his wounds of May 4th, though having sustained the loss of an eye, resumed command. The history of the battalion is henceforth merged in the story of the 7th Brigade.

Associated with the Princess Patricia's in the 7th Brigade were the Royal Canadian Regiment (Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Hill, D. S. O.), the 42nd Highlanders of Canada (Lieut.-Colonel G. S. Cantlie), and the 49th (Edmonton) Battalion (Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Griesbach). Early in the New Year the 7th and 8th Brigades were officially gazetted to form the new 3rd Division under command of Major-General Mercer.

2. Further Account of the Work of the P. P. C. L. I. in the Ypres Salient

There were some other Canadians present in the Ypres salient while the Canadian division was being ground fine — some hardly assimilated Canadians, not militia bred but mostly reservists of the British Army. They were recruited, as we have seen,[1] in a battalion named after a royal and fair lady, the Princess Patricia.

Why they were called light infantry is one of the mysteries. Later on in the history of the battalion, when the lightness was chiefly in their hearts, the men were amused at a concert, given in the shadow of Vimy Ridge, by a faithful picture of one of themselves, who with his steel helmet, his rifle, bayonet and ammunition, his haversack, water-bottle, entrenching tool and P. H. helmet, with a box respirator pouting from his chest and a pack like a packing-box on his back, walked across the stage and soliloquized: "They call me a light infantryman. I wonder what a heavy infantryman would look like."

The battalion, P. P. C. L. I., Princess Pat's, Pip-Pips, or P. P.'s, as they were variously called, had been doing a tour of duty in the salient as a component part of the 27th (Imperial) Division and the 80th Brigade. In the previous month they had established a

[1] Vol. II, p. 311 et seq. of this series.

Canadian Official Photograph

BRIG.-GENERAL A. H. MACDONNELL, C. M. G., D. S. O., COMMANDING THE 5TH BRIGADE, AND STAFF

reputation for staunchness at St. Eloi; and in the same month had lost their commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Farquhar, an accomplished soldier who combined two things that do not always go together, — popularity with his men and their entire confidence.[1]

The position of the P. P. C. L. I. lay in what became famous as the Polygon Wood, with the race-track between them and battalion headquarters. Their trenches were not ill-found in defensive devices. For an ingenious lieutenant, Vanderberg, kept the pioneers busy making novel forms of rifle-batteries. Nor were they lacking in such protection and comfort as " old-timers " like the Pip-Pips could devise.

Here in Polygon Wood from April 20th until the night of May 3rd they kept a trench vigil, getting the spray of the storm that was passing over Hill 60 and St. Julien. Then the British line retracted three miles towards Ypres, and the P. P.'s, going with the rest, occupied a new line in the open a hundred yards in front of Bellewaarde Wood.

This new line was a sketch and consisted of a shallow trench which the brigade had dug in one night, with some gun-pits of an abandoned artillery emplacement turned into battalion headquarters and officers' dug-outs. The scantiness of protection was of course not a matter of importance; for following previous experience the Germans were not due to attack for three or four days. So the ordinary routine of working parties and trench improvement was proceeding when dawn broke on May 4th. Both sides in sight of one another and unmolested were methodically beavering along with shovel and sand-bag.

About 5 a. m. on the 4th some pioneers and others were about nine hundred yards in front of the line and busily at work cutting down the hedges that lined the roads through Westhoek when they saw a red-tinted

[1] See *ante* p. 139.

cloud that was not the sunrise. To their amazement, upon the ridge that sweeps from Hill 60 by Veldhoek to Passchendaele, and coming through the wood that lies this side of the Polygon, they saw not groups or platoons but whole battalions of red-shirted troops. These were some of the Prussian Guards who had laid aside their tunics and were gathering for the rough work.

Between 8 and 9 a. m. it began and all working parties scuttled to cover. The preparation was one-sided and peculiarly effective. The severity of the bombardment in front was never relaxed all day except to permit the alternation of infantry attacks. These attacks, not in themselves formidable to steady riflemen like the P. P.'s, nevertheless forced them to keep the front line filled up, only to be depleted by a cruelly effective enfilade by the German heavies. By night the casualties had mounted up to some two hundred and the worried and exhausted survivors were relieved by the Shropshires.

The following day, May 5th, although passed in the reserve trenches, — a spot with more hopes of survivorship than the front line, but still not quite to be recommended for nervous cases, — brought another change of commanding officer.[1]

The next two days were, with fatigues and casualties, "normal,"[2] and then came the 8th of May. The battalion had taken their old line of trenches in front of Bellewaarde Wood on the night of the 7th. On their right were the 4th King's Royal Rifles, and on their left the 83rd Brigade, who were the right flanking brigade of the 28th Division.

The Germans had been gathering both guns and men, determined this time to break through. Their artillery had things much in hand and superbly disregarded the solitary British field-piece that from somewhere in the

[1] See *ante* p. 140.

[2] It was normal in that blessed salient when you did not lose less than five per day or more than fifty out of a battalion.

rear kept up a running and inadequate protest. By 8 a. m. the bombardment was at its height. Up on the slope of the ridge our men could see a six-gun battery deploying ceremoniously and the horses trotting off. This was done with impunity, for already the British small-arm ammunition was being howled down by whiz-bang and shrapnel until raising the head above the parapet became an infrequent act of futile enthusiasm. The difference made by this nearer battery was that now the shell-bang came before the warning whiz.

The storms of shells and gas came like heavy thunder showers on the whole British line and were intermitted only to allow the advance of three most ponderous and determined infantry assaults. These fell with terrific effect upon the 83rd Brigade, next on the left of the 80th. This brigade, composed of North of England battalions, held their ground until they became the merest torso of a brigade. When eventually their relics were pushed back the left flank of the 80th was left in the air and that flank was being held by the P. P. C. L. I.

There are many fragmentary stories of what happened between the night of the 7th, when the battalion roll stood at 635, and 6 p. m. on the 8th, when, numbering from right to left, 153 made answer.

The front line was literally blown in, a last memory of its holding being Lieutenant Edwards standing on the parapet blazing with his revolver at the waves of Prussians.

To the history of this day, if it ever comes to be written as it should, corporals [1] will contribute as much as commissioned officers,[2] while the exploits of some of the lieutenants such as Niven, Papineau, and Vanderberg will read like that chapter of the *Three*

[1] See *ante* p. 142.

[2] The senior officers all went down, mostly killed. Major Gault was badly disabled early in the day. The men dug his trench deeper and covered it with fascines to keep out the shrapnel. Here he lay all day growling at his luck. But then it was his habit to get wounded.

Musketeers which tells us of the Bastion of St. Gervais. The story awaits a Canadian Dumas.

The front trench being gone, there remained the support trench, and this the P. P.'s held until sunset, when they were relieved by the 3rd King's Royal Rifles. While in the support trench they observed the methodical procedure of the Prussians. They first planted a row of flags on the site of the front line which our men — not then being instructed in German methods of signalling to the artillery — at first took for battalion colours. Also they saw them erecting shrapnel screens, nets of chain about six feet high behind which they made a new parapet of what was left of the old parados.

The observation was not tranquil for either side. For the full vehemence of the German barrage was lifted above the signal flags and fell on the support trenches. Everybody had to help in the holding. Captain Agar Adamson[1] was assisting Battalion Sergeant-Major Fraser (a splendid old soldier) to hand out ammunition. Himself wounded and having lost his glasses, he did not notice that his dry remarks, delivered with that drollery which in another walk of life would have made him an eminent comedian, were being lost on Fraser, who, though still standing erect, had gone on score to a sniper.

They held that support trench with the aid of a slim detachment from the Rifle Brigade which reached them about 4 o'clock; and the relieving battalion, arriving after dusk, were astounded at what they saw when they took over. For two pioneers, Leith and his chum Bill Ashton, had been detailed to collect disks. When this was done ninety-eight bodies were laid out in rows of sixes. The pioneers were asked by the relieving force, "What kind of a time did you have?" In reply Leith pointed to this bivouac. The new-comers had

[1] As Lieut.-Colonel Adamson he afterwards commanded the battalion at Vimy Ridge.

MAJOR TALBOT M. PAPINEAU, M. C.
Killed in Action

first to stir the silent ones before they would believe in the nature of their sleep; so greatly did the casualties exceed what men were accustomed to see in a trench still held.

Daylight on May 9th found the 153 Princess Pat's in the now deserted city of Ypres. The inhabitants had not waited to disgarnish their shops and restaurants. Everything was abandoned — boots, shoes, watches, and jewelry. The big white café, situated in the square, just beyond the Cloth Hall, with its cellar and appointments, lay at the disposal of guests who, having passed through the full cascade of bombardment, were now little disturbed by its spray. The abandoned jewelry scarcely tempted them; but the sparkle of dry champagne helped to mellow the glorious ruin of their battalion. As old Homer says: "Then indeed it would not have been pleasant to refrain."

No length of idleness was allowed in those days to the relics of British units. These were too few to be spared. Employed for some days in working parties, the 153 Pats were then brigaded with seventy-five of the 4th King's Royal Rifles to form a battalion and do duty in the vicinity of the château at Hooge. Here turn and turn about they took their place until relieved by the Gordon Highlanders on the night of May 22nd-23rd.

This time they went into rest at Ouderdom. Here in a field General French reviewed the 80th Brigade and complimented them on "holding the line and keeping your heads down and your rifles clean."

On May 26th the P. P.'s answered a hurry call and marched from Ouderdom to the right of the road near Hooge to assist the Gordons against a gas attack. Their chief memory of this, their last tour of duty in the Second Battle of Ypres, was that they lost some men on the way thither through inexperience. For having left Ypres through the Lille Gate, they were marching along the Roulers railway and had attained

the crossing of the St. Jean-Zillebeke road when a " bunch of green officers " smoking cigarettes brought down a whirl of shell-fire. But you cannot both kill your experienced officers and have them; and the lessons of economy in battalion personnel were slow to take root in British forces. It was not until 1917 that we learned to keep back a percentage of all ranks. In 1915 all the eggs went with the basket, smashing into the front line.

CHAPTER V

BATTLE OF FESTUBERT

IN the early part of May, 1915, while the British were still disputing ground yard by yard in the now protracted contest for Ypres, the French were beginning an operation of terrific violence. The scene of this activity was ground that two years later became to many Canadian soldiers as familiar as the streets of their native towns and villages. For who among the Canadian corps in 1917 was not familiar with La Targette, Carency, Ablain-St. Nazaire, the shell-pitted plateau of Lorette, and the slopes of Vimy Ridge? On Sunday, May 9th, General Foch, having concentrated some 1,100 guns, opened on the German lines between Carency and La Targette and expended as many as 300,000 shells that day. And from then on day by day to the end of the month he remorselessly crunched through all resistance until he held a line marked by the suggested outlines of villages, which ruins were called by the now Canadian words Souchez and Neuville St. Vaast. This was Marshal Joffre's answer to the crime of April 22nd.

This attack by the French was not made without a distinct understanding with their British allies. Sir John French in his report states: —

"In pursuance of a promise which I made to the French Commander-in-Chief to support an attack which his troops were making on the 9th May between the right of my line and Arras I directed Sir Douglas Haig to carry out on that date an attack on the German trenches in the neighbourhood of Rouge Bancs (north-west of Fromelles) by the Fourth Corps and between

Neuve Chapelle and Givenchy by the First and Indian Corps."

He did not, however, like the French general, support his assault by 300,000 shells the first day. On the contrary, a brisk forty-minute bombardment was the insufficient preparation for this ambitious movement. The result, despite many a display of gallantry, was a sanguinary repulse. The unbroken wire and unsilenced machine guns rendered the taking difficult and the holding impossible. The tactical surprise of Neuve Chapelle was too recent to be reproduced with success.

Not permitting themselves to be discouraged by this rebuff, the British commanders proceeded to concentrate their available shock-troops upon the southern point of attack. For this purpose the famous 7th Division were moved round to support the operation, which by vicissitudes of weather was delayed until May 15th. And on this date Canada became a partner in the struggle, the Canadian division being placed at Haig's disposal.

This reduction of the front involved enabled the British to concentrate more gun-fire and follow it by heavier swarms of bombers and bayoneteers. Otherwise the tactics employed were not changed and bear a close resemblance to those by which a Canadian governor and ex-officer of Wellington's army, Sir John Colborne, once explained his own rise to prominence, — " hard fighting and a damned lot of it."

On the night of the 15th the Indians on the left and the 2nd (Imperial) Division on the right led off and the 2nd Division secured the precarious glory of sinking a salient into the German line half a mile wide and a quarter of a mile deep. A similar and wider pocket was made to the south (and just north of Festubert) by the inexorable 7th (Imperial) Division. The space between these two salients was won most expensively and the process of enlarging and deepening the pocket went on day by day. Those fine instruments, the 2nd

and 7th Divisions, being somewhat blunted by this incessant chiselling, they were relieved, the 7th being succeeded by the Canadian division, whose commander, Lieut.-General Alderson, was given the conduct of operations.

The contributions of the Canadians to this combat can conveniently be divided into the three episodes, — the Orchard, K5, and what happened after Sir John French was convinced of the expensive futility of further action.

The art of military map-making had not advanced to the stage of perfection to which it attained two years later with the assistance of the airmen. So if we read of individuals or companies taking a wrong direction, it need not surprise us, after a glance at the style of maps of the irregular and much intersected fields near Festubert with which our officers were furnished. Most of the roads seem to have been located with the design of not proceeding anywhere, but wound themselves into a series of "Puzzler's Corners." This sort of terrain was most perplexing to Canadians accustomed to the gridiron regularity of Canadian surveys.

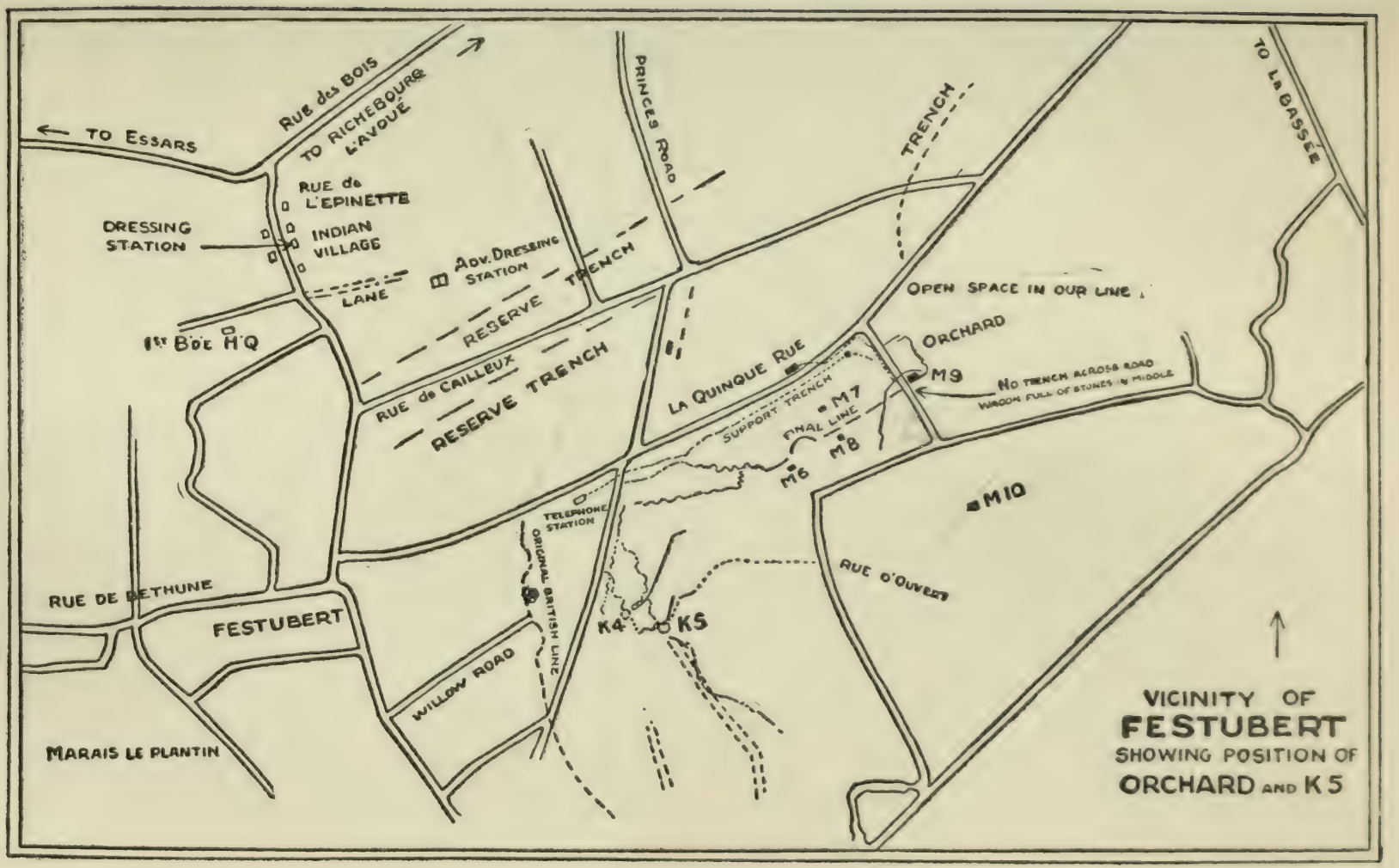
Nor was it possible to make a straight line by compass to their objectives. For here and there the fields were bounded by long, wet ditches. Across such country the leading battalions of the 3rd Canadian Brigade made their way to take their place in the line and continue work whose character was grimly attested by hundreds of dead bodies that lay still unburied.

The first lines which the Canadians took over were just in advance of La Quinque Rue and of the diagonal road that joins that street to the Givenchy road. Every step of the way thither increased the evidences of previous fighting, — shell-pitted roads, shreds of entanglement, demolished parapets stained with lyddite, and the accumulated arrears of work for burial parties.

On the 18th of May the 3rd Brigade had been occupying reserve trenches whose dismal discomfort was much more increased by the cold drizzle which had set in the day before. About 2 p. m. they were pushed up to the front line at La Quinque Rue, and about 4 p. m. there was a sudden movement over the top by two companies of the 14th and two of the 16th. The left company of the 16th was to follow a German communication trench on the left and take the Orchard. There was no artillery preparation; there had been no time for the Canadians to reconnoitre; and the hour selected gives the impression that this was a hasty attempt to snap a position which under a misconception was thought to be unoccupied. The Orchard was a garden enclosed, but its fruits were not pleasant fruits; it was a trap. The attack of the 16th at least reached the Orchard. The best that can be said of the movement is that it served as a reconnaissance in force. The position as disclosed by the impetuous ardour of the Highlanders was as follows: —

The ground in the Orchard sloped up to the German lines and was enclosed by hedges and ditches. These hedges and ditches had been amplified by the Germans into communication trenches by the use of poultry netting and earth; and owing to this amplification and the heavy rains that had preceded this day the ditches held just so much more water. The upper part of the Orchard containing the farm buildings was enclosed in the German line and appears on the maps of the period as M9. Beside the Orchard ran the cross-road from La Quinque Rue to Rue d'Ouvert. This road was obstructed at the intersection of the real German line only by a wagon-load of stones. But further up the road at a distance of 150 yards was M10, which enfiladed the whole road.

These numerals with letters attached, — the letters being taken from squares on the maps, — were the house-numbers of dangerous neighbours.


TO ESSARS
Rue des BOIS
TO RICHEBOURG L'AVOUE
RUE de L'EPINETTE
INDIAN VILLAGE
DRESSING STATION
LANE
Adv. DRESSING STATION
RESERVE TRENCH
1st Bde H.Q
RUE de CAILLEUX
RESERVE TRENCH
PRINCES ROAD
TRENCH
TO LA BASSEE
OPEN SPACE IN OUR LINE
ORCHARD
M9
No TRENCH ACROSS ROAD
WAGON FULL OF STONES IN MIDDLE
LA QUINQUE RUE
SUPPORT TRENCH
FINAL LINE
M7
M6
M8
M10
TELEPHONE STATION
ORIGINAL BRITISH LINE
RUE D'OUVERT
K4
K5
RUE DE BETHUNE
FESTUBERT
WILLOW ROAD
MARAIS LE PLANTIN
VICINITY OF
FESTUBERT
SHOWING POSITION OF
ORCHARD AND K5

The scheme of German defence was that from which they eventually evolved their system of " pill-boxes " disposed in checkerboard fashion. At this stage of their tactical development they used all houses and buildings that commanded a field of fire as machine-gun nests — strengthening the walls with sand-bags and other materials. As houses did not always present themselves in the right places they supplied the lack by quite ponderous and formidable concrete structures. These fortified houses and concrete structures have been called by the convenient French term *fortins*. They had to be individually stormed and were responsible for the terrific casualties suffered by the British divisions in working up to La Quinque Rue and were now the chief impediment to the Canadians. They also, by their irregular disposition, made it impossible without an assault to determine the real line of defence.

To the right of the Orchard were M8 and M6 in the German line, with M7 thrust out half-way to the Canadian line. These could only be taken by troops acting in co-operation with an assault on the Orchard and eventually fell by storm to the 15th.

There was one clear opening into the Orchard which served the 16th as a picked run-way serves the deer — for the purposes of the hunter. The 16th found the opening as they were meant to, and their casualties were numerous before discernment qualified their determination.

The ill-luck of the 14th still accompanied them into this action, when their two companies went over the top, gallantly led by Lieut.-Colonel Burland. Burland had followed the practice then in vogue among senior officers of making a hasty convalescence from the wound he had received at Ypres and rejoining the battalion. It was not until later that the substantial advantages of a " blighty " came to be understood. An officer of those times would have smiled, as at a jest, if you had seriously pointed out the Tontine ad-

vantages of survivorship and that the way to advancement in rank did not always lead across No Man's Land.

The intention appears to have been for the 14th once clear of the trench line to have inclined half-left and made connection with the 16th. For some reason they inclined half-right. It probably made no ultimate difference. They immediately discovered features of the landscape which, inconspicuous to the eye, were tactically much outstanding, — the nests of German machine guns. The casualties became prohibitive of their reaching the German line. So they were halted and stubbornly dug themselves in with their entrenching tools. During the night the survivors were withdrawn to the trench at La Quinque Rue.

The line reached by the 16th was not abandoned. But the rest of the night and the whole of the following day and night were used in making a proper reconnaissance and in occupying with machine guns a deserted house not far from the Orchard. An attack was concerted for 7.45 p. m. on the 20th.

It was not pleasant waiting, but the morning of the 20th brought a cessation of the steady drizzle and the men's spirits revived notwithstanding the systematic clawing of the German artillery. For a while before the " zero hour," as the time fixed for an assault came to be termed, our guns opened, and if they did not seriously breach the defences of the Orchard they at least did good sheriff's work in evicting most of the occupants.

Artillery support is, however, like the candid friend, a parlous protection. Shrapnel covers a fairly wide belt and high explosives lash out both ways. The barrage must be lifted in concert with the infantry advance and allow a margin of safety to the foot-soldiers. In later years of the war the artillery worked up the range on a time-table which resembled that of one of our local passenger-trains — except that the gunners

were precisely on time, which trains seldom are. Possessed of the same time-table our infantry men could follow or wait according to order. But at the time of Festubert no such system had been devised. So history records a frantic staff-officer finding a wire and heating it white-hot with a message for the British guns — " For God's sake tell Major —— to stop shelling Emma Ten [M10]."

At 7.45 on the 20th the attack was launched, if so gradual a term as launching can be applied to the rush of three kilted battalions. The 15th attacked on the right and stormed their objectives, losing heavily in the effort. The best comment is that of Lieut.-Colonel Marshall, who watched them from a point near at hand and on returning to his battalion headquarters observed with a sigh, " It cost a lot; but they did it."

The 16th took the Orchard and with it the house and buildings of M9. When their drastic horticulture was complete and they had dug into the German parapet, the survivors were relieved by the 13th, who had been wickedly battered on their way up as supports. The 13th put up such improvised makeshifts to consolidate the position as the German artillery would permit. But the high-water mark had been reached. The 3rd Battalion relieved the 13th and on May 24th tried to take M10. The attempt lacked the element of surprise and was badly punished.

We had about exhausted all our stock of ruses and the enemy was abundantly furnished with flares. By this time, too, he must have perceived that our guns lacked the versatility that goes with full limbers, so that a bombardment always meant one thing.[1] In fact by the 24th the wisdom of still deepening the salient in face of the enemy's increasing superiority of gun-fire had become a lost secret.

The engineers are a combatant force, at times ve-

[1] A few days earlier he was caught by a bombardment that did not mean an assault, but was a ruse.

hemently so. But except for the fact that they are allotted their quota of decorations, — which appendages soldiers insist have only a casual connection with real events, — the fighting qualities of the sappers are carefully ignored. This is a retribution. For in barracks and hut-cantonments the engineers have a monopoly of repairs and alterations. If you put a nail in a wall the engineers give you a "difficult look." Perhaps after your electric fuse blows out you notify the engineers and go to bed for a couple of nights with the assistance of your pocket flash. Then you remember that a humble corporal was in civilian life a $5,000 electric official and in the twinkling of a thumb he starts the light going. This is a crime on your part; and then some weeks later, when the engineers discover the offence, there starts a voluminous and severe correspondence on "tampering with the electrical appliances." So any virtue in an engineer is grudgingly conceded.

Ordinarily the engineers, if called in to make access easy to the Orchard, would have cut through the hedges and bridged the ditches, — after the dry weather had set in and emptied them. But on this occasion, while the 16th were pecking with trenching-tool and bayonet, the sappers waded through the muddy water and with their adequate tools cut numerous tunnels out of the wired hedges amid the sip-sip of the machine-gun bullets. No men in the course of the war worked and died with more imperturbable usefulness than did that day Major Wright and many of his field company of Canadian engineers.

The Rue d'Ouvert was important tactically if you wanted to work up to the main road to La Bassée. The Germans quite appreciated this, and tried to put it out of our reach by placing two obstacles equally distant from where the road kinks at right angles. These obstacles were the Orchard on our left and K5 on our right. The Germans thought enough of K5 to fortify

it strongly, defend all the approaches to it stubbornly, and when it was taken make it cruelly hard to hold.

At 7.45 p. m. on the 20th May, simultaneously with the Highlanders' attack on the Orchard, the 10th Battalion made the first attempt to take K5. The intervening ground was found to be in many places almost impassable, being badly broken and intersected by ditches brimming over with the recently fallen rainwater. The 10th pressed their attack with great determination, their leading company being almost wiped out by machine-gun fire. Owing to the irregularity of the ground the gains of the attack amounted to only a partial success, as some of the ground made had to be relinquished; and the night of the 20th-21st found the 10th holding on desperately to K4 and awaiting the arrival of our bombers.

For the attack of lines strengthened and in some places masked by *fortins* the rifle-grenadiers and bombers, or, as they were then all termed, grenadiers,[1] were much in request. The limitations of the hand-grenade were not at that time clearly understood by some of the busy compilers of training directions, and the idea was still put forward that the bombers should advance in front of an infantry attack in the open. Some of this idea was clinging to the operations of the 2nd Brigade bombers on May 21st.

The 10th Battalion had lost their bombers in the slaughter at Ypres and the brigade force now totalled fifty men. These were marched, on the bright sultry afternoon of May 20th, through a very hot neighbourhood to the old and solidly built trench that led to K4 and thence turned to the left up a connecting trench which ran to the parallel trench still occupied by the enemy. This connecting trench they blocked with a barricade at what was considered a suitable distance

[1] It was afterwards found more convenient to divide these explosive fellows into those who fired rifle-grenades (rifle-grenadiers) and those who carried hand-grenades (bombers).

from the enemy and waited all night and into the afternoon of the 21st.

In the afternoon orders arrived that an assault in the open was fixed for 8.30 (dusk) by the 7th Battalion, who were to attack in three parties with the grenadiers leading. Accordingly at 7 p.m. the bombers were withdrawn to some dug-outs, and allowed access to a small packing-case with scraps of food which had to serve in lieu of rations. Meanwhile a stupendous artillery preparation was being carried on by one British gun. The bombers went forward again, and, by a skilful application of bombs, partly broke down the walls of the connecting trench to the left and right, and were then ordered to go out and lie down and wait for the infantry. This they did amid a very hot fire and few of them were long enough unwounded to help the infantry. The 2nd Brigade's bombers were not in good luck.

On the same day the 2nd Brigade, being, as we have seen, short of bombers, borrowed some from the 1st Brigade, who sent one hundred under the brigade bombing officer, Lieutenant Sprinks. Reporting at the headquarters of the 10th Battalion in Festubert to Major Guthrie, then in command, they were sent by him up the Willow road to the trench occupied by the 10th and then reported to Captain Gay, who was directing the attack towards K5.

Hitherto the 1st Brigade bombers had never got much satisfaction out of their short-range means of destruction; but had been perforce content to assist in odd ways the general cause, as when at Ypres they acted as stretcher-bearers. This occasion was an opportunity; an occasion when the bombers had the right of way. Accordingly they took off from the 10th trench along a slender communication trench, and, reaching a German line to the left of K5, erupted into it and worked to the right, making a gain of four hundred yards before they thought good to block the

trench. This was done under the bombing conditions of 1915.

In the later years of the war the bombers received a training which was not ill-suited to the Canadian temperament. The Mills bomb had become their standardized weapon so that the bombers could give their undivided attention to the work ahead. When they rushed a trench they split into two squads; the first squad working along the far side of the parados headed by a bayoneteer who took pot-shots at any head appearing above the parados, while the second squad followed them inside and cleared the trench. But all this was later. In the year 1915 there were some Mills bombs, but rather as a sample than a supply. It took considerable time before the munitioners made them a staple. As late as the summer of 1916 bombers in Camp Borden, Canada, had to be instructed from a blue-print of a Mills bomb.

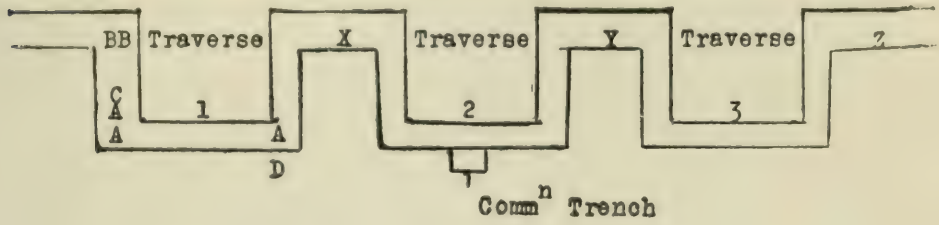
But if there was not a standardized article there was at least a variety in grenades. There were the G. S. (General Service) No. 1 Percussion; Hale's Percussion; Hale's Rifle Grenade; two sizes of T. & F. (Time and Friction); two kinds of Double Cylinder; the Square Box or Improved Hair-Brush; unimproved Hair-Brush (which sometimes rubbed the wrong head); Jam Tin (cleared out of that glory of our early contractors, Tickler's jam); and Gas Pipe. There were also a number of kinds of German grenades left in quantity in their trenches, — their G. S. Cylindrical Stick (being a jam tin with a long handle), and their variety of the Hair-Brush. The feast was not complete, however; for there were none present at Festubert of the British " Newton Pippin " or the German " Oyster."

Armed with such death-dealers our bombers were formidable to the enemy and dreadful to their comrades. To make up for any lack of complexity in the weapons the bombing tactics of 1915 had the stately

solemnity of trooping the colours and the unhasting precision of a minuet.

The following extract and diagram under the heading "Method of Attack," from the then syllabus of training, will illustrate how our bombers should have approached K5:—

"The following mode of action in working along an enemy's trench has been found successful.



On arriving at traverse 1 the bayonet men should place themselves in position AAA, the N. C. O. at C or as required, the grenadiers at BB behind the traverse with the carriers, if any, and spare bayonet men behind them. No. 1 grenadier then throws a grenade over the traverse into the trench X and a second one into trench Y. The leading bayonet man can then move forward so as to see into trench X. If it is clear he passes back word and the 3 bayonet men move up trench X and occupy position at traverse 2 similar to those at traverse 1. The grenadiers then follow and throw grenades into Y and Z. Until Y is clear the reserve bayonet men remain behind traverse 1 in case the enemy should throw grenades into trench X.

"Should trench Y be too far to reach from traverse 1 the grenadiers should move to point D and throw obliquely into it before advancing to traverse 2."

What actually happened was this. The 1st Brigade bombers took the time from Corporal Allan Davidson of the 2nd Battalion, a well-known hockey player. Now Canadian hockey is the swiftest of all human games-on-foot. The result was that the bombers went

through so fast that presently there was a gap of two hundred yards in their rear between them and the nearest body of the men that were following up. This caused Captain Day to send them a message to draw back. But they remained, — in some danger from the shells which our own artillery were accurately dropping into the trench, but on the whole in greater comfort than our other men who were being bustled by the German whiz-bangs.

Early in the morning of the 22nd the 10th were relieved by a battalion of a London brigade. At this time, too, some of our dismounted cavalry, Strathcona's Horse (and their partners, King Edward's Horse),[1] were accorded the privilege of being blooded. They took to the treatment with alacrity, as they had begun to fear that they were never going to get a chance in this war.

The 23rd up till midnight passed without more than the normal incidents of being shell-battered, sniped, and treated to the rude massage of the machine gun. The 5th Battalion were now suddenly awakened from their slumbers in a little orchard immediately back of Festubert village. The battalion, owing to their previous losses, had just undergone a reorganization.

Two large companies and a working platoon were formed of the whole and made up as follows: —

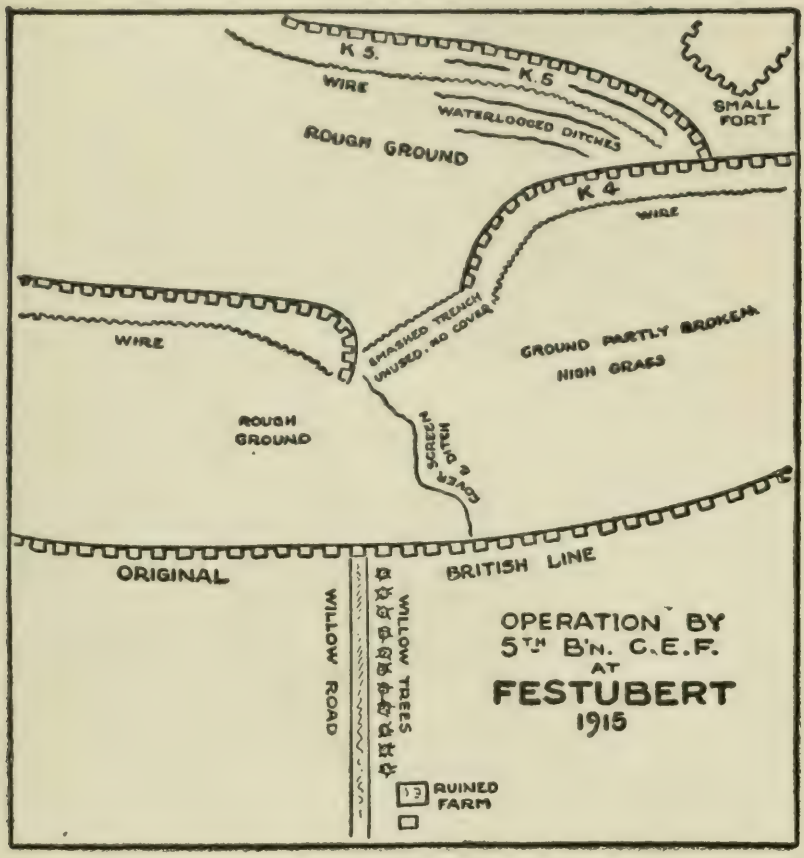
A Company, under the command of Major Tenaille, were reinforced by two platoons of C Company and part of D; B Company, under the command of Captain Magee, by a part of D also. The remaining two platoons of C (Captain Murdie) were used to bridge the maze of ditches; without which being done K5 was likely to remain a "virgin fortalice." The whole were under the command of Major Edgar, as Colonel Tuxford was at this time a casualty.

One who was present, Private E. G. McFeat, has

[1] The 8th were on this occasion relieved by the King Edward's Horse.

given us this picture of the entry of the 5th into this, the main act of the drama of K5:—

"This thin line of boys filed silently out of that tiny orchard just after midnight. Citizen soldiers, weary after the strenuous fighting they had just come through, borne with unsurpassable fortitude, again toed the line without a murmur, although few ever ex-



pected to again see that orchard. All knew, only too well, the tremendous peril which awaited them in the taking of K5.

"A touch of pathos, pathetic by its humanness, crowned that impressive scene. As the line passed brigade headquarters, General Currie (then in command of the brigade) stood outside of his dug-out, and here and there with a kindly pat on the shoulder said,

'Now, boys, don't forget, I am relying on you.' The tone was sad, but many felt that whatever the price paid, here was a good reason why it should be done.

"Festubert village, itself, was a mass of brick and earth, and in the ghostly light presented a weird appearance. From the village down Willow road, that road which every night reaped its toll of dead and wounded, through the shell-torn remnant of the old British front line, manned by the 8th London Rifles (Post Office Rifles), and up to the K4 by the screen, screen only in name, as the shells and machine guns had shattered it along its entire length, pass the khaki-clad line of boys. The night air had a distinct chill, owing to the heavy dew peculiar to these parts, as the line waited patiently behind the trench for the word which would start an eruption of fire from the enemy's guns 'over.'"

The 1st Division had not at that time achieved the skill and thoroughness in "preparation" that in the years '17 and '18 made an advance of the Canadian Corps an assured success. The pathetic bombardment by two small field-guns did very little to the enemy's wire or morale. Indeed it afterwards transpired (or was given out as an excuse) that the telephone wires to the batteries had been broken by shell-fire. The bridging party succeeded in doing some work in spanning the ditches, but were roughly dissuaded from completing their operations by wicked bursts of machine-gun fire.

The attack itself, which had been originally timed for 2.30 on the morning of the 24th, but held up to get the bridging under way, went over just as day was breaking. It was fully expected by the enemy and greeted with a tremendous volume of fire of all sorts as the men leaped over the parapet. Quite a few were actually killed as they went over.

When they reached the ditches and found the lack of

bridges they went at the water like our emblematic "Beaver"; discovered a cleverly concealed net-work of entanglement; gnawed their way through somehow; and then charged recklessly through the barbed wire. Some of the wounded were drowned in the ditches. Those who won through and escaladed the final parapet were few in number and torn and bleeding from bullet and barb. But they made short work of what Germans remained to face them, most of the garrison taking to their heels for safety; and K5 had fallen to the 5th Battalion.

But if the taking was rough, the holding was worse. The artillery concentrated all kinds of shell-fire upon the position; and mines exploded in the communicating trench from K4, isolated the redoubt, and cut off the remnants of A Company from any immediate reinforcement. Here for once at any rate our guns made an effective intervention; for they smashed out of formation a counter-attack which would have taken our little garrison at a great numerical disadvantage.

Bodies of the Strathcona's Horse, Royal Canadian Dragoons, and the 7th Battalion kept trying to reach the redoubt with supports. Late in the afternoon the 7th succeeded in getting a strong party through; and this in itself was a fine exploit and an inestimable assistance. For by this time the officers of the 5th were all down. Major Tenaille, bleeding from a wound in the side, was still working a machine gun whose crew had been killed. Tenaille had shown his quality at Ypres when, in command of the right flanking company of the Canadians, he received the order to retire and did so, — deliberately, gradually, and with the most scrupulous regard for the safety of the British units on his right.

Tenaille was an old-world Frenchman — or rather such a Frenchman as Napoleon was, from Ajaccio in Corsica. K5 was to be his death as it was that of many

another hard fighter. But until the final shell struck him, his sharp exclamations and hot cursing of the Boche, delivered in broken English, but with unbroken spirit, kept the men's courage to the boiling point. It was as good as a new platoon to have Tenaille say "Shoot! Shoot! Dam zem! Come on, Boche! We fix you!" His dauntless bearing and stirring words acted like a strong stimulant on his followers.

Late in the night the Strathcona's Horse, Royal Canadian Dragoons, and King Edward's Horse took over the position, and what is more, held it during two days and nights of such things as happened at Festubert. They got all their degrees of initiation and by the time relief came were entitled to full membership as Canadians.

Sir John French in his report says:

"I had now reason to consider that the battle, which was commenced by the First Army on the 9th May and renewed on the 16th, having attained for the moment the immediate object I had in view, should not be further actively proceeded with; and I gave orders to Sir Douglas Haig to curtail his artillery attack and to strengthen and consolidate the ground he had won."

This paragraph contains two true statements, namely, that the battle was commenced by the First Army on the 9th and renewed on the 16th; for the rest it is a Staff report. As to a battle not being actively proceeded with, it is obvious that so long as it remains a battle this cessation of active proceedings requires the consent of both combatants. As to the curtailment of Haig's artillery attack, we now know (what the Staff, but not the public, then knew) that not French's orders, but the War Office and its munition factories did this curtailing. The shell shortage of 1915 — is it not written in chronicles? As to orders "to strengthen and consolidate the ground won," — and all this to be done without artillery support, — a similar order was issued once by a High Command: "There is no straw

given unto thy servants and they say to us, make brick."

The artillery support given during the Festubert operations was curtailed throughout, and the losses of the attacking parties became increasingly expensive as the pocket deepened and brought the flanks of both advance troops and supports into ground every foot of which had been occupied by and was accurately known to the Germans. For their fire was then as well directed by night as by day. After the night of May 21st-22nd the efforts of our artillery became fitful and less and less frequent. The German artillery, with admirable precision and with the methodical mercilessness of gunners who have things their own way, proceeded to rake the front-line trenches for say half an hour; then the support trench for a like period; then the shallow holdings of the reserves; and again the front line; and so on, day and night, with a fiendish impartiality.

There were some interruptions. One artillery free-lance had a section of tiny ordnance about which the legend was that they had been mountain-guns in India — the sort that can be taken apart and carried on pack-animals. He had apparently an abundance of shells and of military impudence. His proceedings were during the long, weary hours of the 23rd and 24th a source of relief and occasional security to the infantry. He would suddenly open and send a shower of his tiny projectiles towards the enemy. Sometimes they hit our trenches, but their general direction and elevation was hopeful. Immediately the Germans resented this *lèse-majesté* of the guns, and for the time being left the infantry unmolested while they proceeded to punish the little shell-throwers. High overhead our men could hear the whir-whir as of the overhead trolley in a foundry and after a pause a thundering crash in the background. They knew the German heavies were looking for that venturesome artillerist. But they also knew

that by this time he had limbered up and away and was waiting elsewhere to open again with his two fox-terrier guns against their ponderous mastiffs. He was a great comfort to the Canadian infantry until he began to make too many direct hits on our own line. But for the most part there was no relief. Field-artillery shells, about one in seven of which were shrapnel, came at various angles from the front; while enfilading guns of larger calibre tore out sections of trench or crushed the men in their hastily dug "funk holes," burying some of the occupants beyond recovery under tons of earth.

The work of consolidating a captured trench is progressive and demands a sufficient superiority of the guns to enable working parties to have periods when they are free from molestation. Part of the German trenches captured at Festubert consisted of a high, ponderous parapet, a narrow trench, and back of that a slender parados sufficient to stop the back-lash of a high-explosive shell. This parados was pierced as though it were tissue paper by the direct hit of a shell; and, until it could be thickened with sand-bags, it was a death-trap for any troops attempting to line the trench facing towards the German artillery. Accordingly our men scraped out with their entrenching tools a row of narrow "funk holes" on our side of the parapet. These took various shapes according to the lie of the ground and its exposure. In some places a man could lie at full length and comfortably shiver. In other places he sat as in a hip-bath and listened to the splash of the shrapnel just a little beyond his feet. The earth from these holes was filled into sand-bags and deposited on the far side of the parados to thicken it into a new parapet. But as the action wore on, this work of consolidation had to be discontinued. The incessant flares shot from the German trenches made night work as insecure as in the day. The placing of a new sand-bag was detected with unfailing vigilance

by the German observers and rewarded by showers of shells.

The strain of this unequal warfare, this game of take-all-and-give-none, fell upon the 1st Brigade and during the later days of the affair upon the 4th Battalion. This battalion had been replenished, but not refilled, by drafts at Bailleul, and was now under its original commander, Lieut.-Colonel Labatt. He had been left behind to undergo a serious operation in England and had induced a medical board to consider him sufficiently recovered to resume his position with the men he had trained. His strength was not equal to his eagerness and intrepidity; and the hardships of Festubert left him with a total disability which claimed him three years later.

The 4th were altogether in this hopeless part of the operation ten days and eleven nights and for the last week of this period were wardens of the Orchard. To the left of the Orchard was an open space of several hundred yards between it and our nearest trench. Behind the Orchard lay the road enfiladed by the machine guns and snipers in M10. To make an end of this pirates' stronghold one of Labatt's companies had brought up a ponderous type of trench mortar. It took thirty-five men to carry it up. Just when it was installed, a stringent order came from the Brigade Command interdicting any opening of fire; and Labatt had to incur the odium of muzzling the mortar. It took thirty-five men again to move it out.

Apparently the hostile gunners had our people tamed. No sign of life was permitted. If anyone started enough fire to heat a cup of water, the word passed, "Put out that fire." For no sooner did the smoke arise than shells descended. Rations could only be brought up by the taking of heroic risks. And all ranks drank water dipped out of shallow excavations in the muddy soil, strained through not quite irreproachable handkerchiefs, and rendered innocuous

and loathsome by dissolving in it some antiseptic tablets. To evacuate the wounded it was necessary to run the gauntlet of a heavy and accurate fire. The sight of stretcher-bearers caused the German gunner to desist from his impersonal searching of the trenches and fill the field around them with shrapnel and high explosives. To this must be added the malignant activity of the snipers. Whoever was by reason of his duty required to move from place to place or had to expose himself as a sentry was in danger not only during the day but also at night-time from rifles that had been trained to bear accurately on particular points of the trenches. Indeed, during the periods when our men were not attempting new advances as many paid the silent toll of the sniper as gave up their lives under the crashing terror of the artillery.

So apparently they had our men tamed. But only apparently! On the evening of the 27th, along the front trench — where for several days companies of the 3rd and 4th had been lying, subjected to all these depressing hardships and calamities, and where the men now seemed to be as it were trodden below the ground — word was passed that a German infantry attack was expected. Immediately the men swarmed out of their " funk holes " without further orders and climbed to the top of the parapet, straining their eyes along the sights of the rifles in the hope, as the saying was, of " getting back a bit of our own." The welcome attack did not arrive and a shower of the inevitable shells induced them to listen to their officers and come down from the sky-line. They were still a long way from feeling tamed.

All things come to an end, even a Chinese execution by slicing. The Canadians were relieved on May 31st and getting out alive is one of the few pleasant recollections of Festubert.

The currents of sentiment and local prejudice that

animated the various battalions in the Canadian division before the Second Battle of Ypres would form a curious and now happily harmless subject of philosophic inquiry. None of the battalions were quite homogeneous. Most of them were composed of contingents from different militia regiments, all of which had a local pride and sometimes a considerable mutual jealousy. So that there was chafing and sense of grievance according as one set of officers and noncoms. seemed to get a preference. The proximity of the Germans and the engrossing duties of the trenches were gradually supplanting these local and personal feelings by the nobler and more enduring sentiment of comradeship. For the friendships and respects formed under shell-fire far exceed in intensity and duration those of peace time. The brotherhood with the man that is lying beside you in the " funk hole " supersedes the chumships of earlier life. The officer you now look to is the man who makes good when rations are hard to bring up and when the tired resolution of the soldier needs the flick of a resolute will. Whatever was still working of the old leaven of localism was killed in the oven of the Ypres salient.

But immediately — as if soldiers must always have some pretensions of superiority upon which some may swagger to the mortification of others — the survivors of Ypres formed themselves into an aristocracy of the rank and file. The drafts from the base — although enlisted on the same day as themselves — were to these veterans as the unclean rabble is to a Brahmin. It was no longer a case of " Did you come from London (Ontario) or Windsor?" or " Did you belong to the 12th Regiment or the 13th?" It was " Kindly remember I belong to the Old First," or " Yes! Of course, you do belong to the 4th, but you don't belong to the Old Fourth." Festubert did much to cure this disease. For after Ypres the first big drafts came as an amazing intrusion. Festubert revealed that this

enormous replenishment by draft was going to be the habit of this murderous war. The Battalion spirit became simpler and less querulous and no longer grudged its comradeship to new arrivals. All began to feel that the individual was the transient leaf that was soon withered and could not persist and that the living things with roots were the Battalion, the Brigade, and the Division.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIGHT AT GIVENCHY

SINCE landing in France the 1st Division had taken part in the three important battles fought by the British in the spring of 1915. At Neuve Chapelle it had been subjected to heavy fire, but had played a minor part, merely keeping a large German force along its front occupied, thus preventing substantial reinforcements being rushed from this quarter to assist the main body of the enemy in resisting the British attack; at the Second Battle of Ypres two brigades had borne the force of the concentrated assault on the British lines, and a third had nobly advanced into the centre of the storm of battle to help check the forward rush of the exulting enemy; at Festubert it had taken the offensive and in a skilfully fought action had aided the British in driving the Hun from strongly fortified positions and winning back a considerable strip of territory. These engagements had occasioned heavy casualties; by June 4th the division had had 1,119 killed, 4,683 wounded, and 1,525 missing — practically one-third of its strength. Meanwhile the ranks had been brought up to strength by recent drafts from the battalions in training on Salisbury Plain.

Many of the men were already war-weary and the division needed a rest; and on May 31st, shortly after the Battle of Festubert, the whole force was withdrawn from the fighting line and sent to reserve billets around the outskirts of Bethune, the chief town in the French Department of Pas-de-Calais. In this town, a centre of trade, business was being carried on much as usual when the Canadians arrived. But it was near enough to the German lines to make the inhabitants realize

that they were in the midst of war. It was within range of the German guns and was daily subjected to shelling by light pieces, which were said to have been mounted on an armoured train. The Hun was methodical and between six and seven each evening sent over a few shells. The people of Bethune had grown accustomed to this state of affairs and when the first shell arrived rushed to their cellars and sat tight till the bombardment ceased. Little damage was done by these ruthless attacks on a place of little military importance; a few civilians were killed, but during the entire sojourn of the Canadians at Bethune only one soldier lost his life by this shell-fire.

During the rest in billets military training was carried on with vigour and the division was not without its war excitement. A few days after their arrival a party of soldiers while bathing were spotted by German aeroplanes, and their location was signalled to the ever-ready guns. Soon shrapnel was spraying the water about them and there was a hurried rush to safety. Helter-skelter over bridges, across railway tracks and through fields naked figures were to be seen running in all directions with their clothes in their arms — a scene that would have defied the pencil of a Bairnsfather.

How much this period of rest was needed can be gathered from the following incident. During the first week in June Colonel William McBain met what was left of the 5th Battalion on the march to rest billets. The battalion had taken the field with a strength of 1,068 men; it was then reduced to 408. For nearly two weeks it had been in the trenches day and night under heavy and almost continuous shell-fire. On this day a burning sun was shining from a clear sky and the men, covered with grime from the trenches and with perspiration pouring down their faces, had more the appearance of coal-heavers than of soldiers. But they were marching along the dusty road with a swinging

stride, making the welkin ring with their favourite song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

The Germans had for a time ceased their offensive on the British front. In this "war of positions" they had secured all the main points of vantage from the sea to Arras and their superiority in artillery and machine guns enabled them to hold back their foes with greatly diminished forces. The Eastern front demanded their attention; after Russia had been thoroughly crushed they would attend to the West. Calais and Paris could wait until Hindenburg and Mackensen had finished their work in East Prussia, Galicia, and Poland. Smashing blows on wide fronts were struck against the Russian forces. In quick order Galicia was won back and Hungary made safe from the hordes that had been hammering at its gates. For May alone the Germans and their allies officially reported the capture of 863 Russian officers and 268,869 men. The slaughter had been appalling, whole Russian divisions being wiped out. The Russians were rapidly driven out of East Prussia; much of Poland was overrun; Warsaw was threatened; and the fall of Riga seemed inevitable.

Russia appealed for help to the Western Allies, who seemed to be sitting secure in their trenches and behind their fortifications while the armies of their Eastern Ally were being decimated. The Russian press was bitter in its denunciations of the seeming passivity of France and Great Britain at this critical time in the war. But the Allies in the West were powerless to conduct a major action against the German front. Much depended on Great Britain. But for the present a waiting game had to be played. Before an effective offensive could be made the armed forces on the West opposing the Germans had to be enormously increased. The supply of munitions and guns had to be multiplied one hundredfold, and much work necessary for a successful attack on a wide front had to be done behind the lines. The man-power of Great Britain and Bel-

gium and France had been multiplied more than five-fold since the days of Mons and the Marne. From Ypres to Arras there were concentrated along the front about 440,000 British soldiers and behind the lines were some 120,000 more. There was in this region a numerical superiority of men over the Germans; but superiority in guns gave the enemy the advantage. The production of munitions and guns had been speeded up till the main business of Great Britain was the manufacture of weapons of war. But in this regard an enormous burden was laid upon the shoulders of the British authorities. They had to supply not only their forces immediately across the Channel, but the Russian forces, who without aid in this respect would be powerless to make a stand against the German invaders; and continually through Archangel a stream of munitions and other supplies flowed from the British factories to the armies of the Czar. Then the needs of the expeditionary forces to the Dardanelles had to be attended to. The South African armies and those operating in Mesopotamia had to be supplied. And added to all this were the needs of the Navy.

Under the circumstances the Allies were forced in the West to play a waiting game, a thing that was not unwelcome to the German High Command. Germany's colonial possessions were rapidly vanishing; her commerce had been destroyed; the few warships she had at sea at the outbreak of hostilities had been sunk. Her main fleet was pent up in her harbours; but after Ypres, with her submarines and with her well-organized and well-equipped land forces, she felt confident of being able to bring the Allies to their knees. When this was achieved the lost colonies would be restored and her enemies would be forced to pay the cost of the war. A war of attrition in the West Germany welcomed; she could, she thought, stand it better than France or Great Britain; and so, after Festubert, the struggle went on, the fighting having degenerated into raids. A trench

was captured here, a blockhouse there; to-day a few acres of land were won by the Allies; to-morrow they were once more in the possession of the enemy.

In June the British Command considered that it had sufficient strength on the Ypres-Arras front to attempt a series of operations which if taken as a whole would be somewhat of the nature of a major operation; and so an attack was planned on strong enemy points over a wide front extending from Dixmude, north of Ypres, as far south as La Bassée Canal. When this action began the Canadians were holding a difficult position immediately east of Givenchy, and it fell to the lot of the 1st Brigade to bear the brunt of the fighting. This fight, so far as the Great War was concerned, could not be called a major action, but in any previous war it would have been given place as a battle. In speaking of it in his official report Sir John French dismisses it in a sentence: "By an attack delivered on the evening of June 15th, after a prolonged bombardment, the 1st Canadian Brigade obtained possession of the German front-line trenches north-east of Givenchy, but were unable to retain them owing to their flanks being too much exposed." And yet more men fell in the Canadian brigade in this two days' fight than were lost by the British at Queenston Heights; and if the work of the British divisions operating simultaneously on the right and left flanks be taken into consideration, more men were lost in this June battle than fell in the great fight on the Plains of Abraham which won Canada for the British.

The rest at Bethune was not a prolonged one. About the end of the first week in June orders were received by the Canadian division to take over from the Guards the section of the trenches lying east of Givenchy. This section stretched from La Bassée Canal on the south to a point about six hundred yards north, where the Germans had a strong *fortin* bristling with machine guns. This *fortin* had been christened Stony Mountain

by the Canadians. The division was now part of the Third Army Corps (Pulteney's), the strongest corps in the whole British force on the Western front. While the general plans for the fight at Givenchy which is about to be described were laid down by the corps commander, the details, so far as the Canadian force was concerned, were left to General Mercer of the 1st Canadian Brigade.

When the time arrived to take over the trenches from the Guards the Canadians marched along La Bassée Canal; and, in a drizzling rain which carried their thoughts back to their experiences in the Ypres salient, they entered the reserve trenches opposite the ruined distillery situated on the canal. These trenches were located in a mound of artificial origin which had been thrown up when the canal was dug and which gave a commanding view of the surrounding country. Here the Canadians remained for one night and then moved forward to the front trenches, two battalions going into the firing line and two remaining in support trenches. The right of the brigade now rested on the canal and was unable to go further forward at this point on account of a soggy marsh that was in its immediate front; the left, opposite a point just south of Stony Mountain, joined up with the 7th (Imperial) Division. About the centre of the line there was an awkward salient which from its peculiar formation had been named the Duck's Bill. In the German line just north-east of this point there was another strong *fortin,* known to the Canadians as Dorchester. All along the enemy trenches machine guns were stationed and snipers' posts abounded.

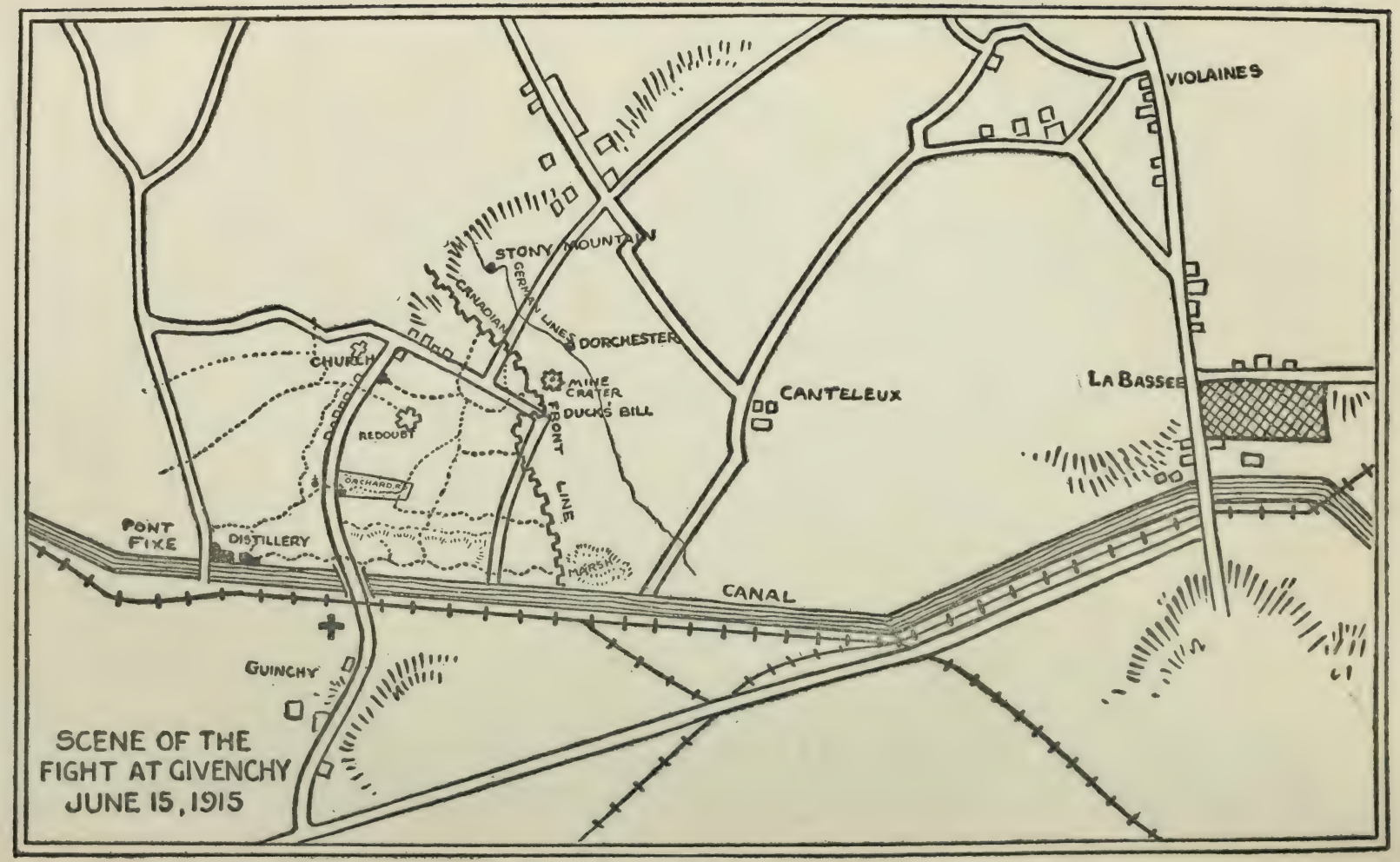
From the 7th to the 15th, the day of the opening of the Givenchy action, the battalions holding the trenches were subjected to a continuous bombardment from grenades, bombs, shrapnel, *minenwerfers,* and machine guns; but the veterans of the force had learned their lessons at Ypres and Festubert and knew the value of

cover; the recent arrivals were quick to follow their lead; and casualties were few. But life was far from pleasant. Not for a moment could the men in the trenches relax their vigilance, and all supplies — bombs, ammunition, food — had to be brought to them by the support companies through long and twisting communication trenches. It was with a sense of relief that they learned that an attempt was to be made to capture the German system of trenches in their front. Should it be successful the awkward salient would be straightened out, and if fortune favoured them a footing might be gained on Aubers Ridge.

The Germans were confident of being able to repulse any attack that might be made against their lines. They were not at the moment strong enough in men on the Western front to take the offensive, but they still had the initiative — and indeed along the whole Western front were to hold it for two years longer — and were in no fear of disaster.

Preparations for the attack were made with the greatest care and secrecy. For months a mine had been under construction just north-east of the Duck's Bill, and by June 13th was about completed. But the engineers struck water and could not carry the mine as far forward as they hoped, and to make it effective decided to use an unusual amount of explosives. By noon on the 15th the mine was ready, and the explosives were rushed forward from near the distillery. The force carrying the white boxes containing the explosives had to cross the canal by a ruined bridge named Pont-Fixe. This point was under direct observation and the working party were soon under shell-fire. Several of them were wounded, and there was danger of panic; but the officer in charge steadied his men and all of the explosives reached the mine in safety.

From experience the Canadians had learned that it was suicidal to attempt an assault on troops in an entrenched position until the wire entanglements pro-


VIOLAINES
STONY MOUNTAIN
GERMAN LINES
CANADIAN
DORCHESTER
CHURCH
MINE CRATER
DUCK'S BILL
FRONT LINE
REDOUBT
ORCHARD
CANTELEUX
LA BASSEE
PONT FIXE
DISTILLERY
MARSH
CANAL
GUINCHY
SCENE OF THE FIGHT AT GIVENCHY JUNE 15, 1915

tecting it had been destroyed. To do this work effectively an ingenious plan had been hit upon. Under orders from Brigadier-General Burstall, in command of the artillery, epaulements for two 18-pounder guns were prepared immediately in rear of the front trench in such a position that the wire extending from Stony Mountain to Dorchester could be swept at point-blank range. Along this section the British and German trenches were separated by distances varying from fifty to two hundred yards. Major George Ralston of the 4th Battalion, Canadian Field Artillery, was instructed to move his guns forward and to have them in position by the morning of the 15th. On the night of the 14th the two guns went forward, one in charge of Lieutenant C. S. Craig and the other in charge of Lieutenant L. S. Kelly. When they reached the village of Givenchy the horses were unyoked, the wheels muffled, and the guns man-handled into the front line, where they were effectively concealed from the watchful eyes of the enemy. The shells for the guns were likewise brought forward by hand on small armoured wagons. The Germans knew that an attack was imminent, — indeed they knew the exact moment when it was to take place, — and it was therefore necessary to spring some kind of surprise on them. In the battles in Nelson's and Wellington's days there was often "the fatal five minutes between victory and defeat"; in the Great War the fate of armies frequently hung on five seconds. The work of these guns might give the attacking force the advantage of these seconds. But it was a hazardous enterprise, and the commanders of these guns and their crews knew that they were a forlorn hope — the moment they opened fire they would become the object of a deluge of shells from the German batteries.

The mine was ready to be sprung; the guns to cut the wire and level the trenches in the immediate front were in position. It was now left for the commander to arrange his battalions for the assault.

The 2nd Battalion, under Lieut.-Colonel David Watson, had been in the Canadian front trenches since June 7th, subjected to almost continuous grenade attacks during the day and at night fixing wire and repairing parapets. It was now decided to withdraw them, and their place in the firing line was taken by the 1st Battalion, under Lieut.-Colonel F. W. Hill. The attacking battalion went into the jumping-off trenches at 3 p. m. and the 2nd moved to the right.

The attack had been planned for 6 p. m., and for three hours the men of the 1st Battalion awaited the signal to go over the top, spending the time in joke and song. They knew what was before them; in a daylight raid such as this the casualties must be heavy, and for many of them it would be their last fight. But they were eager for battle. They were anxious to give the Germans a drubbing; to get some of their own back for the gas attack at Ypres, and to avenge the recent ruthless sinking of the *Lusitania* and the murderous Zeppelin raid on the women and children of London which had taken place only two weeks before. The stretch of trench they were to enter was less than two hundred yards in length; and the real purpose of their movement was to protect the flank of the 7th (Imperial) Division, which was to go forward simultaneously on their left.

For three days the British guns had been pounding the German line, and early in the afternoon of the 15th the fire had died down; but when the 1st Battalion entered the firing trench the guns once more began to bombard the enemy. The attack had been so well advertised that the Germans had their artillery ready for it and had, moreover, sent forward powerful reinforcements. To the fire of the British guns their artillery responded and deluged the Canadian front and rear with high-explosive and shrapnel shells. The 3rd Battalion was crowded in the communication trench as supports, and both they and the 1st suffered heavy

Canadian Official Photograph

ON RIGHT: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. E. BURSTALL, K. C. B., C. M. G.
ON LEFT: LATE MAJOR TALBOT M. PAPINEAU, M. C.

casualties. In one instance an officer and six men were buried by a high-explosive shell and were only dug out at the cost of the lives of several of their rescuers. At the critical moment when the assault was about to begin, the battalion sustained a severe loss in the death of Lieut.-Colonel Beecher, its second in command, who was killed by a shell splinter.

At fifteen minutes to six the parapet in front of the two Canadian 18-pounders was broken down. The guns were unmasked and at point-blank range instantly began to hurl shells against the German position. Great paths were torn through the enemy wire; six machine guns were destroyed and the sand-bags of the parapets were blown from their places. The Germans, although taken by surprise, quickly recovered; the guns were immediately spotted and became the mark of the enemy's artillery. The men lining the front trenches and the *fortins* put up a valiant response to this 18-pounder attack, and a hail of rifle and machine-gun bullets stormed against the guns. So fierce was this fire that the shields of quarter-inch armour plate were rent and torn as if they had been made of paper. Shrapnel shells and high explosives were rained upon them, and in a few minutes Lieutenant Kelly's gun and crew were put out of action. Lieutenant Craig fought his weapon fast and furiously, and in a brief space put over about one hundred shells. Just as his work was finished and a clear path, seventy-five yards wide, through the enemy's wire was opened up for the infantry, he was seriously wounded and his gun put out of action by a direct hit.

Meanwhile the infantry in the Duck's Bill salient had been withdrawn. The mine was about to be exploded, and it was feared, on account of the heavy charge employed, that it might back-fire and destroy a part of the Canadian firing trench. At 5.58 the engineer in charge touched off the mine and the earth shook and rocked under the force of the explosion. The air was filled

with smoke and debris and an immense crater was formed in No Man's Land. The mine had done its work well and the German parapets crumbled under its force, and in the enemy trench the casualties were extremely heavy. The force of the explosion was so great that it smashed a part of the Canadian line; and despite the precautions taken several men were killed and a number buried in the ruin of the trench. But the greatest loss at this moment was the destruction of a bomb depot. The battle about to open up was to be largely a bombers' battle and every available bomb was needed. To make matters worse, the shell-fire of the enemy destroyed a second bomb depot; so that the bombers had to depend almost entirely on those they carried with them, for on account of the intense barrage the Germans had placed behind the lines it was impossible to bring any up from the rear.

The explosion of the mine was the signal for the advance. The confusion caused by it for the moment checked the assault; but in the dust and smoke occasioned by the explosion the troops went over the top and dashed forward for the enemy's front-line trench.

As has been stated, the 1st Battalion was detailed for the attack on the German trench system between Dorchester and Stony Mountain. The first company, under Major C. J. L. Smith, went forward with irresistible dash. It was accompanied by bombing squads on the right and left and a blocking party of eight sappers. At the jumping-off moment Lieutenant C. A. James, of the right bombing party, was killed by the explosion of the mine; but his men advanced under their own initiative. As the company charged across No Man's Land it was met by a furious fusilade, particularly from machine guns stationed in Stony Mountain. The casualties were heavy; but their objective was quickly won. However, when they reached the German front trench they were subjected to a disastrous enfilade fire. On their left the bombers who had

advanced in the darkness to Stony Mountain, under the command of Lieutenant G. N. Gordon, encountered such vigorous opposition that only a remnant of them succeeded in getting into the trench. These bravely endeavoured to bomb their way towards the left, in the hope of destroying the machine-gun nest situated in that quarter.

Meanwhile the second company, under Captain G. L. Wilkinson, had followed swiftly after Smith's men. The first line was now in part consolidated and an impetuous rush made for the enemy's second line. Here some courageous Germans put up a stiff resistance; but for the most part the defenders hurried away to safety through the tall grass in the rear. In the hand-to-hand battle in the second trench many of the enemy were bayonetted and a few were captured. A number of the latter were killed by the fire of their own machine guns and rifles while being escorted to the rear.

As Wilkinson's company advanced into the fight it was followed by Captain F. W. Campbell with two machine guns. While crossing No Man's Land the machine-gun section had to face a hail of bullets, and one gun and crew were quickly put out of action; but Campbell reached the front trench with the other gun, the entire crew of which, with the exception of Private Vincent and himself, had become casualties.

The third company to go over the top had met with a serious mishap at the moment of the mine explosion, a shell having killed both the captain, F. W. Robinson, and the senior lieutenant, P. W. Pick. It was forced to go into action under the leadership of the junior officer, Lieutenant T. C. Sims. This company likewise suffered heavy casualties as it crossed the open space between the lines. With greatly reduced numbers it succeeded in reaching the enemy's front trench, where it aided in the work of consolidation, reversing the sand-bags and turning the trench facing the enemy's rear position.

Reinforcements were sadly needed, and the fourth company was sent over. The captain, T. G. Delamere, had been severely wounded, and the command devolved on Lieutenant J. C. L. Young. This officer became a casualty as he went over the parapet; and Lieutenant J. L. Tranter took over, but had scarcely entered the fire-swept zone before he received a mortal wound. Sergeant-Major C. Owen thereupon took charge of the company and carried on till the end of the fight with admirable judgment and a courage that was an inspiration to his followers.

The whole four companies were now in the enemy's position, holding the greater part of the front and second line trenches, some even having gone as far as the German third line; but their success was of little avail. Only a thin wedge of less than two hundred yards had been driven into the German line; and the attacking force was under a terrific fire, particularly from the left. Every effort was made to beat down this fire, but owing to the scarcity of bombs and machine guns little success was achieved. The crowning calamity was in the conditions on the left. Here the East Yorks of the 7th (Imperial) Division had gone forward at the appointed time, but without proper artillery preparation. The wire in front of the trench they were attacking in the vicinity of Stony Mountain was intact, and they were brought to a dead halt, their ranks swept by rifle and machine-gun bullets. The shattered remnant of this fine regiment tried to hold their ground lying in the tall grass. Concealing themselves as best they could they kept up a continuous fire against the enemy; but this fire merely drew on them destructive fusilades from impregnable positions.

In the meantime the battle in the trenches raged furiously. The Canadians established barricades in the front trench north of Dorchester and south of Stony Mountain; and the bombers continued to hurl their missiles against the enemy's machine-gun nests. But the

sappers had all become casualties. One of them, — the only one left capable of action, — though wounded, became a bomber and did effective work. But the supply of bombs was rapidly diminishing, and four volunteers who risked trips to the rear to get a fresh supply paid for their temerity with their lives. At length several non-coms. succeeded in bringing forward a quantity of bombs; but these lasted only a short time. On the left Gordon and his squad had been keeping up a game battle; but they were soon put out of action. Gordon was himself wounded, and later, while lying in the trench with two of his men, all that were left, was killed by a bomb.

As the bombers who had been operating in the direction of Stony Mountain had exhausted their supply, Campbell and Vincent, in the front trench, tried what they could do with their machine gun to beat down the enfilade fire. There was no convenient spot to station the tripod, and Vincent, getting down on his hands and knees, supported the gun on his back while Campbell fired a thousand rounds at the enemy, who were preparing for a counter-attack. This heroic officer was seriously wounded. In the gathering darkness he succeeded in crawling from the trench, when he was picked up by Sergeant-Major Owen and carried to safety, only to die later from his wound. The gallant Vincent was loth to see his gun fall into the hands of the enemy. It was too hot to handle, but he cut away the cartridge belt and dragged the barrel into his own lines. For their work on this day Campbell was awarded the V. C., and Vincent and Owen D. C. M.'s.

For over three hours this hopeless fight went on, the attacking force rapidly diminishing in strength. On account of the barrage the Germans had put over, there was little hope of strong supports coming up. Shortly after nine o'clock the enemy counter-attacked with bombs and gas shells and were massing troops for an assault. The position of the 1st Battalion in the enemy

territory was rapidly becoming untenable, and between 9.30 and 10 p. m. this little force, which had done so much effective work and suffered so heavily, was withdrawn.

The 2nd Battalion now took over the front trenches and crater, and during the night and throughout the following day were under a continuous bombardment from artillery, machine guns, and bombs. For a time it looked as if the Canadian trenches were to be utterly destroyed. The attack of the 15th had been disastrous, but the British still hoped to win their way through, and as a preliminary to another attempt to destroy the enemy position it was resolved to once more turn on the guns. The Canadians in the front line were so close to the enemy's trenches that they were in danger of coming under the shell-fire, and so were temporarily withdrawn from the crater and the Duck's Bill salient. The artillery preparation continued until early in the afternoon. It was then decided to try the tactics of the preceding day — the 7th Division to attack north of Stony Mountain and the Canadians to go over between Stony Mountain and Dorchester. The 2nd Battalion was withdrawn and the 3rd took its place as assaulting troops. The Imperials on the left suffered heavy casualties and were unable to make any progress forward; and the Canadians, after two platoons had gone over the top, were wisely withdrawn. Had the same tactics been used on the previous day when the 1st Battalion was left isolated in enemy territory, many valuable lives would have been saved. The attempt to oust the Germans from their strongly held position at Givenchy for the time being ended.

The fight at Givenchy must be put down as a British reverse. The fault lay in the inadequate artillery preparation. The Canadians had carried out their part in the adventure admirably and done all and more than was expected of them; but the cost had been heavy. The total casualties in the 1st Brigade in this affair

were over two thousand. Of twenty-three officers who went over the top on the 15th, only three escaped death or wounding. Neuve Chapelle, Festubert, and Givenchy had all taught the same lesson, — a lesson the British corps commander seemed slow to learn, — that daylight raids without powerful and effective artillery preparation were suicidal. But though this attack failed, it brought no small measure of glory to the Canadians. Officers and men had acted with astounding heroism, as the numerous decorations bestowed for courage and skill in this affair show.

The much battered 1st Brigade was withdrawn on the morning of the 17th, and as it marched westward to rest billets at Bethune it exchanged greetings with the 2nd Brigade, which was to take its place in the Duck's Bill salient. For several days the 2nd endured a heavy bombardment, and was then sent to join the remainder of the division; and the whole force, after a brief rest, marched northward to other scenes and equally thrilling adventures.

CHAPTER VII

FORMATION OF THE 2ND AND 3RD DIVISIONS

IN February, 1915, when the 1st Division was moving up to take its place in the battle-line in Flanders, preparations were under way for a substantial reinforcing base in England. The nucleus of this base, under the command of Colonel W. R. W. James, an Imperial army officer of long service and a former governor of St. Helena, was at Tidworth, on the borders of Salisbury Plain, where there was a permanent barrack of considerable size, occupied in part by Imperial troops and in part by the 6th, 9th, 11th, 12th, and 17th Reserve Battalions of Canada. The barrack had the disadvantage, however, of inaccessibility. There were no facilities to permit of the men visiting towns of any appreciable size, and the surrounding villages within a radius of six or eight miles offered little or no attractions that could compensate for the tedious walk there and back. To travel to London by train meant loss of much precious time from a leave of absence of only two or three days, and the prospect of remaining in such an isolated spot for an indefinite period was not exactly a pleasant one.

In April, however, much to the delight of all concerned, orders were received to move to Shorncliffe, there to join the 23rd, 30th, and 32nd Battalions, and by this concentration to form the Canadian Training Division. The 1st Division, due to the hard conditions of trench warfare, had lost much of its strength, and just previous to this move a call came to England for reinforcements, and the drafts sent to the Canadian force in France had reduced the strength of the depot by practically every fit and available man. When the

Canadian Official Photograph

PLACING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVES OF CANADIAN SOLDIERS AT SHORNCLIFFE, KENT

move was carried out the 6th Fort Garry Horse proceeded to Canterbury Cavalry Barracks, and the balance of the troops, a few hundreds, to Shorncliffe Barracks.

And now a word about Shorncliffe Camp. It was in an ideal location on Sir John Moore's Plain, on a plateau overlooking the sea, and consisted of brick buildings of comparatively modern construction. It composed five unit lines known as Ross, Somerset, Napier, Moore, and Risborough Barracks, and was undoubtedly one of the finest permanent barracks in England. A mile to the east, on the opposite side of the valley, was the beautiful seaside resort of Folkestone, a town of considerable size and importance. To the west, about three miles distant, lay Hythe, familiar for its school of musketry and extensive ranges. Joining Folkestone, and extending almost as far along the shores as Hythe were Sandgate and Seabrook, in some places only the width of a single street, and frequently littered with shingle when a stormy sea dashed through the breakwaters and lapped the doorsteps of the dwellings huddled under the cliff. In prominent locations along the coast at this point were ancient martello towers, erected originally as a means of coast defence and now used by the troops as storehouses and observation posts. Stretching from Hythe practically to Hastings was the Hythe Canal, built many years ago when England was alarmed by threat of a French invasion.

On the landward side of the camp proper Cheriton and Shorncliffe villages formed a continuation of Folkestone. A peculiarity of these villages, which applies also to Sandgate, Seabrook, and Hythe, was that there was no visible indication where one village ended and the other began. Even the inhabitants were unable to state definitely what the boundaries were, or at least few agreed on any fixed points.

Behind Cheriton and Shorncliffe there is a high

ridge of land, a continuation of the white chalk cliffs of Dover. The dominating feature in this ridge is a huge conical hill which has the appearance of having been partially hollowed out. This hill is known as Caesar's Camp and is supposed to be the site of the first Roman camp in England.

Needless to say, the change to such surroundings was most welcome to the remnant of the original 1st Contingent after their unpleasant experiences on Salisbury Plain and their isolation at Tidworth. This beautiful country, well served with railways and bus lines, besides offering all the attractions so long denied, was, in addition, of considerable historic interest. The harbour and castle of Dover, only a few miles away, were accessible, provided special passes were secured and the demands of the civilians and military authorities for admission to a garrison town satisfactorily met. All roads to Dover were barricaded and under military guard, and not only was each arrival carefully scrutinized before admission, but each departing traveller likewise was subjected to the most careful examination before being permitted to proceed on his way. Folkestone itself, in addition to the harbour works, has many points of unusual interest; one, which might be mentioned in passing, being a carefully tended monument in the cemetery, marking the resting-place of German sailors who had perished in a naval accident during manœuvres. Sandgate even boasted a castle where Queen Elizabeth spent a night; and only a few miles away was the castle where the assassins of Thomas à Becket rested after crossing the Channel, before proceeding to Canterbury on their murderous mission.

On a clear, bright day the view from Sir John Moore's Plain was magnificent. The coast-line from Dover to the end of Romney Marshes; the Channel swarming with numerous large and small craft plying between English and French seaports and guarded

by aggressive-looking destroyers in their midst and graceful airships overhead; and, faintly visible in the distance, the outline of the French coast, — comprised a picture which is indelibly impressed on the minds of many thousands of Canadians who viewed it.

The barracks themselves were occupied by the Training Division. Headquarters buildings were in Moore Barrack, and consisted mainly of two well-appointed office buildings, one being allotted to Canadian Headquarters and one to Command Headquarters. The headquarters of the Shorncliffe Area or Command was known as " Command Headquarters " and was ordinarily the only channel of communication through Southern Command to the War Office, from this area. Upon the advent of the Canadian forces, however, the actual command of the troops did not devolve upon Command Headquarters, and the Canadian Headquarters maintained a much larger headquarters establishment, the function of Command Headquarters being the administration of the area and the command of such Imperial troops as may have been stationed there from time to time. The personnel of Command Headquarters was composed entirely of Imperial officers appointed by the War Office. Any Army Orders or War Office Regulations affecting the civilian population were, of course, promulgated and carried into effect by Command Headquarters. The principal officers of this Staff were the General Officer Commanding and the Garrison Adjutant.

Brigadier-General J. C. MacDougall commanded the Canadian Training Division. The organization and establishment of Headquarters Canadian Training Division was very similar to that of a regular Service Division with the exception that although the Administrative Staff was composed of Canadian officers the personnel of the General Staff included several Imperial officers in special appointments to plan and supervise the training.

In April, 1915, units earmarked for the 2nd Canadian Division commenced to arrive. Accommodation in the barracks was not available, although some of the earlier arrivals were temporarily allocated until tenting arrangements were made. The majority, however, occupied one or other of the hutted camps, the position of which it will be necessary briefly to outline.

From the south-west corner of the barrack area a road led west for approximately a mile, skirting the front of the camps known as St. Martin's Plain. Then dipping into a valley and curving through a hamlet, it emerged another mile west and entered East Sandling Camp. Bisecting this camp, it continued on another two miles to West Sandling Camp on the left, and still another mile to Westenhanger Race Course and Otterpool Camps on the right and left respectively. To follow the road further, it passed through Ashford, Tunbridge Wells, Sevenoaks, and Chiselhurst, and eventually entered London.

The huts occupied as headquarters were at the very commencement of the road on St. Martin's Plain; and Otterpool, the farthest camp away, was approximately six miles. The camps of Otterpool and Westenhanger were visited by a Zeppelin while occupied by the 5th, 6th, and 7th Artillery Brigades of the 2nd Division. It was later on in the year, after the division had removed from the area with the exception of these three units. "Lights Out" had just been sounded when the humming of the Zeppelin engines announced its approach. Almost at once, and before it could be realized that a raid was intended, five bombs were dropped in rapid succession, exploding with terrific force in an oblique line across the camp of Otterpool. The first landed in a hedge bordering the field, the second struck the guard tent squarely, the third fell in the men's lines, and the fourth in the horse lines, the fifth striking a temporary road and exploding without damage. The Zeppelin then crossed the road and straightening its

course parallel to Westenhanger Camp dropped five more bombs. Luckily the exact position of the lines was fifty yards to the left, and this error in judgment on the part of the navigator of the Zeppelin undoubtedly saved many lives, for the bombs exploded harmlessly in the race-track enclosure. At Otterpool, however, there were considerable casualties among men and horses. It was presumed at the time of the raid that the Zeppelin in making its way towards London had drifted too far south and was returning to its base when the camp was sighted, although the position of the two camps in relation to one another seemed to be fairly accurately known.

Two other camps besides those above mentioned were necessary and were located at Caesar's Camp, already referred to, one on the crest of the hill and the other at its base. By the 25th of May almost all the units of the 2nd Division had arrived in England and had been allotted accommodation. On that date the first Divisional Orders issued by Major-General Sam Steele appeared.

The appointment of General Steele as General Officer Commanding the Division was most favourably received in Canada, as he was one of the most widely known of all Canadian officers. After serving as an ensign with the 35th Militia Regiment from 1866, he joined the Red River Expedition in 1870 and served in the ranks at Fort Garry. He then joined the Royal Canadian Artillery, and in the Rebellion of 1885 served as a major in the Alberta Field Force, commanding a detachment known as "Steele's Scouts," and was responsible for the decisive rout of Big Bear's forces in a region familiar to the Indians but until then wholly unknown to the white man. In 1898 he was ordered to the Alaskan frontier to prevent American miners from establishing claims in Canada during the Klondyke gold rush. The following year he received promotion to lieutenant-colonel and was also chosen as the military

representative of the Federal Government in the Yukon. At the outbreak of the South African War he recruited "Lord Strathcona's Horse," and in South Africa took part in the fighting in Natal and about Pretoria. He was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's Medal, four clasps. He commanded a division of the South African Constabulary under Kitchener from 1900 until 1906, when, upon his return to Canada, he was appointed G. O. C. Military District No. 10.

The division was fortunate in being able to train under most ideal weather conditions and amidst such agreeable surroundings. Musketry was the primary essential in the syllabus of training. The huge musketry ranges in connection with the Hythe School of Musketry were within comparatively easy reach of any of the camps. They were continually in use and occupied to capacity at all times. In order that the Training Division might be in a position to meet all demands from overseas for reinforcements and in view of the fact that no man could proceed overseas who had not completed his musketry course satisfactorily, it was necessary to give the Training Division units priority over other units in the occupation of the ranges. The musketry officers of the General Staff were able, however, by anticipating requirements and carefully mapping out and allotting accommodations to ensure that all units had completed in sufficient time to permit of refresher courses where required. To relieve the pressure on the accommodation at Hythe, several of the 2nd Division units proceeded to Lydd, several miles down the coast, where camps were pitched, and the troops bivouacked at the Lydd ranges until completion of their musketry courses.

Route marching and entrenching formed an important part of the syllabus, which was of course prepared in accordance with the experience of almost a year of actual fighting — transmitted through the general

staffs of the Imperial and Canadian forces in the field — as a basis. An interesting feature of the training at Shorncliffe in connection with entrenching was the construction of trenches for actual purposes of defence, in case of an invasion from the Channel, along the whole shore line at varying distances from the water. In concealed positions in the sand and on the hills from Folkestone Harbour to the Hythe Canal, regular trenches were constructed furnishing, in addition to the training in construction, a line of defence guarding the coast opposite the town and camp. Entrenching was of course carried on in proximity to the camps on the sides of the hills and wherever it was possible to do so. Bombing practice was also an important feature in the training, under strict regulations to ensure the maximum of safety in handling explosives of such a dangerous character.

The artillery units — handicapped by being the latest units to arrive and by the fact that they were under strength for some months and without complete equipment — were trained in all subjects but actual firing while stationed with the division. Target practice and the use of live ammunition took place on the ranges at Salisbury Plain, as the Kentish countryside did not admit of the segregation of an area of sufficient dimensions to ensure safety.

Divisional manœuvres and reviews marked the progress made. In July Sir Robert Borden inspected the troops; and in August Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Sam Hughes stood at the saluting base as the troops marched past in a driving rain, just as conscious of their impressive appearance as if they themselves were the spectators.

Finally, on the 2nd of September, the review of His Majesty the King, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, heralded the departure of the 2nd Division for the front. The King's address to the troops on that occasion was in terms of which every Canadian may be

justly proud. The reference to the glorious 1st Division called forth from every man a resolution that the 2nd Division should soon be spoken of with equal pride and reverence, and when the time came they would acquit themselves like true soldiers. The address, as promulgated in a special order of the day, follows:

"Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the 2nd Canadian Division: — Six months ago I inspected the 1st Canadian Division before their departure for the front. The heroism that they have since shown on the field of battle has won for them undying fame. You are now leaving to join them, and I am glad to have the opportunity of seeing you to-day, for it has convinced me that the same spirit which animated them inspires you also. The past weeks at Shorncliffe have been for you a period of severe and rigorous training; and your appearance at this inspection testifies to the thoroughness and devotion to duty with which your work has been performed. You are going to meet hardships and dangers, but the steadiness and discipline which have marked your bearing on parade to-day will carry you through all difficulties. History will never forget your loyalty and the readiness with which you rallied to the aid of your Mother Country in the hour of danger. My thoughts will always be with you. May God bless you and bring you victory."

Before the division proceeded a change in command was made necessary. General Steele was appointed to the Shorncliffe Command, mentioned previously as being an Imperial Command administering the area, and Major-General R. E. W. Turner, V. C., assumed command of the division.

In General Turner, who had commanded the 3rd Infantry Brigade since its organization, the 2nd Division had a soldier at its head of whom it might be justly proud. Though of modest and sympathetic personality, he was so thorough in his methods and so familiar with the duties of each man in all branches of the Serv-

ice that he shamed the shirker to a sense of his responsibility and won the admiration and affection of every man who had the privilege and honour of serving under his leadership.

Three days after the King's review, a few units of the division departed for France, crossing from Southampton to Havre; and ten days later, September 13th and 14th, the balance of the division, minus three brigades of artillery — the 5th, 6th, and 7th — embarked at Folkestone for Boulogne.

The organization of the 2nd Division follows: —

General Officer Commanding — Major-Gen. R. E. W. Turner, V. C., D. S. O.

4th Infantry Brigade — Commander, Brig.-Gen. Lord Brooke.

18th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. E. S. Wigle.

19th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. J. I. McLaren.

20th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. J. A. W. Allan.

21st Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. W. St. Pierre Hughes.

5th Infantry Brigade — Commander, Brig.-Gen. D. Watson.

22nd Battalion, Officer Commanding, Colonel F. M. Gaudet.

24th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. J. A. Gunn.

25th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. G. A. Le Cain.

26th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. J. L. McAvity.

6th Infantry Brigade — Commander, Brig.-Gen. H. D. B. Ketchen.

27th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. I. R. Snider.

28th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Colonel J. F. L. Embury.
29th Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. H. S. Tobin.
31st Battalion, Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. A. B. Bell.
Divisional Artillery — Commander, Brig.-Gen. E. W. B. Morrison.
Divisional Engineers — Commander, Lt.-Col. H. T. Hughes.
Divisional Train — Commander, Lt.-Col. A. E. Massey.
Divisional Cyclist Company — Commander, Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison.
A. D. M. S. — Commander, Colonel J. T. Fotheringham, G. M. C.
No. 4 *Field Ambulance* — Commander, Lt.-Col. W. Webster.
No. 5 *Field Ambulance* — Commander, Lt.-Col. G. D. Farmer.
No. 6 *Field Ambulance* — Commander, Lt.-Col. R. P. Campbell.

The units retained in England to be absorbed by the Training Division were the 36th, 39th, 43rd, and 48th Battalions.

The Training Division had now assumed considerable proportions and were performing a dual function, training reinforcements for France and distributing, absorbing and retaining casualties discharged from hospitals and convalescent homes.

So unwieldy did the units become — frequently having a paper strength of a thousand more than were present in the lines — it became necessary to establish a clearing depot for the casualties in order to relieve the training units for more urgent duty.

A Casualty Depot and Command Depot were, therefore, instituted; the former acting as a clearing-house to board the men for discharge or retraining; and the

latter to receive such men as were certified by a medical board as fit for duty in a Command Depot, where by systematic exercise, extra diet, and recreation they might be enabled to return to the training units for full duty.

While this organization was in progress many additional units had arrived in England from Canada, and the Shorncliffe Area was no longer able to accommodate them all. Bramshott Camp in Surrey was, therefore, secured; and following that, Witley and Borden in the Aldershot Area and Shoreham near Brighton were taken over. Eventually Crowborough, as a machine-gun base, and Bexhill, as an officers' training camp, came into existence, while the railway troops located at Langmoor, the cyclists near London, the forestry corps in various areas from the North of Scotland to the South of England, and one stray unit of artillery near the East Coast, north of the Thames.

Headquarters Canadian Training Division became, on opening up of Bramshott Camp, Headquarters Canadian, and Bramshott became a Training Division, as did also several of the other areas.

During the time of training, units were earmarked for the proposed 3rd Division, and various attempts were made to segregate such units in one camp. In consequence many units moved two and three times from one camp to another, until the decision was arrived at that the formation of the 3rd Division should take place in France.

A brigade of Canadian Mounted Rifles, part of the force commanded by Brigadier-General Seely, and the units which had been acting in the capacity of corps troops, had all proceeded to France from training camps in England as complete units and been merged temporarily into one or other of these formations until authority for the organization of the 3rd Division had been received; and early in January two brigades were formed and denominated the 7th and 8th Bri-

gades of the 3rd Division. On the 23rd of February following the 9th Brigade came into being; however, not before the 3rd Division as a division had been actively engaged with the enemy.

The units comprising the 3rd Division were:

General Officer Commanding — Major-General M. S. Mercer.

7*th Infantry Brigade* — Commander, Brig.-Gen. A. C. MacDonell.

P. P. C. L. I. — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. H. C. Buller.

R. C. R. — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. C. H. Hill, D. S. O.

42nd Battalion — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. G. S. Cantlie.

49th Battalion — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. W. A. Griesbach.

8*th Infantry Brigade* — Commander, Brig.-Gen. V. A. S. Williams.

1st C. M. R.'s — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. A. E. Shaw.

2nd C. M. R.'s — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. J. C. L. Bott.

4th C. M. R.'s — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. S. F. Smith.

5th C. M. R.'s — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. G. H. Baker.

9*th Infantry Brigade* — Commander, Brig.-Gen. F. W. Hill, D. S. O.

43rd Battalion — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. R. McD. Thomson.

52nd Battalion — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. A. W. Hay.

58th Battalion — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. H. A. Genet.

60th Battalion — Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. F. A. de Gascoigne.

Three divisions in the field, adequate reinforcing bases in England, casualty, railway troops, and forestry corps units numbering over thirty, and the possibility of a 4th Division looming ahead, necessitated a Canadian Headquarters in England modelled on War Office lines. Headquarters Canadian at Shorncliffe became again Headquarters Canadian Training Division, and in London Headquarters Overseas Military Forces of Canada came into being with Major-General Turner, V. C., as General Officer Commanding, Brigadier-General P. E. Thacker as Adjutant-General, and Brigadier-General A. D. McRae as Quartermaster-General.

One of the most important undertakings was the organization of the reserve units in accordance with the Territorial system of reinforcement. This was successfully accomplished in November, 1916, although it was some time after that before actual segregation was possible, owing to the necessity of breaking up and replacing certain units in France in order that the different provinces of the Dominion might be represented according to enlistment and population.

Some districts with smaller enlistment were represented in the field by more units than other districts with large enlistment to their credit. This was worked out on a basis which compared the total force it was intended to maintain with the total enlistment by districts in Canada, and representation by units in France was thus decided. Each unit in the field was then linked up with its corresponding reserve unit in England and district in Canada, ensuring that a man enlisting in Western Ontario would go through a Western Ontario reserve unit to a Western Ontario service unit.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM GIVENCHY TO ST. ELOI

THE most notable event in Canada's war history between Givenchy and St. Eloi was the coming over of the 2nd Division and the formation of a Canadian corps at the front. It had been a question as to whether the making of another division would not endanger the sending over of reinforcements, but the splendid response that Canada made in recruiting, following the Second Battle of Ypres, was making itself felt and there were enough men overseas to assure two divisions and a safe number of reinforcements.

There were no major operations for the Dominion troops in this period; but the Canadians often found themselves in exciting positions and in one great battle rendered valuable assistance to the Imperials who joined them on the right flank.

It was after Givenchy that the 1st Division was taken out of the line and was given a much needed chance to refit and reinforce. This was on June 31st, 1915. Fresh troops to fill the gaps made at Festubert and Givenchy were already in France and these joined the tired battalions in the little villages around Bethune to complete their training. It was the first introduction of this busy city and important junction to Canadians, and the men from overseas made enduring friendships in the town, which lasted even after the dark days of 1918, when the place was razed by German guns. Billets were in little villages on the outskirts, such as Essars, Hamel, Hinges, and Obinghem; but the cafés and fine hotels of the city were always in

bounds and the Canadians tasted the first real bit of civilization that had come their way since they went into battle.

But it was not all play for the division. Bombing and grenade schools were formed in the areas behind Bethune, practice trenches were dug, and trench-mortar warfare was developed. The men of the Maple Leaf took a pride in their schools, — there was always something new to be learned, — and it was about this time that the professional instructors of the " Old Contemptibles " were replaced by Canadians and the division was able to do its own training. The schools were regarded as models and came in for much praise from visiting Imperial and French officers. The self-reliant men from overseas invented several new stunts for trench warfare which became part of the Allies' general training.

Our casualties at Givenchy had been well over the two-thousand mark, with but little gained; the fighting of the division had been mainly what might be called an " offensive " defensive. It was the Imperial Command's idea to keep the Germans fully employed in order to cover preparations for a Franco-British offensive on a large scale, and in this they had succeeded.

After some weeks of strenuous training the Canadians began their sudden and secret move northward. Their ultimate destination was to be the long sector of Ploegsteert — nicknamed Plugstreet by the soldiers. The long summer night marches would have been a severe test for veterans; but, so fine was the condition of the division, the battalions with full kit made the grades to Neuf Berquin, on the Strazeele-Estaires road, and Noote Boom, a little village behind Steenwerck, in splendid shape.

Gradually the division, now joined by the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, which had completed infantry training under Brigadier-General Seely and included Strathcona's Horse, Fort Garry Horse, and Royal

Canadian Dragoons, took over the Ploegsteert sector. It was a line of length rather than depth. South of Ypres and St. Eloi, where the British position was always in peril, north of Armentières and facing the extreme edge of the Messines Ridge, which the Germans held like a Rhine fortress, the strength of the system lay in the fact that the trenches were ideal to defend against a frontal attack and were protected in depth by Kemmel Hill and Mont Rouge, two dominating knolls which became the scene of terrific fighting in 1918. A railway which the Canadian Overseas Construction Corps built round Kemmel made the matter of supplies easy and also allowed us to harass the Huns with big railway howitzers, which they were never able to locate.

Ploegsteert, with its rambling buildings and small copses, the château and racing stables of Hennessy, the French brandy manufacturer, and a score or so of dilapidated farms, became one of the show places of the British front, and scores of distinguished visitors, from His Majesty the King down to noted lady novelists, came to see the "Canadians in action." Sir Robert Borden visited the division on July 21st and Sir Sam Hughes reviewed the units on August 7th, both getting their first sight of their countrymen in active warfare.

The thick woods through which long and dry communication trenches wound gave excellent cover with which to gain the main fighting line; and the civilian, getting his first taste of war, was allowed the thrill of having German bullets hissing overhead, the Huns using indirect machine-gun fire in an attempt to harass us. The more venturesome visitors were taken through a forty-foot sap and dumped into the "Birdcage," where they were told in whispers they were only twelve yards from the German line.

But if the new Canadian position was comfortable, there was always the necessity for alertness, as the

Germans on the higher ground of the Messines Ridge had the tremendous advantage of observation and held their trenches in menacing strength. The shattered remnants of the town of Messines had been converted into a citadel. From an old red tower of what was formerly the French Military School they could keep watch on every movement in our line. For two weeks the Canadian artillery pounded away at this red brick pinnacle, making several direct hits, but were unable to destroy it. After the Germans had been pushed off the ridge by the Australians, I visited the town and looked over the tower. Powerful steel struts linked up huge boulders of cement carefully faced with ruined bricks; ladders, in tunnels lined with armour plate, had given the German observers secure entrance and exit even during the heaviest bombardment. The crumbled houses on the edge of the ridge were but camouflage for vast cement fortresses with disappearing machine-gun platforms. Warneton and Wytschaete were the same and the shattered farms that fringed the Big and Little Douve rivers were miniature redoubts bristling with machine-gun emplacements.

The Germans were taking keen notes of the movements of troops during these days. It was somewhat of a surprise, when the 3rd Brigade took over from a brigade of the 28th (Imperial) Division in the trenches fronting Wytschaete, to hear the Huns shout across No Man's Land, "Hello, Scotty!" They knew it was the Canadians opposed to them and brought up sacks of straw and sulphur which they set fire to in an imitation gas attack, at the same time shouting: "Stand to, Canadians! Remember St. Julien!" One of our patrols took from a dead German a little book having these phrases in German and English and explicit instructions on how to annoy the Canadians.

The necessity for concealing identity gone, the Canadians, remembering with pride that they were an army of a nation, prepared to celebrate Dominion Day,

their first at war, in true fashion. Those whose duty kept them in the trenches hoisted the flag of the Maple Leaf alongside the French Tricolour and kept the emblems blowing in the summer breeze despite the hurricane of machine-gun bullets the enemy shot at them. Behind the lines, just out of range of Fritz's guns, were held sports which every man who could be spared attended. Kits were unloaded in neighbouring fields so that the men could rush to their posts if the Germans attempted to take advantage of the celebration. All the competitions were open and Canadian Highlanders found themselves competing with men of the Imperial kilted regiments in tugs-of-war and throwing the hammer. And the men of the Scottish breed from overseas held their own. Baseball games with excited fans let the troops forget war for the time. Minstrel shows, by native talent of course, kept the men merry; and dancing and rag-time music, but, alas, no feminine partners, rounded off the "perfect day." How the Canadians were making their mark in the Air Service was shown on this great Canadian day by a squadron, composed entirely of Canadian pilots, which kept guard in the skies so that comrades of the ground forces could celebrate unmolested by German air scouts. Only one venturesome Teuton plane came over and the joyous crowd below saw it come swirling down in burning wreckage.

Although there were some exciting encounters in No Man's Land, July and August were, for the most part, spent by the Canadians in improving their trenches. Everything mentioned in British military text-books — necessary and unnecessary — was put into this construction. By this time the 1st Division knew that good trenches meant comfort and safety. Second and third lines grew into being under the watchful eyes of the Hun observers on Messines Ridge. New communication trenches, which shortened and made safe the way for ration parties, engineers,

and ammunition carriers, grew in number, and the night labour on the forward lines increased. If the Germans had the advantage of observation, the Canadians had soon offset it by the improvements they made in their lines. The Huns increased the severity of their artillery fire, but stretcher-bearers and runners were able to go to and from the front trenches in comparative safety, even in the broad light of a July sun. The area became noted for the completeness of its defence system; and if the Hun had it in his mind to attack he must have gradually changed his plans as he saw the system become almost impregnable.

Sniping, patrols, and mining were features of these months. The Canadians obtained control of the Hinterland through which the river Douve, a turbulent stream although only about ten yards wide, wound its way. Where the Canadian trench system needed straightening out it was done by clever co-operation between the engineers and the infantry. The 1st Battalion, occupying a position in front of Ploegsteert Wood, had an uncomfortable sector of trench, and when they were relieved, early in July, it was decided to remove the German posts that dominated it. The 13th Battalion went into the trenches one night when two mines were exploded under the Germans' miniature redoubts. One of the Kilties' captains with a small party rushed into the dilapidated structure and through the night consolidated the newly won position so thoroughly that, in spite of heavy shelling, it held. About a week later the same battalion repeated the trick, without casualties, and gradually the front line was straightened out.

It was in July that the Germans suddenly became active in sniping, those Canadians who had to use the communication trenches suffering severely. From camouflaged posts just behind his system the enemy would pick off officers and men and the matter became

serious. Picked shots were called for from the Canadians and they were given relief from fatigue duties so that they could devote their whole time to stalking the German sharp-shooters. It was not long before the tables were turned on the Huns and many of their best marksmen fell victims to our keen shots. With telescopic sights fitted to the Ross rifle the Canadians were more than a match for the Huns, and one half-breed in a Western battalion had sixteen notches to his credit in the first week he operated. Later the Vancouver captain, an old member of Canada's Bisley team, who instructed these men, became commander of the largest sniping school of the British Army. Nor was the sniping all confined to the enemy's side of the line. The 7th Battalion was continually losing runners on their way from company headquarters to battalion headquarters, near Stinking Farm, although the stretch of road where their bodies were found was well screened from observation by the Hun. It was obvious that German spies were shooting them, yet a careful combing of the civilian population gave no clue to the snipers. The colonel gave an old timber cruiser and hunter from British Columbia full charge of the man hunt. He decided to work without assistance, and for over a week he prowled about the road which had become so dangerous that, although a short cut, it was seldom used. Then, one day, he called on his officer and offered to give him some sport that night. The pair crept up to what seemed only the corner of a dilapidated wall and waited. In the dim light they saw the battalion messenger running quickly over what had been nicknamed "the death stretch," and suddenly from the wall came the crack of a rifle. The bullet missed the runner, but before a second shot could be fired the Canadians rushed the rubble of brick and in a short rough and tumble fight killed the sniper, who was wearing civilian clothes. Under the wall was a little cellar with three rifles and plenty of ammuni-

tion, food and water sufficient for a month, and in addition German signal lamps. The sniper was undoubtedly a German, but clothes and papers on him were those of a murdered Belgian farmer who had lived in the neighbourhood before the fringe of war reached it.

During this period there were many exciting incidents in No Man's Land. On the 27th a captain of the 3rd (Toronto) Battalion saw a party of the enemy in the wild wheat which grew in this section. With three men he crept out and surprised them just in front of their own wire. One German, after surrendering, suddenly raised his rifle and fired at the captain; on the instant one of the Canadian privates shot him dead. In spite of the fact that the whole affair took place in full view of the enemy's trench, the party, with two unwounded prisoners, got back safely. The prisoners on being questioned said that they had been detailed to find out if Canada's 2nd Division were yet in the trenches. Instead of getting the information they told us of new brigades which had just reinforced the line fronting us.

On August 1st the Germans suddenly opened a terrific fire on a ruined house, known as Ration Farm, just behind our lines. Men from Strathcona's Horse were quartered there in reserve, and they had to scurry to the shelter of their dug-outs in record time. Fortunately there were but few casualties; but the battalion magazine, which contained over 100,000 rounds of ammunition and huge supplies of bombs and hand-grenades, was hit and set on fire. It was thought that the entire magazine would explode, but the dismounted cavalry, under the direction of a Winnipeg major, beat at the pile of bursting explosives with blankets and sand-bags until they got it under control, in spite of renewed efforts on the part of the German guns.

By the end of August it was generally known that the 2nd Division was in the offing. From May, 1915,

it had been in process of formation at Shorncliffe, in England. It was by this time borne upon everyone that the prophetic words of Lord Kitchener would come true and that the war would continue for at least three years. The 2nd Division had a more fortunate experience than its predecessor during training days, and when, after the final review by the King, it started for the front, it was in much better condition than had been "the originals."[1] Eight battalions, although better trained than had been the troops of the 1st Division, were left behind to join the reserves. These were the 23rd (Quebec), 30th (British Columbia), 32nd (Saskatchewan), 36th (Hamilton), 39th (Belleville), and 43rd (Winnipeg) as reinforcements for the infantry and the 48th (British Columbia) for the pioneers. In addition there was the Royal Canadian Regiment, which had been doing duty in the West Indies and which afterwards joined the 3rd Division.

The division was needed at the front with the least possible delay and was sent by the short cut across the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne, not losing a single man on the trip, although the submarine menace was great and there were many thrilling experiences. The 18th Battalion and the staff of Lord Brooke were on an old Belgian paddle-steamer and were only a few miles from Boulogne when suddenly a dark mass rammed them, carrying away part of the paddle-box and veering the crowded mail boat over to a very dangerous angle. The shock threw the heavily equipped troops off their feet, and for a time it was thought the vessel was about to go down. But there was no semblance of panic among the soldiers. Every man took his place in the ranks with life-belt on, steady as if on parade. Parties of pioneers loosened the life-rafts and all was ready to abandon the ship. But it

[1] For an account of the formation of the 2nd Division see *ante* p. 200 et seq.

was not necessary, and although the paddle-boat was wallowing in a somewhat heavy Channel swell another transport got alongside and fastened wire hawsers to the crowded derelict. The hawsers parted before Boulogne could be reached, and finally tugs from the French port grappled with the Belgian steamer and as daylight was breaking brought her safe to harbour, a damaged British destroyer having preceded her. The battalion were immediately entrained and within a few days found themselves within sound of the guns and behind the 1st Division, being billeted in the small villages around Caestre, which was headquarters. Lower Belgium was crowded with German spies at this time and it was not long before the arrival of the 2nd Division was known to the enemy, who redoubled his watchfulness. The arrival of this additional force in this sector fully convinced him that the British scheme was to use the Canadians in an attack on Messines Ridge.

The coming of the 2nd Division necessitated many readjustments of position, ending finally in the Canadians, now an army corps, taking over about six miles of trenches stretching from south of Wulverghem, on the fringes of Ploegsteert Wood, to Kemmel and St. Eloi. It was the longest sector any two divisions on the front were holding at the time. The moves which resulted in this final disposition were not all made in a day, and the new corps had to exchange several times with the Second and Fifth Imperial Corps to the right and left of them; but all changes were made like clock-work, the new 2nd Division gaining high praise for the way they took over despite the attention of the German artillery.

For several weeks the Canadians made many demonstrations against the enemy positions. Saps were built out into No Man's Land and everything possible was done to convince the enemy that preparations were being made for an attack in force. Our aug-

mented artillery used to practise barrages which caused the enemy to keep continually on the alert and to considerably strengthen his divisions. Night patrols repeatedly brought in prisoners who boasted that the enemy knew all about our intended attack — which we never contemplated. The enemy shelled our front and secondary lines every night, hoping to catch a concentration of troops, but our casualties were few, so excellent were the trenches. Each evening or in the very early morning our patrols would start alarms in the German trenches, and red and green flares calling up enemy reserves would go soaring into the sky. The Huns would fire their machine guns wildly into the night, while our men, safely tucked away, would grin and enjoy the joke.

To leave the narration of Canada's exploits for a time and survey the condition of affairs on the Western front will give the reader a good idea of how useful was all this " circus " work of our troops. A major action had been planned by Marshal Joffre and the French, which was to extend along a forty-mile front and involve, if successful, the whole line from Ypres to the extreme end of Champagne. The spear points of this attack were to be under General Castelnau in Northern Champagne, and at La Bassée under Field-Marshal Lord French. September 25th was the date finally set, and what developed in the British sector was the Battle of Loos, another partial victory where many lessons were learned. The Germans still had the initiative. Although the Canadian infantry did not actually get to grips with the Huns, they played a valuable part and the overseas artillery did essential work in enfilading the German positions just to the south, where Imperial troops were attacking.

The saps which our Canadian engineers had run out in front of our line were manned with trench mortars and machine guns, which commenced on the day previous to the great attack, and so roused the Huns'

suspicions that reinforcements from back areas were rushed up to the position opposite us. That night the Canadian guns opened up a terrific bombardment of the Huns' trenches opposed to the Canadians and obliterated the Hun wire. It had every semblance of the prelude to an attack. The enemy dared not shift the reserves he had concentrated against the Canadians, and they were held off from the sector where the British were about to attack. All morning the Canadian machine guns kept up a fusilade from their advanced posts, sweeping the German communication trenches, which were filling with reserves. Then sacks, previously filled with straw and damped with oil, were lighted on our parapets and with a favourable wind the smoke cloud floated gently over the German trenches around the impregnable Petite Douve Farm. A small amount of gas was sent over to make the trick more convincing. The Germans, displaying all their distress signals, manned their advance posts and were caught by our artillery and machine guns. Then came the most artistic touch of all. The Canadians displayed trench ladders and flashed fixed bayonets over the tops of their trenches. Whistles of platoon commanders shrieked above the din of the machine guns. In the early dawn there arose almost in the enemy wire strange khaki figures with bayonets which caught the glint of the rising sun. The enemy poured his shells at them and smothered them with machine-gun fire. But they rose again and again, seemingly wavering under the intensity of the fire. All through the day they kept the Germans on the alert, and when at night the remnants of a gallant stuffed, painted canvas battalion were dragged in by the ropes that manipulated them, eighty per cent. of them were casualties — in straw. It was the clever scheme of a young Vancouver engineer.

When it dawned on the enemy that the Canadians had never intended to attack, it was too late to send

his reserves south to his hard-pressed divisions which were wavering under the British hammer-blows. The Germans included the Canadians in the battle, and in their *communiqués* even mentioned how they had beaten off a determined attack which cost the Canadians heavily.

Although the Canadian infantry played this minor part, the artillery was fully occupied. It had already registered for an enfilading fire on the front to be really attacked and joined in with the British gunners when they started their barrage. In one section the Canadian light guns kept up a concentrated fire on the roads by which the Huns might rush reserves south, for five hours, only letting up when the oil in the buffers had reached boiling point. Other heavier artillery kept up such terrific shelling on the German battery positions that they had no chance to move further south, where they were badly needed. The new 2nd Division had had what might be called a comic opera introduction to war, but life was not all a bed of roses for them, as witness the adventures of the 6th Brigade, which took over the northern extreme of the Canadian sector late in September.

The brigade had their share of demonstration fun during Loos from trenches that were well fashioned and deep except at two spots, known as the " Glory Hole " and the " Bull Ring." These were generally under enfilade fire from the enemy's machine guns. The 28th (Saskatchewan) Battalion got its first taste of sudden activity when late one afternoon the enemy exploded two mines under trenches held by a platoon and bombers from Regina. The explosion followed a calm morning singularly free from shell-fire, and the incident might reasonably have upset and unnerved seasoned and experienced troops, but the Westerners stood the test well. They held on grimly under a terrific bombardment which was centred on the two craters, and with bombs and deliberate

rifle-fire beat off three German attacks to gain the position. Many of the men who had been buried by the explosions when dug out grabbed rifles and joined in the fray.

The new division, which occupied the section of the line just north of the 1st, never let the enemy rest, although there were no major operations to hand down to history; and it was at this time that the Canadians boasted proudly and with reason that No Man's Land was Canada's. They drove in the enemy's patrols either in daylight or in darkness.

On October 18th the 26th (New Brunswick) Battalion made what may be called the first daylight raid on the Western front. It was really a reconnaissance in force. There was a question as to whether the " Bull Ring " was worth holding in strength. It had cost scores of casualties owing to machine-gun enfilading. The men from the Maritime Province, after a heavy bombardment of the Huns' front line and the explosion of a screen of smoke bombs which hid their movements, clambered from their trenches, bent on wiping out any German post that was in front of the enemy's wire. In his wanderings a New Brunswick major stumbled into a new German sap along which wires had been laid. He traced the workings back to our own line and hurriedly cleared his men from the danger spot, and only just in time. The mine was sprung by the Huns and the terrific explosion, which would have engulfed a score or more men holding the " Bull Ring," by its detonation threw the raiders to the ground and buried some of them. The Germans, however, had been daunted by the previous patrol encounters and did not venture to follow up the advantage. The men stood doggedly to their posts while the wounded were carried back to the main trenches and the buried dug-out, and by display of calm courage the casualties were kept fairly light. It was in this encounter that a New Brunswick sergeant, well known in Canada as

a guide and trapper, showed personal coolness and bravery that was such an example that the others of the party could but follow it. Instead of retiring helter-skelter for the trench, he went out into the open and, in the midst of bursting bombs and concentrated machine-gun fire, began deliberately picking off those Germans who ventured to embarrass the Canadian get-away. He accounted for eleven Huns with his own rifle and then turned from his grim work to assist the wounded. Making his way back almost to the sap-head, he found a fellow sergeant who was beyond aid. Near him was a private, badly wounded, and the sergeant, unwinding the wounded man's puttees, bound him with them to his back, then crawled the hundred yards to his own trench.

The result of the "investigation" was that the crater was not to be held, but a greater discovery had also been made. The Saxons, who were opposite the 2nd Division, were getting tired of continually losing patrols and had developed land mines in such a fashion as to make the Canadians' voyage of discovery into No Man's Land exceedingly hazardous. The Canadians had, without doubt, developed the stalking of enemy patrols to a fine point. It came natural to them and was one of the most fascinating parts of the war game that had, up to this period, come their way. The rank and file were too keen-witted to ever be outmatched by the dull Saxons, and it was not many days before they found means of drawing the teeth of the Germans' mechanical defences. In more than one instance they cut the Huns' detonating wire and attached one from their own trenches, thus literally hoisting the German with his own petard.

With October's ending the weather became wet and misty. The Canadians found that the trenches everyone had so much admired were crumbling under the weather. Parapet and parados dissolved in spite of continuous labour; and trenches which for weeks had

been continuously dry and comfortable, after an hour's thunderstorm were transformed into ragged ditches with water up to the knees of the men. It kept the men from overseas busy, and it kept the enemy busy too, for the river Douve, which ran through the centre of the position, bore the drainage of our trenches into the Huns' forward works.

The weather did not stop the adventures of the Canadians in No Man's Land, and one of the neatest cutting-out expeditions in which engineers and Scottish troops of the 1st Division took part could never have been completed but for a providential fog. Dotted behind the German wire were various farm buildings which the Germans, with railroad iron and concrete, had fortified into strong redoubts, and from which at night German garrisons used to spray our back areas with machine-gun fire. The Canadian party, under cover of the fog, stole out to one of these menacing posts, killed the two sentries and blew up the shattered farm. Although it was only fifty yards from the Hun line, the heavy mist sheltered their return through the German wire and only two men were wounded.

In the second week of November one of the strange coincidences which show that war also has truths stranger than fiction occurred. A German Albatross, from a squadron with headquarters near Moorsleede, was attacked by one of our planes near Vierstraat, and pursued towards Messines, still being fired at by our anti-aircraft guns. The final fight occurred over the Canadian trenches and the German pilot, evidently wounded, dived low into the machine guns our infantry turned loose. It was an easy mark for the Canadian gunners and the riddled machine turned turtle and fell just behind our lines. The pilot was killed by the crash, but the observer, not seriously injured, staggered into the trenches of the 14th Battalion and gave himself up. Some scouts from the Montreal battalion

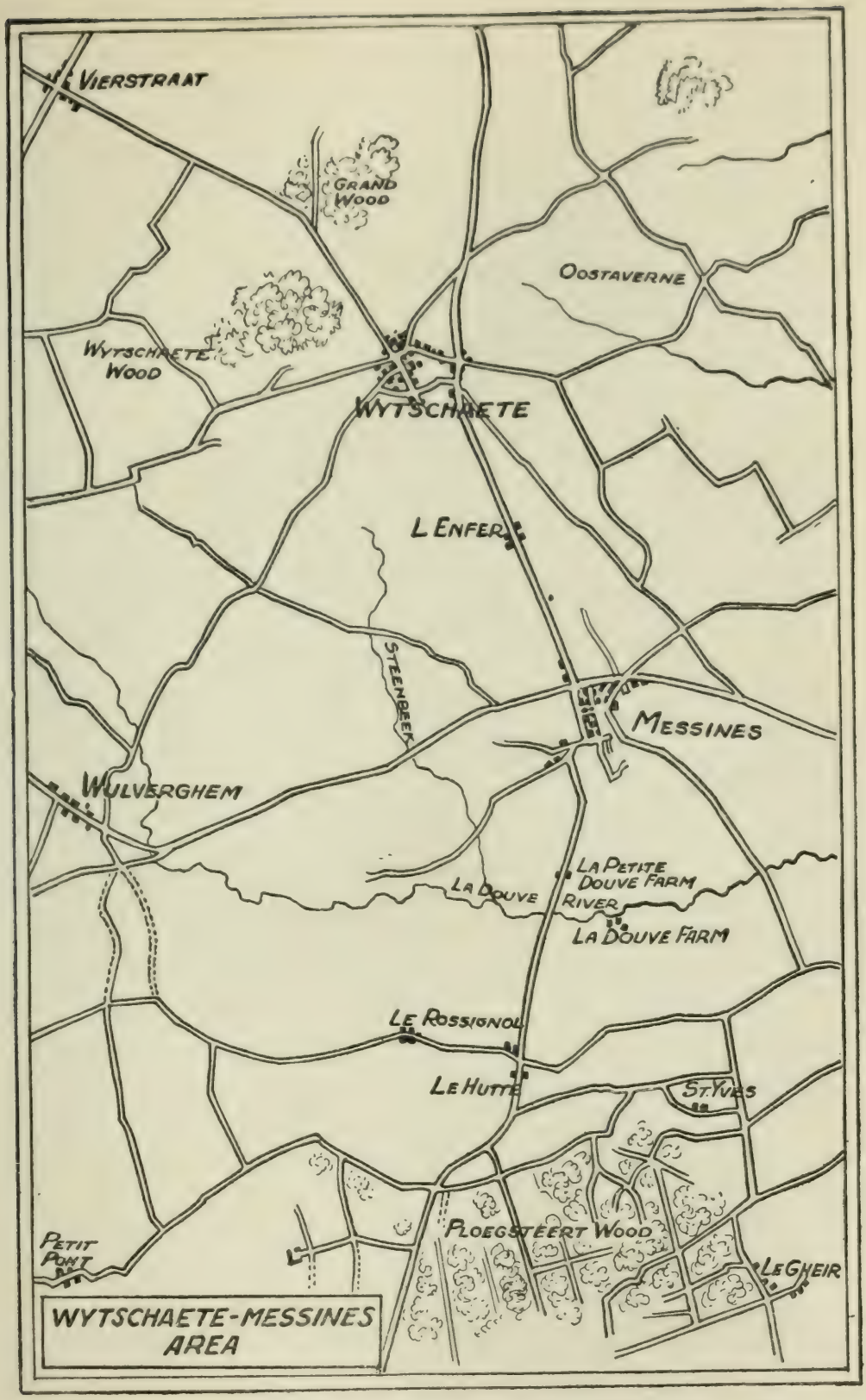
crept out to the wrecked machine and gathered in maps and photographs as well as a complete wireless sending outfit, the first noted on the front. The Germans drove our men away by shell-fire, but that night they stole back to the plane and brought away the machine gun. It was a Colt belonging to the 14th Battalion and had been lost during the fighting at St. Julien in April.

Early in November His Majesty the King held his first review of the Canadians as a corps. It was impossible to take the battalions out of the line, so His Majesty inspected composite companies along the Dranoutre road, sheltered from the eyes of the Hun by the towering bulk of Kemmel Hill. It was a glorious autumn day, and the march past, the music of the bands mingling with the pounding of the guns only a few hundred yards away, made it a thrilling event. The men were in splendid fettle and as the King drove away down the Dranoutre-Locre road, they gave him a real Canadian ovation, hundreds of them breaking ranks and rushing to the royal motor car to shake His Majesty's hand. It was a democratic welcome from the heart and that the King appreciated it was shown in the message he afterwards sent to Major-General Alderson.

During this month the trench raid was first operated successfully. It was invented and perfected by the men from the Dominion and soon adopted by the Imperials as a regular part of trench warfare. It was even copied with a variable amount of success by the Germans themselves. The raids gradually grew in magnitude until sometimes they would appear to be a serious frontal attack. One successful raid early in the following year was carried out by two whole brigades. It was never the intention of the raiders to hold the works "cut out," but merely to destroy as much trench and as many dug-outs as they could in the allotted time, kill as many Germans as possible, and

Canadian Official Photograph

CANADIAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SECTION GOING INTO ACTION



WYTSCHAETE-MESSINES AREA

gather in prisoners or anything that would help identify the enemy and disclose his plans.

The very first raid was carried out at a place in front of Messines called Petit Douve Farm, in the early morning of November 20th, on the little river Douve. Brigadier-General Lipsett and Lieut.-Colonel Victor Odlum were the originators. The former commanded the 2nd Canadian Brigade at the time, later being promoted to the command of the 3rd Division and just previous to the Armistice was killed while commanding a British division. Colonel Odlum was in command of the 7th (British Columbia) Battalion. He later became a brigadier, and continued on active service until the end of the war, although several times wounded. The 5th Battalion, Lieut.-Colonel Tuxford, also later made a brigadier, assisted the 7th in their great adventure. So successful was the enterprise that an account of it was printed in British General Orders and later translated into French and Italian for the use of the Allies. It was thought, at the time, that development of the raid might lead to a break-up of trench warfare, which the Allies wished for. The Canadians were encouraged to perfect raiding and met with such success that Dominion instructors were sent up and down the line to coach British troops in the art — for an art of warfare it had become.

I was fortunate enough to visit the happy 7th Battalion on the morning after the raid. Later, when Messines Ridge had been taken by the Australians, I went carefully over Petite Douve Farm. The huge blocks of concrete and strips of railway iron, our returning raiders reported, were still there. It was the fortress which for months had stuck its nose, with Teutonic insolence, out into our lines. It commanded two splendid fields of fire down the valley of the Big and Little Douve, and continuous machine-gun volleys from it made life miserable for our working and ration parties. Through No Man's Land ran the smaller

Canadian Official Photograph

BRIG.-GENERAL V. W. ODLUM, C. M. G., D. S. O.

stream, passing diagonally from our trenches through those of the enemy. Snarled and shell-scarred willows joined by stretches of barbed wire, both ours and the enemy's, lined the steep, crumbling banks. The Huns relied on this defence and seldom ventured beyond their own wire, which was gradually cut by our patrols, before the very eyes of the unsuspecting enemy. Intermittent shelling from our guns helped and it was decided to raid through the remaining tangle.

It was a typical November night, with heavy clouds racing before the moon. During the temporary eclipses a Victoria lieutenant, two British Columbia sergeants, and a corporal went out and for two hours worked hard in severing the last strands that the path of the raiders might be clear. Three low bridges were thrown across the narrow stream; one, at Red Lodge, was only twenty feet from the German parapet. There was an ostentatious, high, level bridge which no one ever used, which was continuously swept by German machine guns.

About two a. m. raiding parties of the 7th Battalion, totalling about thirty-five officers and men, started on their adventure. Every man wore a black mask completely covering his face. No one carried anything that would identify him if he were taken prisoner. Little flash-lights which worked from a switch on the stock were fastened to the muzzles of the rifles. It was a motley party that crept silently through the mud; bayonet men, grenade throwers and grenade carriers, wire-cutters, pioneers, riflemen, telephone operators, linesmen, and stretcher-bearers were a few of the units. The objective of the raiders was to be the right of the miniature fort, and twenty minutes was to be allowed to clean out the trench. The Victoria captain gave the signal and the raiders threw themselves among the unsuspecting Germans. The captain jumped clean upon the German sentry sheltering beneath a sheet of corrugated iron, which went down clattering. Pande-

monium then broke loose, but the alarm had come too late for the Germans. The party went through the trench, bombing, bayonetting, and shooting; and it was miniature massacre, although the Germans were in large numbers. Our artillery blocked their communication trenches and kept a continuous barrage on their support line, from which hundreds of red flares went up appealingly.

Prostrate on the German parapet, where the Canadians had entered, was a cool young lieutenant with a telephone line through to his battalion headquarters. The complete success of the raid was known to the corps commander before the raiders were actually out of the German trench. Twelve unwounded prisoners were sent back through our posts, over fifty Germans were counted killed, and there must have been many dead in the dug-outs that were destroyed. The 7th Battalion's casualties were one killed and one wounded.

The 5th Battalion on the left did not meet with such success, having come upon a large ditch heavily wired with no way around. It was impossible to swim it or bridge it; and taking advantage of the diversion caused by the 7th's attack, the party was successfully withdrawn without casualties.

The information obtained in this attack was valuable and the raid was even more successful than its enthusiastic inventors had hoped. Congratulations poured in from every section of the Western front, and little parties of staff officers were continuous visitors to the section held by the British Columbians. For weeks afterwards the German was an enemy with unstrung nerves and at any little activity on our part he rushed troops into his front trenches, where our guns punished them.

Early in December the Canadians had the great adventure of the Messines road barricade. It was one of those unlucky and almost unpreventable incidents of war which for a time seemed as if it would militate

Canadian Official Photograph

BRIG.-GENERAL (AFTERWARDS MAJOR-GENERAL) GARNET HUGHES, COMMANDING THE 1ST BRIGADE, AND STAFF

against the Dominion fighters, but which grim determination turned in our favour. Running due south down the ridge from the shattered town of Messines was the main road to Armentières. It was heavily paved, and was, in fact, built on the old foundations the Romans had constructed. However hard it was shelled it remained a menace along which transportation was always possible in case we had to give way to German pressure. Barbed wire and barricades with scores of machine-gun redoubts protected it where it passed through our lines. Our actual trenches passed under it through a tunnel. It was a favourite hunting-ground for the Sifton's and Eaton's motor machine guns, which at night used to run up the road and harass the enemy's communication trenches by compass fire.

Just in front of our advanced wire and about three hundred feet from our front line there were two huge pollards which a German shell had cut down and thrown across the road. For a time the battalion that faced this position allowed them to remain unexplored; but a small patrol on the night of December 5th caught a German working party industriously wiring the trees and making a machine-gun obstruction of the fallen timber. The Canadians were driven off by heavy fire and they returned to report the situation to the artillery. The Canadian guns tried to smash up the menacing barricade; but the tall, thick trees prevented the shells from reaching the works. On three nights volunteers crept out along the ditches which lined the road and, supported by the motor machine guns working far ahead of our trenches, attempted to bomb out the enemy garrison, but always they were driven back with loss. One party from the Strathcona's Horse, after a daring daylight reconnaissance, managed to gain the barricade, only to be thrust back with practically every man wounded.

On December 14th the 5th (Saskatchewan) Battal-

ion took over this portion of the line and determined to make a vigorous attempt to dislodge the Germans. The 3rd Battery Canadian Artillery brought their guns down the road almost to our trenches and fired point-blank at the barricade for three nights and at intervals during the day. At one time a party of about twenty of the enemy broke from cover under the shelling and were caught by our machine guns and snipers, one of the latter alone accounting for five of the Huns. The men from Saskatchewan worked like beavers every night, constructing a sap from the road-side ditch so that they could outflank and rush the barricade at their next attempt.

On the night of the 15th one of the field-guns was hauled to within a couple of hundred yards of the obstruction by an armoured car of Eaton's battery, and at four in the morning all our guns concentrated on the barricade for five minutes, firing twenty-five rounds each. As they lifted to cover the main German trench, grenadiers and riflemen of the 5th Battalion rushed from their sap and entered the fortress. The guns had done their work well and the holding of the barricade had been costly to the Huns. Only two live Germans were taken and these were hurried back prisoners to our lines. The redoubt was a chaos of splintered tree trunks, sand-bags, and broken wire. Fortunately wire connected with German land mines was found and cut in time, and the Canadians proceeded to place their own mines. The remnants of the famous barricade were blown up and, but for one brief period, it always remained a Canadian post. Each night a machine-gun party would garrison the place and play havoc with what German patrols came near; but early one evening, about a week later, the Germans managed to again get possession. The news spread rapidly in the Canadian trench and willing volunteers stalked through the ditch, finally driving out the Huns. One Regina sergeant, crawling forward, actually

climbed one of the great trees near the barricade, although laden with a bag of grenades, and from his vantage-point sprinkled the Hun garrison with bombs, scattering them until his comrades arrived and killed them or took them prisoners.

During the remainder of the month the Canadians were kept busy in maintaining the line. It was a typical French-Flanders winter and the water gained headway in the trenches despite continuous pumping. Dug-outs crumbled in and altogether the first taste of winter in the line which the Canadians experienced was enough to destroy the morale of the finest troops. The sector they were holding was a long one and few battalions could be spared in support or in rest billets at one time. Six-day tours were the regular order. But in the towns behind there grew up a system which helped to offset these hardships and which freshened up the fighting infantry even with the shortest rest. Bailleul, Dranoutre, Locre, and Neuve Eglise, although battered and still under shell-fire, became little havens for the men weary of the trenches. The versatile engineers rigged up hot baths for the muddied men from the line; battalion laundries which dried out, even if they did not clean the men's clothes, sprang up; and for the first time cinemas were started, although the films were few and far between. One Canadian brigadier got special leave to London and loaded up with thousands of feet of film, which " red tape " forced him to smuggle into his lines; but he got his precious load through successfully, although he suffered a reprimand for his temerity. But the scheme was soon copied all along the line. It was not all recreation for the men, though, and hard training kept them from getting soft.

Artillery bombardments and nightly patrols were the order in the line, but as the Christmas season approached the Germans manifested a willingness to fraternize. They sometimes showed themselves on

their parapets, but they were summarily forced to the conclusion that there was no fraternizing coming from our side. On Christmas orders were issued that if the Germans showed themselves we were at first to fire over their heads and then turn the machine guns loose. The first burst of fire decided the enemy and he contented himself with yelling in English from the safety of his trenches, "Happy Christmas, Canadians! For the love of Mike can't you keep quiet!"

Christmas in billets, in spite of lowering skies and a vista of battered buildings, was cheery. There were plum puddings from Canada, fruit and cigars, and parcels from home to add savour to the mid-day meal. Turkey was at a premium, but many an officers' mess sported it. There were sing-songs and dances and a concert with divisional talent — the beginning of those divisional concert parties which afterwards became famous all over the Western front and in many of the larger towns of France. And then the celebration of the Prince of Peace ended abruptly and the time of working parties and fatigues began again.

One of the typical Christmas experiences in the line was that of the 13th (Montreal) Battalion. At dusk the Highlanders sent a patrol through the German wire. It crawled along the ditches of the Messines-Stinking Farm road and was out under the German parapets for nearly four hours. One lonely Hun was playing Christmas tunes on a cornet; others could be heard in altercations over games of cards. Some were singing German carols. From our own lines was wafted the music of a gramophone. To the right another patrol was unlucky enough to get into a fight in which several Huns were wounded by our bombs; and mingling with the music came the groans of the wounded.

From Christmas to the New Year there were several severe patrol fights; but no amount of scrapping could make the German forego celebrating the occa-

Canadian Official Photograph

A WINTER SCENE ON THE CANADIAN FRONT

sion. Just before midnight, large numbers of German flares, red and green and golden, shot up from the German trench, and, although the full-throated German festivities could not take place, they gave vent to their feelings by singing in part-song *Die Wacht am Rhein*. It was taken up along the whole line and sounded in the distance like a lonesome sigh for Home — and Fatherland. At two places, which could be traced by the sound, full brass bands played thunderous Wagner. Our artillery did not bother them; but the watchful Intelligence officers noted the location of two new battalion headquarters.

CHAPTER IX

HOLDING THE SALIENT, 1916

1. The Fighting at St. Eloi

AT Ypres, in those gruelling April days of 1915, Canada's soldiers gained their golden spurs and won fame throughout the Allied armies. After Ypres came Festubert and Givenchy, — with hard fighting, but no major operations, — in which the men from the Dominion found out the value of machine guns and considerably increased this part of their organization, although the scheme was frowned upon by the Imperial command. The partly successful British attack at Loos was followed by the gradual shifting northward of the straining point on the western line. At Christmas, 1915, authority was received for the formation of the 3rd Canadian Division. The first two divisions were then fully up to strength and there were good reserves at Shorncliffe.

The new division was, as we have seen,[1] put under the command of Major-General Mercer and was composed of the 7th, 8th, and 9th Infantry Brigades. The 7th Brigade, under Brigadier-General A. C. MacDonell, who commanded Strathcona's Horse, included the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry,[2] the Royal Canadian Regiment, the 42nd Battalion of Montreal (Royal Highlanders of Canada), and the 49th Battalion of Alberta.

The Royal Canadian Regiment was first raised in 1883 as a battalion of the permanent force. A detachment took part in the expedition in North-West Can-

[1] See *ante* p. 207 et seq.

[2] See Vol. II, p. 311 et seq. of this series.

ada in 1884-85. In 1889 the 2nd (Special Service) Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, was raised for service in the South African War.[1] An Imperial crown on the badge was granted by Queen Victoria in 1894. At the outbreak of the Great World War the regiment was brought to full strength at Halifax, and in September, 1914, sailed for Bermuda, where it relieved the Imperial garrison, the Lincolnshires. After about eleven months' service it was relieved by the 38th Battalion from Eastern Ontario and reached France in November, 1915. For a considerable time the regiment was in training with the 2nd Brigade; but when the division was formed it was the first regiment to be attached.

The 42nd Battalion had seen three months' instructional duty in the trenches before the 3rd Division was formed; and the 49th, which was composed of miners, farmers, and railwaymen from the North-West, had had the same experience.

The 8th Brigade consisted of Canadian Mounted Rifles from various parts of the Dominion, which had been under the command of Brigadier-General Seely, Secretary-of-State for War in the pre-war Asquith Cabinet, the decision having been finally arrived at that cavalry would be of little use in the European end of the war. The 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles were raised in Saskatchewan, and the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles and 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles in Central Ontario. The 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles came from Quebec and included the sons of many French-Canadian farmers. All these battalions had been trained in cavalry style up to the time of their arrival in France.

The 9th Brigade was made up of regiments from the Middle West and Central Ontario and had had training with the 1st Division previous to joining the 3rd Divi-

[1] See Vol. I, p. 291 et seq. of this series.

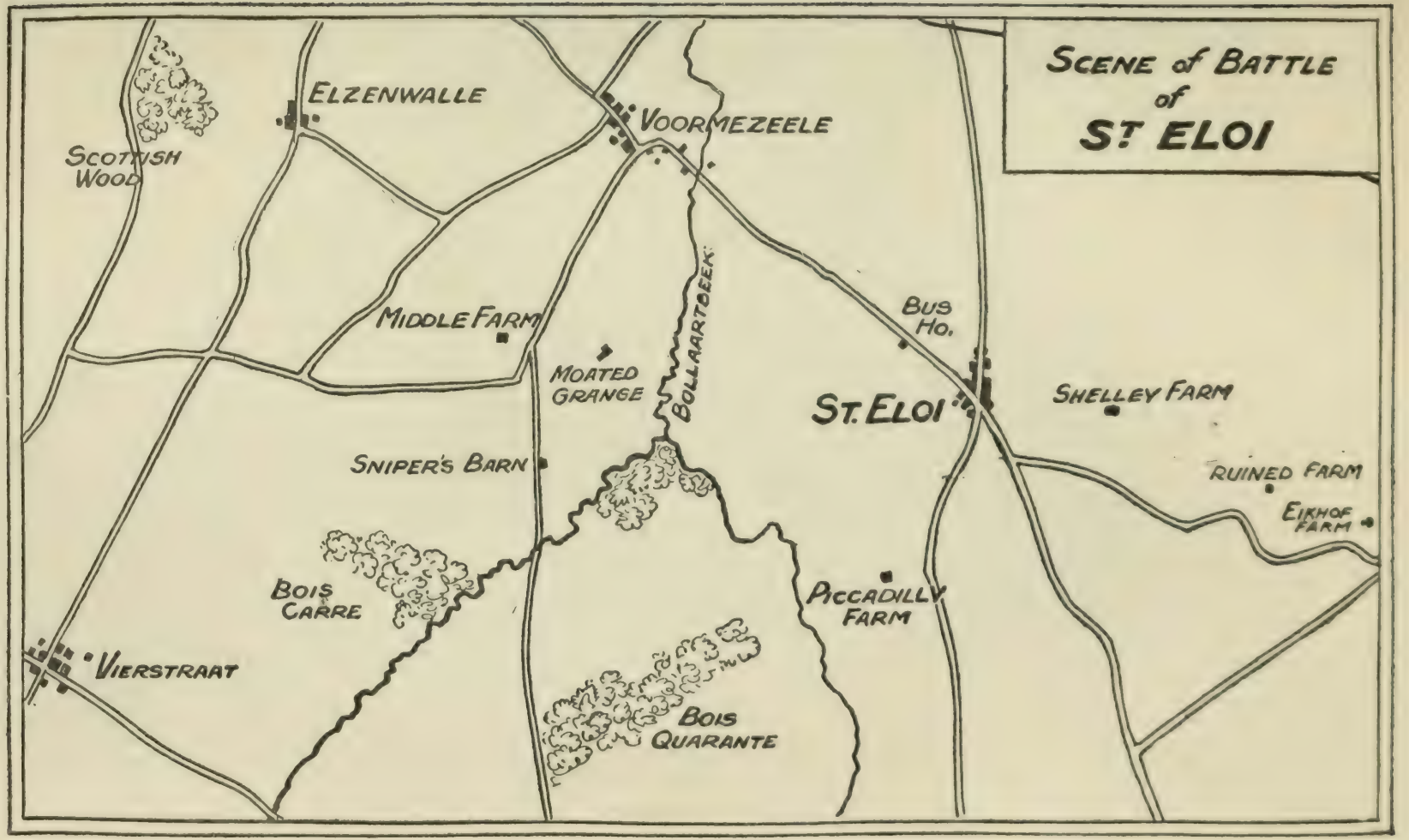
sion. The battalions were the 43rd from Manitoba, the 52nd from Manitoba and Northern Ontario, and the 58th and another composite battalion from Central Ontario.

There were various Imperial artillery and engineer units attached to the division until after the Somme, when it was brought to full strength with Canadian reinforcements.

In the early part of February the 1st and 2nd Canadian Divisions, refitted and reinforced, were sent back into the " bloody salient " at Ypres, in support of the Fifth British Corps, this time to guard the southern end of the circle that barred the way to Calais and the English Channel.

The Germans, at this date, again had considerable numbers of troops massed in this sector, and it was thought that they might make one more desperate drive for the northern British bases. By making the attempt and gaining partial success they at least would draw Allied troops away from the Somme front, where there were all the signs of concentration for a combined Anglo-French offensive.

Up to the time of the return of the Canadians to the Ypres salient, British divisions in as great strength as could be spared had struggled bravely to better their positions at St. Eloi and Hooge, two shattered villages on rising ground that had a considerable advantage over the flat plains of Flanders. Hooge was a hamlet of about twenty houses grouped at cross-roads on the main highway from Ypres to Menin. North of the main road, situated in a wood, was a strongly built château with large breeding stables, the property of a wealthy French follower of the turf. South of Hooge was Sanctuary Wood, where the great fighting of June was to take place; and further south still were Zouave Wood and Maple Copse — all names made famous by Canadian soldiers. The trees of these woods were blasted by shell-fire into shapeless,


SCENE of BATTLE of ST ELOI
ELZENWALLE
VOORMEZEELE
SCOTTISH WOOD
MIDDLE FARM
MOATED GRANGE
BOLLAARTBEEK
BUS HO.
ST. ELOI
SHELLEY FARM
SNIPER'S BARN
RUINED FARM
EIKHOF FARM
BOIS CARRE
PICCADILLY FARM
VIERSTRAAT
BOIS QUARANTE

splintered spikes; but the undergrowth of brush grew amazingly and was quite heavy during May and June, affording much shelter for infantry. The knoll on which was St. Eloi, on the Ypres-Wytschaete road, sloped gently down towards the German trenches, and every movement in the enemy's second line could be seen. But St. Eloi in turn was dominated by several German observation posts, of which Eikhof Farm, about one thousand yards behind the enemy's line, was one; and another was the northern end of Messines Ridge. These mounds had changed hands a dozen times; but the swaying lines were swung back by counter-attacks; and for the best part of six months preceding the advent of the Canadians they had been in British possession.

The trenches in this sector had, for the most part, been obliterated by the deluge of shells which the German heavy guns poured into the British defence works. The little rivers, — mere creeks, — turned from their natural courses, had taken the line of least resistance, and with few exceptions flowed through what were supposed to be the Canadian trenches, undoing the repairs the British had made against the ravages of German shells. Some of the British divisions which had held grimly on during the winter of 1915-16 suffered appalling losses. British engineers for several months had been tunnelling under the higher parts of the German position in the hope that some day our turn would come for an offensive and the mines would be used.

Throughout February the two Canadian divisions acted in close co-operation with the Imperials. On February 13th the Canadian artillery helped materially to check the enemy from breaking through at what was known as the Bluff, a spoil bank on the Ypres-Comines canal. Later the Canadian 6th Brigade took over part of the northern end of the line to relieve the Northumberland Fusiliers and other Imperial units. The 28th

(Regina) and the 29th (Vancouver) had a short, sharp encounter in the dark with the enemy, whom they found filing into the front-line trench from No Man's Land.

The bad luck of the Canadians commenced right at the start; for it was in the fighting of February that both Brigadier-General A. C. MacDonell and Brigadier-General R. G. E. Leckie were wounded by stray bullets while they were making an inspection of the forward posts.

On March 2nd the Imperials decided to make an attempt to regain the ground lost at the Bluff, and the Canadian artillery was again called in to help. It was the heaviest bombardment the Canadians had ever put over, and the lesson was not lost on them. The Imperial troops, following the barrage, regained and consolidated the lost ground with fairly light casualties. During this attack the Dominion troops to the north put up an effective fake assault that drew away the German reserves. Hundreds of smoke bombs were thrown from the Canadian trenches; bayonets were flashed over the parapets in the glare made by thousands of flares; and machine guns blazed away at the trenches opposite. The guns the Canadians had retained in position concentrated on the German support lines and prisoners taken later told of tremendous slaughter. The Germans did not attempt to retaliate, and the Imperials regarded themselves as " top-dog."

Later in the week the Canadian divisions relieved the 3rd (Imperial) Division, which had put up one of the most determined fights against odds recorded to that time. The Germans were furious at the delay the taking of this sector was causing them. They were more furious when they got identification from one of our patrols and discovered that what they termed " Colonial troops " were then opposed to them. According to a document that subsequently found its way to the British Intelligence Department, special orders were issued that the Canadians were to be taught a lesson

and their spirit was to be broken. The German High Command had smarted under the failure of the attack on Ypres in April, 1915, which one German correspondent attributed to the " foolishness of the farmer and citizen soldiers from Canada who did not know when they were defeated." Fresh German troops were continually being brought to the relief of those which kept up the pressure on the Hooge-St. Eloi line, and the German regiments were relieved on the average every ten days. British and Canadians were generally in the trenches for a " tour " of a month. In all, fourteen German divisions were identified at various times against the three which held the southern end of the salient.

By March 7th the Canadian Corps — the 3rd (Imperial) Division had then been withdrawn — began taking over the whole sector. Major-General Alderson was still in command. The 1st Division was under Major-General A. W. Currie, later to become corps commander; and the 2nd was commanded by Major-General R. E. W. Turner, V. C., later chief of the Canadian Staff in England. The 3rd was commanded by Major-General M. S. Mercer, who was subsequently killed. The line stretched from Hooge, with sharp, uncomfortable angles, down south as far as St. Eloi. It had been a terrific battle-ground since the autumn of 1914, when the British Guards held off the enemy at the First Battle of Ypres. April, June, and July, 1915, had seen sanguinary divisional combats with resulting fluctuations of the line. To change corps under such conditions and always in the dark, with trenches partly wiped out, was a delicate operation; and it was not until April 8th that the Canadian corps was actually responsible for the line. The 3rd Division had useful experience by brigades acting with the Imperials.

Before the St. Eloi section was taken over the Imperial troops decided to make one more attempt to

better the line. The Canadian 2nd Division was placed in reserve in case things went wrong. Six huge mines under the German front line, on which the Imperial engineers prided themselves, were blown. The shock was so terrific that it shook towns several miles behind the lines. When the British infantry rushed the position they found huge yawning holes where once had been enemy strong points, and they were packed with German dead. A fairly strong line was established on the far side of the craters — the shell-battered craters of St. Eloi.

For a proper understanding of the story of the fighting about St. Eloi a description of the location of these giant craters is necessary. They were numbered later by the Canadians. Looking south from the original line No. 1 was a small hole about twenty yards across, to the right of the Wytschaete road. No. 2 was the largest of all, about forty yards in diameter, almost on the road. No. 3 was only slightly smaller and fringed the rubble that had been the Ypres-Warneton road. Nos. 4 and 5 were smaller again, and still further to the left; while Nos. 6 and 7 were only ten yards in diameter and just in front of the original British line at Shelley Farm, near where the Princess Patricia's had fought in March, 1915.

Into this shell-shattered region, a welter of mud and slime, the ground strewn with the debris of war, the 2nd Canadian Division was sent to hold the gains made by the 3rd (Imperial) Division. The 6th Brigade, under Brigadier-General H. D. B. Ketchen, took over the front lines, while the 5th and 4th Brigades remained in support. On the right was the 27th Battalion, with the 29th in support; on the left the 31st, with the 28th in support. The two leading companies were on either side of the Ypres-Comines canal. Their advance was made in the dark, through slime knee-deep, and among shell holes that threatened death by drowning or suffocation to the unwary. In the confusion they went

further than intended, adding a strong German point to the line and making an enemy patrol prisoners.

The task of the 6th Brigade was to relieve the 76th (Imperial) Brigade, which claimed to have consolidated the line on the far side of the craters on April 2nd. The position was not clear, as the aeroplane scouts were helpless, owing to the bad weather which persisted. The concentration of shell-fire and the mine explosions had made the ground worse than a quagmire, and a trench with not more than two feet of water in it was considered good. There was no proper wire protection, although here and there a strand showed through the glue of the earth. Only the continual shriek of shells and the hiss of machine-gun bullets told the Canadians of the proximity of the ever-watchful enemy. The shell holes and the drier spots of the trench lines were still full of British wounded, and the early dawn of April 4th was devoted to getting these suffering men out — no easy task with all communication trenches obliterated and a nerve-racking trip overland through continuous shell-fire. All day during April 5th the enemy concentrated a terrific bombardment on the little Western garrison of the craters and bits of trenches, practically annihilating them. But the remnant held on, crouching in shell holes half filled with water and with British and German dead as grim companions. It became imperative to take drastic and immediate measures to improve the defences. Major-General Turner made a personal inspection of the isolated posts and encouraged the men, promising help if possible before the dawn.

The Canadians energetically went at the task of bettering their trenches and, with the aid of two Canadian pioneer battalions, recent arrivals in France, much work was done on the night of the 5th. It was difficult to keep the defensive works, once they were repaired, from silting into the awful morass. It was a Titan's task to bring up material. In many places

that night, and the following nights, huge working parties, sometimes numbering as many as three thousand, were deepening the mockery of communication trenches and revetting them with brush mats, brought from miles behind the lines. Thousands of filled sandbags were brought from gravel pits in back areas in a desperate attempt to build parapets that would not ooze away. Engineering parties managed to turn many of the wandering streams which had played havoc in our lines so that they ran into the German trenches. Dug-outs were provided with pumps which cleared out at least some of the water. The rain — it was in a way a blessing, for it concealed this work from the prying eyes of the enemy — continued. Quite a length of wire was quietly placed in No Man's Land. It looked as if we had won against time and weather.

In bald official language Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig tells of the swaying battle of the craters as follows:

"On March 27th our troops made an attack with the object of straightening out the line at St. Eloi, and cutting away the small German salient which encroached on the semicircle of our line in the Ypres salient to a depth of about one hundred yards. The operation was begun by the firing of six very large mines; . . . and large numbers of the enemy were killed. Half a minute after the explosion our infantry attack was launched, aiming at the German second line. The right attack met with little opposition, and captured its assigned objective; but the left attack was not so successful, and a gap was left in possession of the Germans, through which they entered one of the craters. The following days were spent by both sides in heavy bombardment and in unsuccessful attacks, intended on our part to capture the remaining trenches, and on the part of the Germans to drive us from the positions we had occupied. In the very early morning of April 3rd we succeeded in recapturing the

crater and the trenches still held by the enemy, thereby securing the whole of our original objective. . . . The work of consolidating our new position, however, proved extremely difficult, owing to the wet soil, heavy shelling, and mine explosions; though pumps were brought up and efforts at draining were instituted, the result achieved was comparatively small. By dint of much heavy work the brigade holding these trenches succeeded in reducing the water in the trenches by two feet by the morning of the 5th. This state of affairs could not, even so, be regarded as satisfactory; and during the 5th the enemy's bombardment increased in intensity, and the new trenches practically ceased to exist. On the morning of the 6th the enemy attacked with one battalion supported by another; he penetrated our new line, and gained the two westernmost craters. It is difficult to follow in detail the fighting of the next three weeks, which consisted in repeated attacks by both sides on more or less isolated mine craters, the trench lines having been destroyed by shell-fire. Great efforts were made to maintain communication with the garrisons of these advanced posts, and with considerable success. But there were periods of uncertainty, and some misconception as to the state of affairs arose. On the 11th it was reported to me that we had recaptured all that remained of the position won by us on March 27th and April 3rd. This report, probably due to old craters having been mistaken for new ones, was subsequently found to be incorrect. The new craters, being exposed to the enemy's view and to the full weight of his artillery fire, have proved untenable, and at the present time our troops are occupying trenches roughly in the general line which was held by them before the 27th."

Of the German attack on June 2nd (to be dealt with later), the Commander-in-Chief says in his official report:

"The second enemy attack was delivered on June 2nd

on a front of one and a half miles from Mount Sorrel to Hooge and succeeded in penetrating to a depth of seven hundred yards. As the southern end of the lost position commanded our trenches, I judged it necessary to recover it, and by an attack launched on June 13th, carefully prepared and well executed, this was successfully accomplished by troops on the spot. Neither of the enemy attacks succeeded in delaying the preparations for the major operations which I had in view further south."[1]

It will be noted that no mention is made of Canadian troops taking part in these encounters. It was the policy of the British authorities not to mention even Overseas units at this time.

It is best to divide the adventures of the Canadians during this "tour" of the Ypres sector into three parts: the partial success of the German attack; the failure of our counter-attacks owing to weather and mud; and the consolidation of our ground behind the famous craters with a line that finally held against frenzied German onslaughts.

On the morning of April 6th the real crash came. At first in the dim light the enemy were mistaken for one of our working parties. There had been so many of these out in No Man's Land that orders were never to fire on unknown patrols, but always to rely on close grips and the bayonet. It was the 6th Brigade, under Brigadier-General Ketchen, that got the full force of the attack. The 27th and 31st Battalions were in the front line. An intense bombardment launched by the Germans on the left of our position was followed by a massed assault, the enemy coming in droves along the Ypres-Wytschaete road, resulting in the loss of the original German front-line trench, recently captured by the Imperials, now partially obliterated by shell-fire, and in places choked with

[1] The Commander-in-Chief referred to the Somme.

dead piled high on the top of each other. "Our front line was no line at all," said an officer of the brigade, describing events afterwards. Rapidly following up this turn of events, the German infantry carried on through and made a desperate attempt to wrest two of the most important craters from the Canadian garrisons, an attempt which was doomed to failure, the men of the 31st putting up a stout resistance with bombs and machine-gun fire and beating the enemy back. Nothing daunted, the Boches came over again and attacked another of the craters, held by a garrison of ten with a Lewis machine gun. Obviously underrating the rugged determination of these surviving Canadians, the Germans advanced to within two hundred yards of the lips of the crater. The effort was completely smashed and over forty of the enemy dead were afterwards counted.

Before noon the foe swarmed over the "porridgy" surface time and time again and by sheer weight of numbers overpowered the garrisons of the craters and wiped out our posts in inundated shell holes. Two of the craters, Nos. 2 and 3, were strongly occupied and later fortified by the assailing Boches; but counter-attacks by parties of the Canadian battalions were organized and advanced towards their objectives from two directions. An attack from the right was engineered by men from the 28th and 31st and from the left by the 27th and 29th. Both were doomed to dismal but not inglorious failure. The raid of the right party broke down completely. Its participants were faced by a withering fire from machine guns and concentrated shelling by the enemy's heavy guns, and the shocking state of the intervening bog was not the least of the obstacles that could not be overcome. They did all human beings could do. Many of the Canadian bombers died in the miry sloughs of despond which linked up the quagmires of pulp from which the strongest men laboured in vain to extricate themselves. The

Canadian Official Photograph

A MINE CRATER WITH THE LIP CONSOLIDATED

bombers of the left attacking party fought their way through a pitiless shell-fire to what were generally supposed to be craters Nos. 4 and 5, but which were in reality 6 and 7. Such confusion could be reasonably expected in the face of such dire circumstances. One crater was held until late in the afternoon by a party of the 31st; then it, too, was overwhelmed.

Throughout the days that followed the position was beyond description, so fraught with uncertainty and indecision had been the fighting up to this point. The enemy made repeated attacks, chiefly upon isolated detachments of the various battalions. The periodical assaults upon the surviving Canadians, who held on grimly to the crumbling ruins of two of the craters, were usually made only when the brave defenders had been demoralized by most intense shell-fire.

All through April 6th and 7th the guns of the enemy kept up a terrific bombardment of our back areas. The 18th (London) and the 21st (Kingston) Battalions, which were brought up to Dickebusch, also got unwelcome attention, losing many men on the march through back areas. The 28th Battalion, in reserve during the morning at Voormezeele, was so badly shelled that it moved forward "for safety." Attempts were made by officers of this battalion to reconnoitre the area of the craters; and bombing parties were sent forward in the vain hope of reaching parties of the 31st Battalion who were fighting a game holding battle against vastly superior forces.

On the morning of the 7th it was found that the Germans had effected their relief and we had fresh troops facing us. From information given later by prisoners it was evident that the attacking forces had suffered heavier casualties than they had expected. On the same day the Canadian 4th Brigade, under Brigadier-General R. Rennie, won their way through to take over from the exhausted 6th. This brigade's losses had been over a thousand, but they had by sheer

pluck minimized what the Germans declared in their *communiqué* was a great victory.

The fighting to the right of the 6th Brigade had been severe also, and in this the 4th had been helping. General Rennie had put out strong machine-gun posts and many were the grim encounters in the dark, drizzly night. Fredericton Fort, a strong cement and sand-bag redoubt which the Germans had built just to the right of the Wytschaete road, was the last place holding, even after craters Nos. 2 and 3 had fallen. The final message that came over the wire from the fort was: "We are retiring."—Then the line broke. A gun crew of the 24th (Montreal) fought through straggling Germans and found there two captains and two men. The rest of the garrison were killed or seriously wounded. They held out for about an hour longer and then managed to win their way back to the original Canadian trenches while there was a lucky diversion caused by the concentration of shelling on crater No. 2. In other places, some of them mere inundated shell holes, small parties of the 25th (Nova Scotia) Battalion were hanging on and stayed until late on the night of April 7th, when all that could be reached were ordered to withdraw. The German raid, which had developed into an onslaught, had succeeded; but it was not the success the enemy had anticipated; nor was it worth the price they paid, thanks to the tenacity of the men of the 2nd Division.

The Canadian counter-attacks to regain some of the lost ground really began on the night of April 8th-9th. Parties of the 21st Battalion made a desperate attempt to bomb out the German garrisons in crater No. 2, but found the enemy in greater strength than reported. They came back and got fifty more men despite the heavy fire. But the Germans had given the alarm, and the tornado of shells and machine-gun bullets which swept the new No Man's Land drove the Canadians back, three-quarters of their number being cas-

ualties. At the same time a party of the 18th attempted to reach crater No. 3, but were also driven back, having to content themselves with establishing a post about two hundred feet from the German position. The 19th (London), on the right of the edges of craters Nos. 6 and 7, could give little assistance, owing to the terrific fire which the Huns kept centred on the craters. The men of these battalions put forth superhuman efforts and scores of deeds that were recorded at this time won signal honours. One forward garrison had to be sent rations in broad daylight, so bad was the ground, and the operation was carried out successfully in spite of the unwelcome attention of the German machine guns.

One of the things the German High Command could never understand was the initiative shown by the isolated posts which held on so grimly. The German soldiers and junior officers when surrounded and out of touch with their commanders at headquarters generally surrendered, regarding their work in the battle as useless after they had been cut off from the directing hands of the military machine. The opposite was the case with the Canadians. Groups which were surrounded would fight miniature battles of their own until they were wiped out or happier conditions brought them again into touch with their comrades. It was a question of both courage and philosophy.

Urgent messages from Canadian headquarters at this time read, " You must get on at all costs." The little bands renewed their attacks again and again. One machine-gun party of the 20th (Toronto) held crater No. 6 for a whole week against repeated attacks by German bombers. Partial success attended the efforts of the 21st, and Fredericton Fort was regained and held. This force almost drove the German garrison from crater No. 2, killing many of the enemy in a surprise rush. Then came more efforts towards consolidating the uncertain line we held. Desperate give-

and-take fighting, in which the Germans were as uncomfortable as the Canadians, took place day and night until the 12th, when the 5th Brigade, under Brigadier-General D. Watson, relieved. The reconstruction of the position was begun in earnest. Craters Nos. 6 and 7 belonged to us, but the enemy could observe almost every movement in them from his higher ground. Sackville Centre, an old German strong point to the right, and craters Nos. 1 and 2 were wired and made into posts although the situation of the garrisons in them was precarious and the supply of ammunition, food, and water haphazard. For some reason the violence of the German attacks waned and immediate advantage was taken of this by General Watson, who every night had out large working parties, sometimes numbering two or nearly three thousand men, linking up these various posts through the spongy soil.

On April 15th two desperate attempts were made by the Germans to bomb out the garrisons in craters Nos. 6 and 7, but they failed miserably, with heavy losses to the attackers. Fortunately at this time some semblance of communication trenches had been constructed and the plucky men in these craters were frequently relieved. Men could never have existed, let alone beat off sanguinary attacks, under the conditions that prevailed, and a day and a night in these craters was more than the strongest man could stand.

Gradually on the night of April 18th the 6th Brigade filtered back into the line for another " tour." They had had a short rest and refit at Voormezeele. Life in reserve had not been *dolce far niente;* for the German heavies made existence above ground impossible, and the losses of reinforcements coming up to the line were not light.

April 19th witnessed another strong German attack in the evening, following a brief but intense bombardment. The craters that had been won back into Canadian possession were again carried by the enemy, and

the garrisons suffered bitter casualties. On the morning of the 20th an organized attempt was made by two parties to recapture the lost positions, and a valiant fight against tremendous odds resulted. The battle fluctuated and was desperately waged throughout the day, but the pounding of the German guns and the undoubtedly great strength of the opposing machine guns proved too much for the attackers. When night came only one thing was certain beyond argument — the Canadian front line was still valorously held, though the main craters were in the hands of the Germans.

Two parties on the 29th, under Lieutenants C. R. Myers and H. St. J. Biggs, held on to their positions in craters Nos. 6 and 7, — those nearest the Canadian line, — but after enduring an intense bombardment for over three hours they were practically out of the fight. Few had escaped death or wounding and the rifles of those who were still able to put up a show of resistance were for the most part clogged with mud. At length came the final counter-attack of the Germans, delivered mercilessly on those who had survived the short, fiendish bombardment. But the gallant remnant of this heroic little band stood firm against overwhelming odds, clinging to the mire of the craters, struggling to work the few rifles still fit for use and the machine guns that had not been smashed or buried by the terrific shell-fire. Lieutenant Myers, though severely wounded, rallied his little band time and again, holding the enemy in open range of the machine guns, which inflicted terrible punishment. Biggs' party, with smashed rifles as clubs, fought tooth and nail with Germans twice their number. The enemy at length succeeded in bringing two machine guns to the edge of the crater. The officer in charge of the attacking party called out in English that brave men should not recklessly throw away their lives. It would have been suicidal to resist longer and with Biggs' consent his battered, exhausted men threw down their arms.

Their surrender signalized the end of one of the bravest fights against odds that took place on the Western front. Meanwhile Lieutenant Myers and five of his heroic band had made a dash for safety to the Canadian lines, having to endure a terrific barrage on their journey, but all six, though wounded, winning their way through. These were the only survivors of the defenders of craters 6 and 7.

Another chapter in the fighting for the craters was over and had ended disastrously for the Canadians. But the officers and men, from the Divisional Commander downwards, had done all that was humanly possible. The conditions had been of the vilest description, and for three weeks the situation had been precarious.

So mauled and misshapen now was the ground around the craters which the Germans had won from us, the enemy himself found it useless; and for several weeks, up to the time the remaining Canadians left that section for Sanctuary Wood and Hooge, he contented himself with sending out strong patrols, and even some of these met short shrift from our men, still full of fight. In these actions the losses of the 2nd Division alone were well over four thousand.

St. Eloi was an infantryman's struggle; nevertheless the artillery played their part, although completely outgunned by the Germans. The enemy, for practically the first time, used gas shells in their counter-battery fire. For our guns it was delicate shooting, especially when opposite lips of the crater would be held by opposing forces; but the gunners shifted their weapons unceasingly, and their fire was wonderfully accurate considering that for the most part of the time they were, owing to the bad weather, without aeroplane observation. The Canadian howitzers played havoc with the German support lines, and prisoners gave unwilling tribute to the appalling effect of our large shells in the villages which sheltered their reserve troops. They

told of one 15-inch shell that had landed in a crowd attending a cinema show at Gheluvelt, killing and wounding over one hundred of the Würtembergers.

The men of the field ambulances and clearing stations were magnificent. The writer had the privilege of visiting one station in the brewery at Voormezeele when it was at its busiest, fighting to rescue from imminent death men that were brought in on continuous lines of stretchers. The top part of the building was a rubble of broken bricks, the best kind of shelter from the frequent shelling of the Red Cross flag. Down below, reached by sloping passages wide enough to take the stretchers, were clean, cool chambers where the surgeons worked night and day. During the heavy fighting over a thousand cases received attention in twenty-four hours. Another miracle, too, was the way the ambulance men managed to get their charges through the wide hinterland, always under observation, and always shelled.

In the little wood near-by, at this time with a carpet of flaming poppies, the cemetery grew apace. At one corner was the grave of Lieut.-Colonel Farquhar, the gallant commander of the Princess Patricia's, one of the first Canadians to fall in this section.[1]

2. The Battle of Sanctuary Wood

Again the trend of the fighting moved slightly north. Directly south of Hooge is Zouave Wood, and ahead of that, towards the enemy's line, joined to it by a narrow neck of splintered trees, is Sanctuary Wood. It stretches southward to the slopes of Observatory Ridge, at this time almost all in German possession. The ridge divides it from Armagh Wood and Mount Sorrel. Just north of Sanctuary Wood, slightly to the left, is Maple Copse, another wood which will remain

[1] See Vol. II, p. 330 of this series.

famous in Canadian history. To call them woods or copses was to give them courtesy titles; for they were practically nothing but blasted stumps, like some New Ontario forest which has been fire-swept. In the early days of the war the trees had been so thick that the British Guards Division had found them a gift from the gods, and sheltering in them had turned back the Germans in their first attempt to get Ypres. One remarkable feature of these plantations was the quick way in which the undergrowth recovered and struggled back to life despite the poison from bursting shells. In many places it made excellent cover for crawling patrols and snipers.

Gradually during May the Canadian Corps took over these positions. It is possible that the Imperial High Command had obtained information that there was to be another attempt to take Ypres from the south. The high ground at the northern end of Sanctuary Wood near the Menin road, Hills 61 and 62, and Mount Sorrel, all vantage-points which made the rim of what might be called the last defences of Ypres, were still in our possession. From these eminences, all of them less than two hundred feet high, one could scan the green, watery plains of Flanders, part bog, part awry with cultivated fields grown wild. The Germans, on their side, were not lacking in good observation posts, but in spite of this we managed to get in a valuable amount of construction. All through the woods the Canadians built little forts of cement and sand-bags, and in addition they dug a V-shaped support line, called the Appendix, which came to an apex in Maple Copse.

On May 28th Major-General Sir Julian Byng, who had distinguished himself in command of the 3rd British Cavalry Division, succeeded Major-General Alderson, the latter returning to a home command in England. General Byng at once caught the fancy of the troops from the Dominion, and it was not long before

Canadian Official Photograph

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JULIAN BYNG, K. C. M. G., ETC.

they came to be known as "The Byng Boys," from the title of a popular sketch then running in London. The new commander of the Canadian Corps was born in 1862 and was a direct descendant of Admiral John Byng, who was unjustly executed in 1757 on account of his conduct during the operations for the relief of Minorca. At the age of twenty-one he joined the 10th Hussars, and with it saw service in the Soudan in 1884. He first won distinction in the South African War, taking part in the relief of Ladysmith, the Battle of Colenzo, the operations on the Upper Tugela, the advance through Natal, the advance to Middleburg and Komati Poort, and in the drive that ended in the capture of De Wet. He was for a time chief of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Canterbury and of the 1st at Aldershot. For several years before the outbreak of the Great World War General Byng was commander-in-chief of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt. He had been recalled to superintend cavalry training at Salisbury Plain, but he was there for only a short time. In the second week of November, 1914, he did valiant work with the 3rd Cavalry Division during the First Battle of Ypres. In the critical days of Gallipoli he was sent to that theatre of war, and was recommended for promotion for his services there. General Byng had thus a wide experience in the art of war and was recognized as a "master of tactics." In every way he was admirably suited for the command of the Canadian Corps.

The coming of June found the dispositions of the corps roughly as follows. The 3rd Division was on the left, represented by the 7th Brigade. This brigade was at first commanded by Brigadier-General F. O. W. Loomis, but on June 6th Brigadier-General A. C. MacDonell, recovered from his wound, returned and took charge. The 7th had already seen some service in this section. The 8th Brigade (Brigadier-General V. A. S. Williams), composed of Mounted Rifles act-

ing as infantry, was in the centre; and the right was held by the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division, reaching down as far as Hill 60, which was disputed territory, sometimes held by us, sometimes by the Germans. The 4th Mounted Rifles held the fringes of Armagh Wood. The 1st Mounted Rifles garrisoned Hills 61 and 62 and the front line as far south as Sanctuary Wood.

There had been ominous quiet on the part of the Germans. The Canadian Intelligence Staff had wind of fresh enemy troops and guns arriving, and it was thought that an attack was more than possible. Early on June 2nd the assault came. The enemy's concentrated fire at St. Eloi had been regarded as terrible, but it was as a passing shower to a winter's gale compared with what was let loose on the whole area. The trenches at St. Eloi had been heaps of mud scraped together; here the lines were fairly dry and well constructed; but they crumbled away before the terrific blast. Most of the shelters in the woods were blown to fragments or were caved in. Sand-bags, tree stumps, and cement blocks cumbered the earth. The bombardment was the heaviest that had been experienced on the Western front up to that time.

The attack was not unexpected, and on this eventful morning Major-General Mercer, commander of the 3rd Division, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Lyman Gooderham, had gone forward to inspect the positions of the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles near Mount Sorrel, where the Germans had constructed some mysterious "T" saps, evidently intending to use them as jumping-off places. On his way to the front General Mercer called for Brigadier-General Williams of the 8th Brigade. About 8.30 a. m., as the generals went forward, they were subjected to a bombardment from trench mortars; but the party passed through this without casualties, and reached Lieut.-Colonel J. F. H. Ussher's headquarters, situated close to the front line. Led by Colonel Ussher, they at once

proceeded on their tour of inspection. Everything was found satisfactory. The trenches were in good shape and strongly held and the men eager for fight. About nine o'clock, while the inspecting officers were standing in the front line near the communication trench known as O'Grady Avenue, without a moment's warning a deluge of shells came over. It was learned afterwards that the Germans through their admirable spy system were aware of the very hour at which the Divisional Commander was to inspect this section. They had a vast assemblage of guns from Pilkem Ridge to Wytschaete. They had planned to bombard the Canadian position later in the day, but due to the information received they began their bombardment while the inspection was in progress. All their guns were now concentrated on the small sector held by the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles. Immediately the bombardment opened Mercer sent Ussher to his headquarters to bring into action in retaliation the entire artillery of the 3rd Division; but the barrage put over by the Germans had destroyed all the wires. Ussher thereupon sent two pairs of runners with messages to the guns.

While this work was in progress a shell struck the edge of the trench where the Canadian generals and Lieutenant Gooderham were standing. Williams was seriously wounded and both Mercer and Gooderham were thrown down and, for the moment, stunned. When they recovered from the shock they succeeded in having Williams carried into a sheltered trench known as the "Tube." General Mercer then made his way to Ussher's headquarters; but there was little security here. Hour after hour the bombardment continued; dug-outs were crumpled in; trenches were obliterated; and the casualties were enormous. After a time the fire slackened and Mercer, who had miraculously escaped injury, determined to push his way back to his headquarters to organize resistance to the

attack that the enemy would inevitably put over. He was still feeling the effect of the shock he had received, and as he went towards the rear, just before one o'clock, he had to be supported by Gooderham. The communication trenches had all been obliterated, and in this trip, made overland, there was but little shelter to be gained. Just as they reached Armagh Wood a chance shot hit Mercer in the leg, breaking a bone. His aide dragged him into a near-by ditch and did everything in his power to ease his suffering. Shortly after this event the bombardment lifted over Armagh Wood, and the Huns swarmed through the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles. During the night eight attempts were made to recover the lost ground. While the fourth attack was on a British shell burst close to Mercer and a piece of shrapnel pierced his heart. Gooderham, who had gallantly stood by him until this moment, remained alone in No Man's Land until the morning of June 4th, when he was found by the Germans and taken prisoner. In the meantime Brigadier-General Williams, who was lying during the bombardment in a tunnel used as an advanced dressing station, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and with many other gallant officers and men was carried off to a German prison. Some days later the body of General Mercer was found in Armagh Wood. His remains were carried back to divisional headquarters and buried in the Canadian cemetery at Poperinghe. Thus passed one of Canada's most promising and brilliant leaders. His name had already been mentioned as a possible corps commander when the time came for Canada to command her own troops.

Later in the afternoon Major-General Hoare Nairne, an Imperial Staff officer attached to the Canadians, took command of the 3rd Division, and Lieut.-Colonel J. C. L. Bott, of the 2nd Mounted Rifles, took over the 8th Brigade, which was temporarily carrying on under Brigade-Major Stevens. The loss of Generals Mercer

Canadian Official Photograph

DUG-OUTS IN THE YPRES SALIENT

and Williams caused some confusion in the early part of the battle.

Early in the afternoon the Germans followed their bombardment by advancing in dense masses. The Imperial defenders, who held part of Hill 60, could see the grey lines moving forward in heavy blocks, but could afford little help by enfilading fire. Companies of German *flammenwerfers* preceded the main attack, throwing liquid fire on Canadians who were holding out in the posts ahead of our main line. The Germans, though badly punished by our guns, overwhelmed the plucky men of the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles, driving what survivors there were through their support lines and fortified posts, which had crumbled under the bombardment. Only thirty or forty men escaped, managing to gain shelter with the battalion on the right, which had not suffered so badly from the shelling and whose trenches were in fairly good shape. That day the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles suffered six hundred casualties in that first stubborn defence.

The experiences of the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles to the north made the same dismal story. With their front line demolished and their support line badly battered, outnumbered three to one, they had to fight off the advancing hordes by combining in isolated groups where there was a semblance of shelter left. Companies of the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles had been rushed into the fight from reserve, but even then the increasing tide of German infantry could not be stemmed. A splendid fight was put up from a fortified post in the Appendix system which had escaped serious attention by the German guns, and the men of this garrison, the 1st Mounted Rifles, repelled more than a dozen bombing attacks by Prussian Guard Reserves. Although at many times surrounded they held out until the next day, when the reserve line was stabilized and they were relieved. It was the fight that these men put up right in the centre of the at-

tack which kept the whole line from being overwhelmed.

When the German wave swept through the Mounted Rifles it left open the right flank of the Princess Patricia's, which battalion had two companies in the front line, part of which was in what was known as the Loop and the rest in a reserve communication trench. Here stood the men of this gallant regiment ready to fight to the death. While they waited and fought an appalling explosion shook the earth and rent the air and the Loop went up like the cap of a volcano. When the dust settled the company stationed there was found to be practically annihilated. But the survivors, retreating to the communication trenches, joined the support company and continued their heroic resistance. Driven back by the hard shelling and the mine, one company found itself in the rear of the Germans who had got through the Mounted Rifles, and they poured in such a terrific fire that for a time the attack wavered. The other company held grimly to their front trench through all the shelling, and resisted repeated attacks for eighteen hours after the bombardment opened.

A party of about fifty Germans entered a place called Border Trench, and here again they were bayonetted out by the "Pat's," which famous regiment was putting up a tremendous fight with all its old dash and bravery. The Princess Patricia's colours, which were in the front line, were sent back to brigade headquarters under a young lieutenant, who had to fight his way through, but arrived safely with his precious burden after a very perilous journey. Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Buller, the commander of the battalion, who had moved up to a trench called Warrington Avenue with all his available men in an endeavour to stem the German advance, was killed while leading his men. The news spread rapidly and his soldiers fought with reckless bravery to revenge him. The Canadians succeeded in blocking the trenches called Warrington Avenue

Canadian Official Photograph

EMPLACEMENTS OF GUNS IN SANCTUARY WOOD

Captured by the Germans and recaptured by the Canadians

and Gourock Road, and, bombing away all comers, — sometimes making sorties with the bayonet, — held on. Another party of the Princess Pat's found themselves in the Appendix system and the communication trench leading towards Hooge, and they, too, stuck to their posts, although their losses were heavy.

The position to the right was serious, for here practically no support line existed, and the Huns now held our old front line and looked down into the Canadian trenches. It was imperative to keep them from the reserve line which was in the rear, and in the afternoon a company of the Royal Canadian Regiment manned this position. During the afternoon an urgent call from the 8th Canadian Brigade came for help in their sector and two companies of the 42nd (Montreal) Battalion went forward to Maple Copse to reinforce this brigade, which was being hard pressed in a renewed attack from Sanctuary Wood. These two companies arrived at an opportune time and turned the fighting in this locality in our favour.

Companies of the 49th (Alberta) Battalion, who had been in reserve, were brought up and helped man the reserve trench, which some determined Germans had reached; while other battalions from the 9th Brigade and several companies of British infantry, which made an astounding trip from the ramparts at Ypres, were also placed in this system, which had to be held at all costs. The Germans were blocked at every place late that afternoon, and the worst part of the attack was regarded as over. They had been outfought in hand-to-hand conflicts and they showed no disposition to try to force a conclusion. But the fact that they were held was not sufficient, and a midnight counter-attack was planned. The 49th charged forward from Gourock Road Trench; and although caught by a heavy barrage, their attack was not deflected by it. It was such a thrilling sight in the flares that some of the Princess Patricia's stood up on their parapets and cheered the

men from the Western province. They suffered heavy casualties, but the attack was successful, and they eased the pressure that might have threatened our reserve line. Next night the 7th Brigade was relieved, and had a long rest in billets until June 22nd, when it came back into the Hooge sector. The Canadian Corps after this fight received a congratulatory telegram from Sir Douglas Haig, complimenting them on the defence they had put up.

During this battle two sacrifice 18-pounders of the 1st Divisional Artillery had been placed in Sanctuary Wood under Lieutenant C. P. Cotton. They had been carefully camouflaged and escaped the attention of the Germans until spotted by a German aeroplane late in the morning. They did excellent work all through the attack, their fire being directed by runners who came back from the infantry with the ranges. When the line was broken it was impossible to get them away. One had been put out of action by a direct hit about noon; but the gallant Cotton, wounded in several places, — one eye-witness told me he could hardly see for the blood streaming down his face, — and a wounded corporal were firing the remaining gun point-blank at the enemy coming over the top of Observatory Ridge. German machine guns finally killed the game pair, but not before they had put many of the foe out of action.

Late in the afternoon the Germans, temporarily checked by the new line that held on each side of the Appendix, ferociously attacked the original line further to the left, by Hooge, and were driven off with great loss, every Hun that got inside our parapet being bayonetted by men of the 25th Battalion.

The situation was obscure to the Divisional Commander, but he knew it was precarious, and headquarters questioned whether the present line could be held against another such onslaught. Then the Germans themselves relieved our anxiety. They hesitated,

and the density of the bombardment faded just as complete victory seemed in their grasp.

Further south the 1st Division, which had had only the fringe of the assault to beat off, maintained their line practically intact, only giving way where they had to fall back and link up with the hard-pressed troops to the north. The 2nd Brigade drove out a strong German detachment, which had gained Armagh House, a shattered remnant in the wood of that name, and finally established complete touch with the 8th Brigade on the fringes of Armagh Wood. After a conference between the divisions it was decided that it was time for the Canadians to take the initiative and attempt to gain back some, at least, of the lost territory. If only partly successful the attempt would relieve the situation.

Nine battalions were to be brought into the vicinity of the line after dark. Movement was impossible by day. The 7th and 10th Battalions of the 2nd Brigade, all of the 3rd Brigade, and the 49th, 52nd, and 60th of the 9th Brigade were chosen. The hour of the attack was fixed for dawn on June 3rd, and it was resolved to spread the attack over as large a front as possible and clear the enemy from Observatory Ridge and Mount Sorrel. But roads were hopelessly blocked and many of the battalions were late in arriving at their jumping-off positions. It was raining heavily, and the wet packs of the men grew to be such a burden that the officers allowed them to throw them away. Communications were difficult and part of the artillery were not told that 2 a. m. was the hour to start the barrage. It must be remembered that this was in the days before the Canadian scheme of building light railways to relieve congestion on the roads had matured.

Although it was a dangerous thing to do, plans were altered at the last minute and the zero hour was changed to 7 a. m., it being hoped that battalions would

get to their appointed places by that time. The barrage was not as successful as it might have been, and instead of wiping the Germans out by surprise, gave them a chance to get ready for the attack. The 7th and 10th Battalions struggled through terrific machine-gun fire, cleared most of Armagh Wood, and a few men managed to reach the German line at the fringes of Mount Sorrel, where they got to grips with the German reserves. Then, badly enfiladed from those machine-gun posts which had not suffered from our guns, they had to yield ground that had been won at heavy cost.

The brunt of the attack was carried out by the 3rd Brigade, which formed the centre. This was composed of three famous Highland battalions, the 13th (Royal Highlanders of Montreal), 15th (48th Highlanders of Toronto), and 16th (Vancouver 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, 50th Victoria Highlanders, and 79th Cameron Highlanders of Winnipeg). All these battalions wore the Seaforth kilt. Another splendid regiment in the brigade was the 14th (Royal Montreal Regiment). The brigade had made an illustrious name for itself at St. Julien, at the Orchard of Festubert, and in front of Kemmel. They had had a fairly quiet experience since the beginning of 1916, although they had been in several lively raids. Lord Kitchener had inspected them in February and had praised them as one of the smartest Highland brigades on the front. The brigade had been brought up from its rendezvous at a place called Belgian Château to Zillebeke Switch Trench, and been heavily shelled all the way; but in spite of casualties and the drenching rain the men were in good spirits. It was with them also a race against time to get to Rudkin House in Maple Copse, which was to be their jumping-off place. But they were there at the appointed hour; and with pipes skirling, the 14th and 15th jumped into the attack, the former being on the left and the latter on the right,

Canadian Official Photograph

RUINS OF ZILLEBEKE VILLAGE

and charged for Hills 61 and 62, their first objectives, at 7.10 a. m., after the artillery bombardment. The advancing troops came under a withering artillery fire immediately they left their jumping-off trench; but they advanced along the ridge with the coolness of the veterans they had proved themselves to be, in spite of heavy losses. The 14th, under its second-in-command, ran into concentrated fire of almost incredible weight of metal. Practically half the strength of the battalion went down, but the line re-formed automatically and for nearly three hundred yards they continued towards the German trenches, one lieutenant and about a dozen men actually entering the Hun line. But these isolated parties never returned, being either killed or taken prisoners.

The main lines of the two battalions reached a line in advance of Rudkin House, but in face of the intense enemy fire on the open ridge could advance no further, and were compelled to drop back slightly to the south-east of the line Maple Copse-Rudkin House, which they maintained after digging in, again having heavy losses while doing so. This trench was later in the day greatly improved and became the Canadian's front line.

The 14th suffered most in this advance. At the time it began to dig in its strength was reduced to one-third of the original complement, and the major in command, although wounded, kept charge of the firing line until the position was established, when he handed over to a young lieutenant. This officer, although twice blown up by exploding shells and once rendered unconscious for a short time, maintained the command until the battalion was relieved. Another young lieutenant from Montreal fought a little battle of his own, when, with his party, he advanced on the left, only to find that they were cut off and under enfilade fire. They halted, lined up, kept sentries posted and patrols out, and were in touch with the enemy all day. When

night came the Germans concentrated a fire from trench mortars and other guns on this small force and their position became untenable. One sergeant from Montreal showed magnificent courage. Time and again he left the trench and brought in wounded men from the patrol and dressed their injuries. Just as the party were retiring to the main trench he was killed by a bomb from a trench mortar. Another sergeant commanded an isolated party to the right of the main trench all day and also brought the remnant of his men back. For this exploit he won his commission on the field. Lewis machine-gun teams, which kept up with the first attack, reached positions on the forward slope of Observatory Ridge facing Mount Sorrel. Two of the teams were annihilated, with the exception of one private, who recovered his gun, repaired it, carried it forward, set it up, and, having secured a stock of ammunition, lone-handed, kept it going throughout the day. At night he brought it out intact and reported casually to his officer in the line. It was an outstanding feat in a day of heroic deeds.

At eight o'clock in the evening the enemy started their counter-attack opposite Observatory Ridge. A company of the 16th Battalion, which had been in support, were ordered into closer touch with the front line. A company of the 13th went with them. The 16th were then ordered to attack if the enemy regained a footing on the ridge. Heavy barrages were directed against the ridge, but the enemy changed his mind and no serious attack occurred, although several times the Germans started from their positions.

The next day, June 4th, the situation along the front was generally quiet, and the Canadians went on with their preparations for another attack, after proper artillery preparation, on June 6th. Sanctuary Wood, Maple Copse, and Observatory Ridge were heavily shelled for the two days intervening, and on June 5th a heavy bombing attack was made on the Sanctuary

Canadian Official Photograph

TRENCH FROM WHICH THE 14TH BATTALION MADE THEIR CHARGE

Wood end of the line. But the Highlanders were on the alert and gave the enemy such a reception that it fizzled out before our trench was reached. Practically during all this time there was a heavy downpour of rain; and it was decided to abandon further immediate operations owing to the fact that through lack of aeroplane observation the artillery could not register close enough. By this time, too, the men were physically exhausted, though they were quite prepared to resume the offensive if required. It had been a week of extreme hardships, the men having to lie exposed in ditches and behind hedges in rain and mud, with never a dry day. Most of the time there were no trenches available, only the narrow ditches the men had dug for themselves. The advance of the 14th and 16th, which had borne the brunt of the fighting, had resulted in what would have been a fine feat for the best troops in the world. These men had come to unknown ground on an unknown task, through miles of country under heavy shelling, without showing the least trace of loss of morale. They had advanced through some of the most severe barrages that had been launched against the Allied troops up to that time, and had established a line where a menacing gap in our defences existed. They had reclaimed what had been written off as lost by General Headquarters, and had established a line which was now dangerous to the enemy as a possible jumping-off place for a fresh attack by us.

Northward, around the Appendix, there had been slighter gains. The 49th and 60th Battalions charged desperately through the isolated posts of the Princess Patricia's and won back some of the strong points on the edge of Sanctuary Wood. The counter-attack here, as further south, never gained its objectives, but it showed conclusively that the Canadians retained their spirit and were by no means the broken, despondent troops the Germans hoped to make them. Casualties in this Sanctuary Wood fighting were heavy. The

whole 8th Brigade estimated theirs at three thousand, and the 7th at a thousand; but they stuck to the line they had gained and improved the trenches with the help of two newly formed pioneer battalions, which were, for the time, under heavy fire.

3. The Battle at the Knoll of Hooge

The position was holding, and the Corps Commander, far from being discouraged, was planning an even greater counter-attack. But the German Command, also, was not idle, and on the night of June 6th the enemy again launched a violent attack, shifting still northward, this time at Hooge, the little village on the Menin road which the Germans regarded as a vital position that kept them from breaking into the salient which barred their way to Ypres. They already held Mount Sorrel and the craters, though their capture had cost them heavily.

The 6th Brigade was again in the line. The enemy used fresh Würtemberger regiments, and they came through in broad daylight in masses, fully equipped with packs, as if they, this time, intended to stay. They were preceded by *flammenwerfers,* which sprayed liquid fire into what Canadian defences had withstood the bombardment. There were fierce hand-to-hand encounters in the ruined stables of Hooge Château, which held out until high noon, the rubble of bricks changing hands more than a dozen times. The 28th (Regina) occupied the front trench, with the 31st (Alberta) in close support; and the 27th (Winnipeg) and 29th (Vancouver) were in reserve. Intense and devastating as had been the earlier bombardments at St. Eloi and Sanctuary Wood, it is a question if any single one of them equalled that which the Germans delivered on the Hooge positions at seven o'clock on the morning of June 6th. They had brought heavy railway howitzers from various parts of their front to help out their

other massed guns. For seven hours the guns roared continuously and the shells crashed into the crumbling trenches of the 28th Battalion. Long before two o'clock, the hour when the attack took place, the intentions of the enemy to drive the Canadians from Hooge and thus straighten out their line became patent. At precisely two o'clock four large mines were exploded under the Canadian trenches. The losses of the 28th were appalling.

Then the guns slowed down and the German infantry advanced over their parapets, confident that few men could be living to resist them. Their optimism, as far as the front line was concerned, was justified, and they walked fully equipped into the demolished lines, bringing with them parties of pioneers, unchallenged. That, however, was the limit of their success; and further along the line, at Bellewaarde Farm, which had for the most part escaped the bombardment, they were treated with scant consideration by the 16th (Imperial) Brigade. They also found a hornets' nest in a batch of the 28th Battalion's machine guns, which had posts on both sides of the Ypres-Menin road. This bunch of Canadians caught the enemy coming in massed formation along the highway, and waited until they were about two hundred yards away, when they literally sprayed them with death. Five times the German infantry returned to the attack against the reserve line held by the 28th and the 31st west of Hooge, only to be resolutely checked and driven back by the Westerners; and despairing of smashing the left of the brigade support line, now representing the Canadian front line, they attacked the copse-encumbered strong points in Zouave Wood. Again the attempt to break through failed, although some of the posts fell into the enemy's hands.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, the rubble heap of Hooge was again in possession of the Germans; but again the stout defences of the Canadians' support

lines had frustrated any ulterior motives the enemy might have had regarding Ypres. The 6th Brigade had fought another great uphill action; had added more laurels to their record by their courage and determination; but the toll in lives was heavy. The Hooge battle marked the beginning of the end of the brigade's activities around Ypres, and during its farewell months in the salient it enhanced its reputation by several successful raids. On August 14th the King visited the battalions and watched a fresh bombardment of the craters by the Canadian artillery; on August 18th General Sir Sam Hughes inspected the men in camp; and before the end of the month they were well on their way to further adventures on the Somme.

About June 7th the weather cleared and the preparations for the great Canadian counter-attack, interrupted by the German onslaught at Hooge, were continued. On June 11th there was the largest concentration of artillery the British had ever had on their front. Guns were borrowed from armies on either side, from Dixmude to Arras, even from the Belgians. Lloyd George's great munition campaign was making itself felt at the front, and there was now no lack of ammunition. The Stokes gun was coming over in large quantities, an ideal weapon to use in close warfare. The Germans had not discovered the secret of it, and thought the tremendous explosions its high-angle shells made were from aeroplane bombs. They used to fire their anti-aircraft guns wildly through the night in order to drive off the imaginary planes with noiseless engines. The early morning of June 12th was very squally. Zero hour was timed for 1.30 a.m. For some days the 1st Division had been back resting in billets, preparing for the post of honour in the attack. Most of the 2nd Division was holding the line. The front approximately was as follows: The 6th Brigade (2nd Division) was at Hooge; 9th Brigade

(3rd Division) from Zouave Wood, through the Appendix, to Maple Copse; 5th Brigade (2nd Division), Hill 60 to the Ypres-Comines canal. Brigadier-General G. S. Tuxford and Brigadier-General L. J. Lipsett were given command of the main attack, it being felt that their knowledge of the ground would be of advantage. In a general mélange of the battalions Lipsett took command of the 1st (Western Ontario), 3rd (Central Ontario), 7th (British Columbia), and 8th (Little Black Devils, Winnipeg). Tuxford, on the left, had the 2nd (Eastern Ontario), 4th (Central Ontario), 13th (Royal Highlanders, Quebec), and 16th (Canadian Scottish).

For several days the artillery had been practising concentration shoots at various parts of the German system, and each time the Huns had manned their trenches ready for an attack. It got on their nerves, and when the assault did finally come off it caught the enemy just as he was carrying out a relief. Careful Staff work by both the 1st and 2nd Divisions had prepared the way for the attack, and both General Currie and General Turner spent much time in forward posts, getting first-hand observation. Flare signals were arranged so that headquarters would know when objectives were gained. There was a special distress rocket to be fired if things went wrong — but it was never used. The attack was carried out with consummate skill and secrecy in spite of the handicap of the rain, which came down in torrents. The new barbed-wire defences we had built were removed without the Germans even suspecting. The three-quarters of an hour bombardment did all that was expected of it. According to the estimate of Major-General H. E. Burstall, who commanded the Canadian artillery, Mount Sorrel and Hill 62 trenches were shelled on a front of two thousand yards and a depth of one thousand yards. Altogether ten thousand yards of German line was raked several times in that concentrated

bombardment. Watching the effect of the bursting shells, Burstall turned to a Corps Staff officer who was with him and said gleefully, "Now they can go over with their rifles slung if they want to." It was not quite as easy as that, and casualties were not light; but there was no question of our having turned the artillery trick on the enemy.

The 3rd, 16th, and 13th Battalions jumped off in the order named from right to left. With their colonel in command the 3rd filed through the dense undergrowth, in most places waist high, of Armagh Wood. So rapid was their advance that they got ahead of the German barrage and reached the enemy's line with few casualties. The heaviest fighting was around an old Canadian strong point in which the enemy had two machine guns. The place had been captured on June 6th and had been much strengthened. This was finally stormed and the whole garrison bayonetted. Only forty minutes from zero hour the 3rd Battalion sent up flares showing that they had gained their objective. Part of their right attacking party was held up for a short time, but the 1st Battalion came to the rescue and the victory was complete.

The attack, then, had begun like clock-work. By 3 a. m. large parties of bewildered German prisoners were being passed through the British lines to the collecting cages. The great number of wounded they brought with them was confirmation of the efficacy of the work of the guns.

The 16th Battalion did not have such an easy time. Scouts reported to the commander, Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Leckie, that there was an old trench some fifty yards ahead of their position which was not marked on the map and which was unoccupied. Colonel Leckie decided to take a chance and put his men there and thus escape the German barrage when it opened. It was a dangerous thing to do, but luck was with them. If a German patrol had succeeded in reporting the move-

ment, the whole element of surprise in the attack would have been lost. Keen scouts actually did find a German patrol, but it was surrounded, all the time unsuspecting, and was gathered in when the assault took place. The 16th gained its final objective with a great deal of opposition from German machine guns, and consolidated. But the 13th were held up by a trench which the artillery had missed; and it was not until supports had been sent to their help that it was again possible to advance and secure the objective. The casualties during these operations were heavy; it was desperate work and the men fought desperately; but the losses sustained were offset by the value of the result of the attack. The brigade lost altogether slightly over two thousand, killed, wounded, and missing.

Two machine-gun posts behind the German line caused much trouble after the objective had been achieved. A Vancouver captain grabbed a rifle and scouted around to the rear of one of these, where he picked off all but two of the crew, who fled as he charged them with the bayonet. The other gun was rushed by a bombing party and its crew killed or taken prisoners.

The 13th Battalion was not so lucky in escaping the German barrage; but it pushed its way through and after heavy bombing encounters got to the north of Hill 62 and linked up with the 16th. It was found that the rain and our shells had practically wiped out the German line; and pioneers and engineers were rushed up after the fighting had been going on about two hours, when the main action had been won. These men worked heroically in a terrific downpour of rain; and by daylight the Germans found themselves facing an almost impregnable line where had been their battered trenches. There were one or two concentrations which looked like preparations for counter-attacks, but our artillery disposed of them. The victory

was well won. We were once more masters of the heights that commanded Ypres.

Captain Talbot Papineau, a brilliant, noble officer attached to the Corps Staff, who was afterwards killed, wrote his impressions of this battle-field, which were afterwards published in *Canada in Flanders.*

" Looking north from the works which we still maintain on Hill 60, . . . the first impression was one of blight — as though a devastating plague had suddenly descended on these woods and fields and hills, had blotted out the natural green of Nature, and churned up the earth into sordid masses of mud. The blaze of sunshine and the blue sky flecked with slow-moving clouds could not wipe out the ugliness of the prospect. Man had defaced Nature until the charm of Nature had vanished.

" Gaunt and grey and menacing, the prospect of the low hills swept out from the feet of the observers. Below were the shattered remains of Square Wood and Armagh Wood. Observatory Ridge, lost and recaptured, stood in front, its coppices full of the memories of hidden machine guns. Behind there peeped out the higher grounds of Hills 61 and 62, to which the remains of Sanctuary Wood still climbed upwards. On the right rose Mount Sorrel, where the grim earth and shattered trunks still met the clear sky. Behind, in contrast, the green fields of high grass stretching towards Ypres ringed this land of death. The uncut crops, grown wild, had attained an unwonted luxuriance. Here and there a bunch of scarlet poppies might have drawn their intense colour from the gallant blood which had soaked the earth beneath. The unkempt hedgerows, no longer tall and neat, ran back to the city behind, and the beheaded and scarred poplars remained as mute witnesses to the strife of man. Yet Nature was attempting to assert herself, and through this summer's growth of verdure to cover the riot of battle.

ARMAGH WOOD FROM OBSERVATORY RIDGE

Canadian Official Photographs

SCENE IN SANCTUARY WOOD

"Scattered beneath this innocent mantle of green are innumerable shell holes, old crumbling trenches full of the memories and odours of death, graves and graveyards marked by the crosses commemorating the long-forgotten captains once well loved by their regiments, and of humble privates perhaps still remembered. The torn and trampled equipment, the empty ammunition boxes, the remains here and there of shattered bodies, which human care and energy had been unable to bury, all await the healing tide of Nature which will cover them in its due time. On the roads behind lie the bodies of dead horses, with the flies thick on their congealed sides, killed in the effort to bring up to the assaulting battalions the necessities of war and livelihood. Yet of these, too, the poet has written that their cups are the calm pools and the winding rivers, and that care never breaks their healthy slumbers. Even over all that quiet countryside has come the continued spray of bursting shells, week after week and month after month, and if you look closely into every tree and field and ruined house, every yard of that wide landscape will show its wounds. We shall remember when the time of reckoning comes. . . . Against the sky-line the new Canadian trenches ran, marked by the new outlines of red earth."[1]

[1]*Canada in Flanders,* by Lord Beaverbrook, Vol. II, pp. 240-41.

CHAPTER X

TRENCH RAIDS

AS we have seen, one of the features of the fighting in which the Canadians took part in 1915 was the development of the trench raid, invented and perfected by the men from the Dominion, adopted by the Imperials as a regular part of trench warfare, and even copied with a varied amount of success by the Germans themselves. The raids gradually grew in magnitude until sometimes they appeared to be serious frontal attacks. One successful raid later in the year was carried out by two whole brigades. It was never the intention of the raiders to hold the works "cut out," but merely to destroy as much trench and as many dug-outs as they could in the allotted time, kill as many Germans as possible, and gather in prisoners or anything that would help identify the enemy and disclose his plans.

By the beginning of 1916 the Canadians had become enthusiastic raiders and each operation was watched with great interest. There was intense rivalry between the battalions and scores of variations were carried out. On January 30th, 1916, when south-east of Kemmel, the great hill of Flanders, the 6th Brigade elaborated on the original scheme carried out at Petite Douve Farm,[1] and again the Canadians were successful. It was a larger affair than that of November and was conceived and carried out by men in Brigadier-General Ketchen's command. Parties of thirty men were selected from the 28th (Regina) and 29th

[1] See *ante* p. 228 et seq.

(British Columbia) Battalions and carefully trained at the brigade's bombing school. The two parties entered the German trenches at the same moment, at places over a thousand yards distant from each other, the wire having been cut earlier in the night by scouts. Each party contained a number of bombers, as it was decided to rely on the bomb rather than the bayonet, which was cumbersome in a trench. Camouflage helped the raiders to terrify their startled enemy. The men blackened their faces with burnt cork and dressed in snipers' coats which rivalled Joseph's of many colours. Four minutes after the attackers went over, the watchers in the Canadian trenches heard their bombs exploding. In five minutes the Vancouver men had cleaned up the trench and were returning. The Saskatchewan party stayed the limit of eight minutes and met with more resistance. Three prisoners were brought in by men of the 29th, and it is estimated that twenty Germans were killed and wounded, while the Canadian casualties were but two wounded. The 28th found that a German relief was in progress where they jumped in, and they finished off their supply of bombs with terrible effect. Unlike their co-raiders, they failed to return scot-free, losing three men before the signal to clear out was given. The prisoners included an officer of the Prussian Guard and men from three different regiments, all of which the British Intelligence Branch had been searching for up and down the front.

In April the Germans began to imitate the Canadian raids, which was just what we expected and were prepared for. Near Hooge, on the night of April 3rd, the enemy tried three times to enter the trenches held by the 7th Brigade. The first was at ten o'clock, and was beaten off by our bombers with no loss to ourselves, while the enemy left five dead. At four in the morning our patrols spotted twelve men sneaking into an old sap leading to the Canadian line. The Cana-

dians quietly took a machine gun into the other end of the sap and opened fire. Unfortunately the curve of the trench protected the raiders and only one was killed, the rest, some wounded, getting back to their lines, only thirty-five yards away. The third raid came off as day was breaking, when ten Germans and an officer entered the Canadian trench where the parapet was low and made their way along a ditch which ran alongside the Menin road. This raid was more of a surprise than the previous two. Immediately the Germans entered the trench, they seized a Canadian lance-corporal and four men who were occupying a post. The German officer was ahead with a revolver and shot two of our men who attempted a rescue. The enemy started for their trenches with their prisoners while German machine guns, leaving a gap for them to return, played along the top of our parapets. Our return fire killed three of the Germans, and the remainder scattered, releasing their prisoners. Three of the Canadians were hit while attempting to get back to our line. The German officer was killed as he reached his own wire, and when daylight dawned he was seen straddled on the barbed strands. Only two of the Germans reached their trench alive.

Just before the Canadians trekked southward for the Somme, on August 17th, the Royal Canadian Rifles staged a raid in which were many thrilling incidents. In the early morning a sergeant and three men placed a long ammonal tube under the enemy wire close to where a sap entered our lines. A raiding party of sixteen under Lieutenant Bole attempted to rush the enemy trench through the gap as it was exploded. The enemy were "standing-to," waiting for the attack, and every person in the party became a casualty. Three men reached the German trench and threw their bombs, doing much damage, and started back through the enemy's machine-gun fire. The support party of the Canadians then came up, and our batteries, which

Canadian Official Photograph

A GERMAN AMMUNITION DUMP FIRED BY BRITISH SHELLS

had been signalled the failure of the raid, opened fire on the German front line. Under cover of this fire all the casualties were rescued, and the gap in the wire was filled in ready for the German counter effort. But none materialized. The raid was an example of the precautions taken in case of failure: the affair was so conducted that, even if the enemy's trench should not be temporarily captured, the enemy would be unable to take advantage of the Canadians' discomfiture.

August saw all the Canadian divisions, with the exception of the 4th, which reached France by brigades only on the 11th, 14th and 15th of that month, on their way to new battle-fields of the Somme. Mouquet Farm, Courcelette, and the Zollern Trench are other names that figure in Canada's military history. But the fighting at the craters and at Hooge, from the hardships endured and the casualties sustained, takes rank among the most desperate in which the Canadians were engaged during the Great War.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

THE CANADIAN INDIANS AND THE GREAT WORLD WAR

NOTHING in the war has more genuine interest than the action of the Canadian Indians in energetically espousing the cause of Great Britain and her Allies and spontaneously enlisting in the Expeditionary Force. The proportion of Indians in the force was small, but the power of their example was strong, and, as individual Canadians, they did not weaken the strength of our offensive, and even added something to the daring and efficiency of our troops. If to be singled out by the foe for particular mention as a component part of their enemies worthy of special opprobrium is any distinction, it may be claimed for the Indians, who were depicted by the Germans in war-paint and with feathers, with scalping knives and tomahawk complete, ready to carry out upon the childlike soldiers of the Fatherland their treacherous and cruel practices. No doubt, ere long, the Germans had a wholesome fear of the Canadian methods of fighting, of the efficiency of our sharp-shooters, and the sudden, desperate nature of our trench raids. It is not too much to claim that the alertness of our troops, their ability to make use of natural advantages, and their daring and unrivalled resource in the type of warfare that developed, had a remote Indian origin, and as for the Indian himself, there is no doubt that he excelled in the kind of offensive that had been practised by his ancestors and was native to him.

As the original fighter of this continent, the Indian invented and perfected a system of tactics that finally gave the more powerful tribes complete ascendancy

over weaker Indians, and that was often used with terrible success against the peaceful white settlements, and even against regular armies. It was not until the white man adopted Indian methods of ambuscade and foray and developed a fighter as cunning and resourceful as the Indian that he could meet his aboriginal foe on equal terms. Before the advent of the white man, a group of native tribes had originated a confederation which became so powerful that it could dictate terms to its opponents, and did, in fact, ensure peace by the terror inspired by its efficient and ever-ready war machine. The Six Nation Confederacy in their relation to the tribes whom they called their allies are the prototype of a successful league of nations; they enforced peace on those they conquered, by the maintenance of an overpowering organization of warriors, and preserved it among the component parts of their confederacy by a cunning arrangement of blood relationships.

When the British colonies in North America began to enlarge their boundaries, they were confronted with Indian territorial claims which were supported by a formidable force, and a wise policy of conciliation was dictated by Great Britain. The aboriginal title to the soil was recognized and solemn formal treaties were made, whereby the peaceful settlement of the Indian lands was secured. At the same time the Indians were flattered by conspicuous attentions and by treatment as allies until their military power should have weakened and altogether disappeared. The wisdom of this policy was confirmed by events, and is now recorded as a bright page in the history of the British colonies. It successfully weathered many a local storm, and when, in 1775, the supreme test of allegiance arose, it destroyed the hopes of the Revolutionary party and ranged Joseph Brant and the most active and able warriors of the Six Nation Confederacy on the British side. It continued to animate relations after the close

of the war, and revived in 1812 with loyal ardour. It brought Tecumseh and his Western warriors under Brock's command, and the Indian forces participated in every important engagement — at the capture of Detroit, at Queenston Heights, at the defences of York and Fort George, at the Thames, at Beaver Dam and Lundy's Lane, with Morrison at Chrystler's Farm, and with de Salaberry at Chateauguay. Many Indians fell in the defence of Canada during this war. Among their number was Tecumseh himself, who was killed in action at the Battle of the Thames.[1]

The activity of the Indians in opposing the encroachments of the United States naturally excited against them the highest degree of resentment on the part of that power, and there was reason to believe that upon the close of the war the very existence of the Western tribes would be threatened. In order to avert this danger it was necessary for the British authorities to take special precautions at the time of the drawing up of the Treaty of Ghent, which closed the war. The provisions of the treaty stipulated that all hostilities with the Indian tribes should cease and that all the possessions, rights, and privileges enjoyed by them prior to 1811 should be restored. The financial losses of the Indians in the war were estimated at £4,750, and their claims were paid by the British Government.

The Indians remained loyal to the Canadian Government in the troublesome period of 1837-38, and on one occasion during the rebellion rendered a very important service. A body of insurgents on Sunday, November 4th, 1838, made an attempt to surprise the Indians of Caughnawaga. The Indians were in church and were warned of their danger by a squaw. They routed the rebels and took seventy prisoners, whom they delivered to the authorities in Montreal upon the following day. The gallantry of their conduct in this affair

[1] See Vol. I, p. 126 et seq. of this series.

formed the subject of a commendatory despatch from Lord Glenelg to Sir John Colborne.[1]

Such, briefly, are the traditions of loyalty that have been established by the Indians of Canada in the wars of the past. The Canadian Indians of to-day have fully maintained these traditions and have, moreover, enlarged them to a remarkable degree. Their ancestors defended the British cause in America, fighting on their native soil and following methods of warfare which formed an essential feature of their life and training, and which were in fact a second nature to them. The modern Indians have left peaceful pursuits to rally in thousands to the defence of the Empire in a distant continent amid battle conditions of which they had no conception and to which the terrors of ancient Indian warfare seem comparatively insignificant.

From the very outset of the Great War the Indians throughout the Dominion displayed a keen interest in the progress of the struggle and demonstrated their loyalty in the most convincing manner both by voluntary enlistment in the overseas forces, generous contributions to the patriotic and other war funds and energetic participation in war work of various kinds at home.

During the war more than 3,500 Indians enlisted for active service with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, according to the records of the Department of Indian Affairs. This number represents approximately thirty-five per cent. of the Indian male population of military age resident in the nine provinces of the Dominion. It has, moreover, been pointed out that there have undoubtedly been a number of Indian enlistments of which the department has been unable to secure any record.

The percentage of enlistments among the Indians appears in a remarkably favourable light when it is

[1] See Vol. I, p. 205 of this series.

remembered that recruiting among them was greatly hampered by many serious difficulties of a highly obstructive nature. Although in the more settled parts of the country the special educational advantages that are provided by the Canadian Government for the Indians enable them to take an intelligent interest in current events, there are still many, residing in remote and inaccessible localities, who are unacquainted with the English language or conditions of life in civilized communities and who by their life, location, and training were not in a position to understand the character of the war, its cause or effect. Notwithstanding these circumstances the percentage of Indian enlistments was fully equal to that among the white communities and in a number of particular instances it was far higher than the average.

The Indian soldiers were not formed into an individual fighting force, but were scattered throughout the many battalions of the Canadian divisions. The story of the part played by them at the front is, therefore, of necessity a series of disconnected incidents rather than a continuous narrative. It may be mentioned that the authorities had for some time under serious consideration the question of raising one or more Indian battalions, but after some discussion it was finally deemed inexpedient to proceed with the project, a decision that was viewed with regret by many who believed that such a corps would have been a valuable asset to the Canadian Expeditionary Force, a credit to the Indian race, and a highly interesting addition to the history of Canada's share in the war.

When the Military Service Act was put into force in 1917, it was decided to exclude the Indians from its operation, and an Order-in-Council to that effect was passed on January 17th, 1918. This action was taken in view of the fact that the Indians, although natural-born British subjects, were wards of the Government, and, as such, minors in the eyes of the law, and that, as

they had not the right to exercise the franchise or other privileges of citizenship, they should not be expected to assume responsibilities equal to those of enfranchised persons. It was also taken into consideration that certain old treaties between the Indians and the Crown stipulated that they should not be called upon for military service. It may, therefore, be emphasized that Indian participation in the war was wholly voluntary and not in any degree whatsoever subject to the influence of compulsory measures.

As an inevitable sequel to the large enlistment, the casualties among the Indians were heavy, and many a wooden cross marks the red man's share in the common sacrifice of the civilized world. A number of Indians, too, who survived the shells and bullets of the enemy, upon their return to Canada succumbed to tuberculosis, as a result of the hardships and exposures which they had undergone at the front. The Indian is even more susceptible than his white neighbour to the deadly menace of this disease.

The enlistment records of some of the Indian bands are specially worthy of note, and it will be of interest to consider certain of these cases in detail.

The most numerous tribe of Indians in the province of Ontario are the Ojibwas, or Chippewas, as they are known in some localities. This tribe is a subdivision of the great Algonquian linguistic stock which extends from the Atlantic to the Rockies and includes practically all the Indian tribes and sub-tribes in the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, with the notable exception of the Iroquois of Ontario and Quebec, who are themselves a distinct linguistic stock. The average of enlistments among the Ojibwa bands scattered throughout the province of Ontario, and known by various sub-tribal designations in different localities, was exceptionally high, many of these bands having sent practically all their eligible members to the front.

INDIAN RECRUITS FROM KENORA AND VICINITY

The Ojibwa bands located in the vicinity of Fort William have a fine record in the war, more than one hundred of their members having enlisted from a total adult male population of two hundred and eighty-two. When the Military Service Act was introduced it was found that on the Nipigon reserve there were but two Indians of the first class left at home, and on the Fort William reserve there was only one. The loyalty of the Nipigon Indians is traditional. In 1812 a war party from this place paddled the whole length of Lake Superior to the Sault, whence it proceeded to Queenston Heights to join Brock's forces. The majority of the Indian recruits from the Nipigon district enlisted with the 52nd, popularly known as the "Bull Moose Battalion," "Currie's Pets," one of the most gallant battalions in the Expeditionary Force; and their commanding officer, the late Colonel Hay, who was killed in action at Ypres, frequently stated that the Indians were among the very best soldiers in the regiment. The name of every Indian member of this unit has appeared in the casualty list. When the battalion was on its way to the front, the press in various cities through which it passed commented particularly upon the fine appearance of the Indians.

Private Rod Cameron, one of the Indian members of the 52nd, won premier honours in a shooting competition in England among the best marksmen of twelve battalions. He was killed in action after having rendered valuable service as a scout and a sniper.

An amusing incident occurred upon the occasion of the battalion's departure for the front. One of the Indian soldiers had rather a bad record sheet, as a result of which he was instructed that he would be left behind in company with others who were not considered suitable for overseas service. It was not so easy, however, to be rid of him, and when the train departed he was on board. His presence was not discovered until arrival at St. John, when it was found that the battalion was

one man over strength. This persistent Indian pleaded so earnestly to be taken overseas that the colonel finally assented to his desire, and the wisdom of the action was afterwards borne out by the man's excellent record at the front. He was twice wounded, and subsequently taken prisoner. After spending several months in a prison camp he managed to escape and was successful in making his way through Germany and safely crossing the frontier. This is an extraordinary case, as it would naturally be supposed that an Indian would be a marked man and that it would be almost impossible for him to escape observation.

A fitting theme for the pen of a romantic novelist might be found in the story of Private Joseph DeLaronde, by courtesy Count DeLaronde, one of the Nipigon Indians who went overseas with the 52nd Battalion, and who won the Military Medal for gallantry in action. He is the great-grandson of a Count DeLaronde, who came to Canada more than a century ago, during the perilous period of the French Revolution, when it was well for the surviving members of the royalist nobility of the old regime to place many leagues between themselves and France. The Count DeLaronde indeed found a location sufficiently removed and inaccessible in those days, when he determined to settle on the banks of the Nipigon river, where he married an Indian woman and spent the remainder of his days among the Indians. The descendants of this eccentric aristocrat have intermarried exclusively with Indians, and the present generation is therefore seven-eighths Indian in blood. When Count DeLaronde made his strange decision to establish himself in the wilderness and exchange the luxuries of his birth for the primitive life of the North American Indian he seemingly detached himself and his descendants for all time from the land of his birth and the traditions of his house. Then after many years the sudden emergencies of war rendered it possible that another lineal Count DeLaronde, albeit

an almost full-blooded Ojibwa, should bear arms, not without distinction, in that country where his ancestors had upheld the honour of his name among the flower of the French chivalry in many a clashing mediæval fray, for the DeLarondes were an ancient and knightly race. Private DeLaronde has added a further element of romance to his story by marrying the nurse who attended him in the hospital in England when he was convalescing from his wounds, with whom he has returned to his home at Nipigon.

Another branch of the same family also played a brave part in the war. Denis DeLaronde, a cousin of Joseph DeLaronde above-mentioned and also a great-great-grandson of the original emigré Count DeLaronde, was the first man of the 52nd Battalion to enter the trenches of the enemy. He was subsequently killed in action. Two brothers of this Denis DeLaronde, Charles and Alexander, were also with the 52nd Battalion. The latter was returned to Canada after having been severely wounded in the Second Battle of Ypres. Although he had received his discharge, he was unwilling to remain at home while the fight was still going on and he accordingly re-enlisted and returned to the front.

Another Nipigon Indian of the 52nd, Sergeant Leo Bouchard, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. He is said to have been recommended for this honour upon seven different occasions. He enlisted in 1915 and saw three years of heavy fighting in France. He was wounded in October, 1918, and was returned to Canada a few months later.

Private Augustin Belanger, also an Indian member of the 52nd Battalion, was awarded the Military Medal for bravery. He was subsequently killed in action.

One of the Fort William Indians of the 52nd Battalion, Alexander Chief, was returned to Canada after more than two years' service in the trenches with no fewer than twelve wounds on his body. He was an

Indian of remarkably fine physique, but the hardships that he endured at the front so weakened his constitution that he fell a victim to tuberculosis and died in December, 1918.

A posthumous award of the Military Medal was made in the fall of 1917 to Corporal Thomas Godchere, of the Long Lake band, which is located in the Thunder Bay district, in recognition of his gallantry in the sanguinary Battle of Vimy Ridge. Corporal Godchere enlisted at Port Arthur with Lieut.-Colonel Machin's battalion, the 94th, but was subsequently transferred to the 102nd Scottish, one of the most gallant of the British Columbia battalions. He won distinction as a sniper.

Among the Chippewas of Rama thirty-eight men enlisted from a total adult male population of one hundred and ten. One of their number, Private Ben Simcoe, was awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in action. He is the great-great-grandson of a John Simcoe, whose Indian name was Windego, one of the Shawnee braves who served in the defence of Canada under the leadership of the great Tecumseh in the War of 1812. Windego fought at Detroit, Queenston Heights, and Moraviantown, and so distinguished himself that after the war he was awarded the British Medal. He was again in the field with the Loyalist forces during the rebellion of 1837. This is another striking instance of the continuation of distinguished military traditions in an Indian family.

The Missisauga of Rice Lake sent forty-three men to the front from a total adult male population of eighty-two, practically every eligible member of the band. One of their number, Lance-Corporal Johnson Paudash of the 21st Battalion, was awarded the Military Medal for exceptional heroism in saving life during a particularly heavy bombardment, and for giving information that the enemy was massing at Hill 70 for a counter-attack, which, as a matter of fact, took place

just twenty-five minutes after Paudash made his report. His timely warning was instrumental, it is said, in averting a serious reverse. It is understood that Lance-Corporal Paudash has also been recommended for the Distinguished Conduct Medal in recognition of having saved the life of an officer in the Battle of the Somme. He was one of the Original Firsts, having enlisted in August, 1914. As a sniper he had an exceptional record even for an Indian, having accounted for no fewer than eighty-eight of the enemy.

When the Military Service Act was introduced, it was found that among the Chippewas of Nawash, located at Cape Croker, not a single man in the classes called was left on the reserve, as all of them had voluntarily enlisted. It may here be mentioned that although, as we have already explained, conscription was not made applicable to Indians, it was nevertheless considered necessary to take a census of the eligible men upon the reserves wherever it was practicable to do so, in order that certificates of exemption might be issued to them for their protection in the event of their being confused with eligible whites and also to prevent whites and half-breeds from passing themselves as Indians, a trick that was frequently resorted to by deserters after the passing of the Order-in-Council exempting the former. Sixty-seven of the Chippewas of Nawash went to the front with the Bruce county battalion from a total adult male population of one hundred and eight. Five of these were killed in action and twenty-three wounded. They were sturdy specimens of manhood, and it is recorded that one of them was so large of stature that it was necessary to have a special uniform made for him.

These Indians displayed exceptional keenness and initiative in their desire to become efficient and well drilled soldiers. Upon one occasion while the battalion was in training the men were taking a rest after several hours of hard drill. The colonel observed that none

of his Indian recruits were about. Later on he discovered that they had retired to the woods, where they were drilling themselves, using wooden poles in place of rifles. It appears that they made a practice of employing their leisure hours in this manner and it is little wonder therefore that they became among the smartest and best disciplined members of the regiment.

The Missisauga of Alnwick sent thirty-one men to the front from a total adult male population of sixty-four. One of their number, Sampson Comego, won fame as a sniper and was officially credited with having shot twenty-eight of the enemy. He enlisted with the Original Firsts and was killed in action in November, 1915. His brother, Peter Comego, who also enlisted in 1914, saw four years of active service in the trenches, was twice wounded, and also established a distinguished record as a sniper.

About fifty Ojibwas from Manitoulin Island and the northern shore of Lake Huron enlisted. One of their number, Francis Misiniskotewe, was awarded the Russian Medal; another, Frank J. Sinclair, received the Military Medal.

The Moravians of the Thames sent forty-two men to the front from a total adult male population of seventy-nine. One of their number, Private George Stonefish, of Moraviantown, Ontario, won fame as a sniper and in recognition of his exceptional services was tendered a civic reception by the city of Chatham upon his return to Canada.

Other Ojibwa bands in Ontario whose enlistment records are especially notable are the Chippewas of Saugeen, who sent forty-eight from a total adult male population of one hundred and ten; the Chippewas of Georgina and Snake Islands, who sent eleven from a total adult male population of twenty-three; the Chippewas of the Thames, who sent twenty-five from a total adult male population of one hundred and ten; the Chippewas and Potawatomi of Walpole Island,

who sent seventy-one from a total adult male population of two hundred and ten; the band located at Sturgeon Falls, which sent thirty-five from a total adult male population of one hundred and three; the bands in the Chapleau district, which sent forty from a total adult male population of one hundred and one; the Missisauga of the Credit, located near Hagersville, who sent thirty-two from a total adult male population of eighty-six; and the Munsees of the Thames, who sent eleven from a total adult male population of thirty-eight.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable and outstanding record of enlistment in any community in Canada is that established by the Missisauga of Scugog. The entire population of this little band is but thirty; of this number only eight are adult males, and every one of these enlisted. Of almost equal distinction is the record of the Algonkins of Golden Lake, of whom twenty-nine enlisted, leaving only three men on the reserve.

The sacrifice made by these Indian communities is emphasized by the fact that the principal industry among them is farming, and in many cases the heavy enlistment left the greater part of the work to be done by the women and children.

The Six Nations of the counties of Brant, Ontario, and Haldimand, played a notable part in the Great War. These Indians are Iroquois and are the descendants of the loyal Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Tuscaroras, who came to Canada from the state of New York in 1775 under the leadership of the great Mohawk chieftain, Captain Joseph Brant, Thayendanegea, whose name is preserved in those of the county of Brant and the town of Brantford.

Enlistment among the Six Nations began soon after the outbreak of hostilities. The first man on the reserve to join the colours was Alfred Styres, an indus-

trious young Indian farmer. One morning while on his way to work in his oat field, where the crop was but half harvested, he heard that recruiting was taking place at Hagersville. He lost no time in making arrangements with a neighbour in regard to the harvesting of his crop, and on the same day set out on foot for Hagersville, where he enlisted with the 4th Battalion. He took part in all the heavy fighting with the Original Firsts, during their severe initial campaign, was eventually wounded, and returned to Canada.

In the fall of 1915, Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Baxter, of Cayuga, then C. O. of the Haldimand Rifles (Militia), was authorized to raise the 114th Battalion. Throwing himself into the work with feverish vigour, he so undermined his health that he died early in 1916, when his work was but half completed, to the great regret of his men and of those Indians who had enlisted up to that time, many of whom he had commanded in his militia regiment. He was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel Andrew T. Thompson, of Ottawa, formerly of Cayuga, Ontario, and at one time member of Parliament for Haldimand County. This officer had for many years also commanded the "Haldimand Rifles," the left half of which was composed of Indian troops. He had long taken a keen interest in the Six Nation Indians, with whom his grandfather, father, and sons had also been connected in a military way, from Queenston Heights to the Great War, a period of more than one hundred years. Colonel Thompson is an Honorary Chief of the tribes, his Iroquois name being Ahsaregoah, which signifies "the sword." His presence at the head of the battalion naturally did much to arouse the interest and win the confidence of the Indians. This unit organized a recruiting league on the Six Nation reserve, which resulted in the enlistment of two hundred and eighty-seven Six Nation warriors. Many Indians from other reserves also joined this battalion, including a considerable number from the Caughnawaga and St.

FLAG PRESENTED TO THE 114TH BATTALION BY THE SIX NATIONS WOMEN'S PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

Regis bands in the province of Quebec, who are also Iroquois and members of the Six Nation Confederacy. As a result of the large number of Indians in this regiment, two entire Indian companies were formed under the command of Indian officers. The battalion received the name " Brock's Rangers " in recognition of the circumstance that many of its Indian members were descendants of warriors who fought with Brock at the memorable Battle of Queenston Heights. The device of two crossed tomahawks surmounted by an Indian head was chosen as the regimental crest.

The Six Nations Women's Patriotic League, an organization that will be further referred to herein, worked a unique and singularly beautiful regimental flag for the Rangers that elicited not a little comment and admiration. This flag is adorned with figures, symbolic of various tribal legends. It was carried in addition to the King's colours and the regular regimental colours, and the 114th had special permission, contrary to the general rule, to carry a third flag.

While the battalion was quartered at Camp Borden, a number of the Indian recruits became very restless; and when it was rumoured that it might be necessary for them to remain in Canada all winter, several of them actually deserted. A little later, however, the battalion was ordered to the front; and as soon as this news became known, the Indian deserters reported for duty. They had joined up to fight; not to vegetate in barracks.

It was found expedient to break up the 114th Battalion after its arrival in England, a regrettable measure from the point of view of the members of the Indian companies, who were naturally anxious to go into action together. The regimental band, made up almost entirely of Indians, was sent on a tour through the British Isles for recruiting and patriotic purposes.

Three of the Indian officers of the Rangers, Captain J. R. Steacy, of Caughnawaga, and Lieutenants Moses

and Martin of Ohsweken, were transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. Captain Steacy was accidentally killed; Lieutenant Moses was reported missing, and at the time of writing no further information with regard to his fate has been secured.

Captain A. G. E. Smith, the son of a Six Nation chief, was awarded the Military Cross for distinguished gallantry in action. He went overseas with the 20th Battalion, was three times wounded, and upon his return to Canada was made adjutant of a Polish battalion stationed at Camp Niagara.

It is a singular coincidence that the first Brant county man to fall in action in the Great War was Captain Cameron D. Brant, a great-great-grandson of Captain Joseph Brant, from whom, as stated above, the county takes its name. This Indian officer went overseas with the 4th Battalion, and was killed at the Second Battle of Ypres, while gallantly leading his men in the heroic charge that earned historic renown for his battalion, and in which his commanding officer, Colonel Birchall, and many other brave officers met their death. Captain Brant had the instinctive Indian love for scouting, and he acquired a reputation for valuable services rendered in nocturnal reconnoitring in No Man's Land. Two other descendants of Captain Joseph Brant, Corporal Albert W. L. Crain, also of the 4th Battalion, and Private Nathan Monture, subsequently promoted to the rank of captain, were severely wounded at Ypres.

Another well-known old Iroquois fighting family, the Bearfoot Onondagas, has a distinguished war record. The present tribal head of this family or clan, under the ancient system of maternal descent, still extant among the Iroquois, is Mrs. Elijah Lickers. Four of her sons, two grandsons, and a son-in-law enlisted, and of these a son and grandson were killed in action. One of this family went overseas with the original 48th Highlanders of Toronto, and was the first Indian to join a Highland battalion. He was taken prisoner in

CAPTAIN CAMERON D. BRANT
Killed in Action

April, 1915, and remained in Germany until the cessation of hostilities. Another Iroquois woman, Mrs. Catherine General, gave her husband, four sons, and two sons-in-law to the Expeditionary Force.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war, in the fall of 1914, Lieut.-Colonel William Hamilton Merritt, an honorary chief of the Six Nations, who was in Switzerland at the time, cabled to the Six Nations council at Ohsweken an offer of $25,000 for the purpose of raising and equipping a regiment of Indians for overseas service. The council after a long discussion that occupied an entire day took the ground that such an offer should, in accordance with an old tradition, come direct from their great war chief Onondiyoh, who is none other than His Majesty King George V. They further pointed out in a resolution that they, the permanent regular chiefs, or Sachems, had no concern with matters of war, and that any action in connection therewith was solely the function of special war chiefs, who were only to be appointed after the declaration of hostilities. In consequence of these considerations, the council declined to take advantage of Colonel Merritt's offer, and there was no further development in a proposal that might have added a unique chapter to the extensive annals of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Throughout the war the council constantly adhered to its position and would never consent to take any official part in recruiting or other patriotic work on the reserve. Extreme regard for ritual and formality is a predominant trait in the character of the Indian, and this is especially true of the Iroquois, and to such a degree as to constitute a serious hindrance to their advancement and efficiency.

In referring to the Six Nation council it may be well to briefly explain the composition and character of that body. Under the Indian Act, by virtue of which the Dominion Government administers the affairs of the Indians through the Department of Indian Affairs,

each Indian community or band has a chief and council, who are either elected by a popular vote for a term of years or chosen for life in accordance with tribal custom. These councils exercise limited legislative and executive functions under the supervision of the department; and in this manner the Indians are enabled to avail themselves of a certain measure of self-government. In the case of the Six Nations, the council is composed of representatives from the several clans or families into which the tribes are subdivided. These representatives are elected for life by the women of their respective clans. This system has been in operation among the Iroquois from legendary times. The council thus elected considers itself as having the status of a sovereign body, basing its theory on the contention that the Iroquois are an independent national entity, in alliance with, but not subject to the British Crown, a pretension that the Canadian Government is naturally not disposed to recognize.

It will readily be understood how the prevalence of these ideas was responsible for the attitude of the council in declining to accept Colonel Merritt's offer on the ground that such an invitation should emanate direct from the King.

Although there is an undoubted charm and interest in the preservation of ancient traditions and customs, their perpetuation in the present instance certainly does not appear to have been in the best interests of the Indians, and the splendid record of the Iroquois in the Great War must be attributed to the personal loyalty, initiative, and high spirit of the young braves who flocked to the colours. It is noteworthy that a new political organization has recently been formed on the reserve, known as the Warriors' Party, which favours the adoption of a democratic system of election for the council. To this group belong the returned soldiers, who have been broadened and educated by experience of the world and its ways; and if they are successful

in having their policies adopted by the tribes, a new and more progressive regime may be inaugurated on the reserve.

The two other Iroquois bands in Ontario, the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte and the Oneidas of the Thames, have an exceptionally high enlistment record, the former having sent eighty-two from a total adult male population of three hundred and fifty-three, and the latter forty-eight from a total adult male population of two hundred and twenty. One of the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte, Private Corby, was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in action.

The Indians of Quebec had a very creditable representation in the Expeditionary Force. One of their number, Delphis Theberge, a Huron Indian of Jeune Lorette, was awarded the Military Cross for exceptional gallantry.

Forty-three Indians from the historic Iroquois village of Caughnawaga, near Montreal, went to the front with the 114th Battalion, Brock's Rangers, a unit that has been mentioned at some length herein in connection with the Six Nations of Ontario. These Iroquois, it is worthy of note, have occupied this village since 1676.

One of their number was Captain John R. Steacy, who, as has already been mentioned, was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps after his arrival in England, and was subsequently killed in an accident. The famous Canadian "ace," Colonel "Billy" Bishop, V. C., the most distinguished aeronaut in the British Service, has stated that Captain Steacy was one of his most promising fliers. Colonel Bishop had selected Captain Steacy as one of his special " fighting circle," but the accident which caused his death occurred just as he was on the point of sailing for France to take his place in that illustrious body. Prior to his enlistment he was a successful customs broker in Toronto; and he did much, by both financial assistance and energetic recruiting work, to stimulate enlistment among the

Iroquois. Captain Steacy went overseas as a lieutenant, but his abilities soon won him his promotion.

Another Caughnawaga Indian of the 114th, Sergeant Joe Clear Sky, won the Military Medal in recognition of one of the most heroic actions of self-sacrifice that is recorded in the history of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. During a very severe gas attack Sergeant Clear Sky observed a wounded companion lying out in No Man's Land, and noticed that his gas mask had been rendered useless. Clear Sky crawled out through the poisonous fumes, took off his own gas mask and put it on the wounded man, whose life in consequence was saved. As a result of his noble deed, Sergeant Clear Sky was himself badly gassed. Sergeant Clear Sky is an educated Indian, a graduate of the famous Carlisle Indian University. Prior to his enlisting, he was a professional vaudevillian entertainer. At the front his exceptional gifts were soon recognized, and he used to travel up and down the lines entertaining the troops with his dancing and singing. His entertainments were unusually popular, and he became one of the most noted characters on the Western front.

Twenty-six warriors from St. Regis, Quebec, went to the front. One of their number, Private Philip McDonald, enlisted in August, 1914, and went overseas with the 8th Battalion, the famous "Little Black Devils" of Winnipeg. He won great distinction as a sniper. The following letter written by Private McDonald from Salisbury Plain to his mother in November, 1914, may be quoted as typically illustrative of the exalted, unselfish, and altruistic motives that inspired the Indian soldiers who went to fight for that civilization into which they have so recently entered.

Salisbury Plain.

Dear Mother, —

I arrived here and have good health. I have seen many places and am pleased to visit England. I expect

to be able to come back and tell you all about this country. I am a member of a regiment known as the "Little Black Devils" and we are made a fuss of by the British as we are the only Canadian regiment that is allowed to wear this badge. I am supposed to be a good specimen of a Canadian and we are welcomed everywhere. I may add we have had a great time and I am thoroughly pleased I joined, it was the best thing I have done for a long time, still I always think of you mother and wonder how you are getting on. I hope you are well and not fretting, as I had an idea that you would think I would join to save the Old Country as this war means now or never for Great Britain.

Remember me to everyone and I will try to drop you a note occasionally to keep you posted of the real state of affairs.

I had a good passage across and enjoyed myself immensely, and I will give you a visit as soon as I can, so God bless you and keep you.

From your son,
Philip McDonald,
No. 710, 90th Winnipeg Rifles.

The writer of this letter was killed in action after having established for himself a sharp-shooting record of forty dead Germans.

The great majority of the Indians of the Maritime Provinces belong to the Micmac tribe, which, like the Ojibwa, is a subdivision of the Algonquian linguistic stock. The most notable record of enlistments among these Indians is that of the Micmacs of Prince Edward Island, who sent thirty from a total adult male population of sixty-four, or practically every eligible man. These Prince Edward Island Indians earned the highest praises from their officers for their gallantry in action; and they especially covered themselves with glory at the decisive Battle of Amiens. One of their number, Private James Francis, was recommended for the Military Medal for his performance at this engagement.

The reserves in Nova Scotia are very sparsely populated, and consequently the actual number of recruits secured upon them was small. In several cases, however, the record of enlistment was very high in proportion to the population. Every eligible man among the Micmacs of Sydney went to the front. Among others especially worthy of note there may be mentioned the Micmacs of Colchester county, who sent nine men to the front from a total adult male population of twenty-five; the Micmacs of Hants county, who sent six from a total adult male population of sixteen, one of whom, Joseph William Morris, was wounded three times, and was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal and also the Military Medal for conspicuous gallantry in action; the Micmacs of Lunenburg county, who sent eleven from a total adult male population of nineteen; the Micmacs of Pictou county, who sent ten from a total male population of forty; the Micmacs of Shelburne county, who sent three from a total adult male population of eight; the Micmacs of Yarmouth county, who sent three from a total adult male population of twelve; and the Micmacs of Digby county, who sent six from a total male population of twenty-four.

The Micmacs and Malecites of New Brunswick sent sixty-two men to the front from a total adult male population of three hundred and sixteen.

A strange occurrence is related of two Micmac boys named Cope from King's county, Nova Scotia. They were both very young when they enlisted; and as they were in different battalions they did not see each other again until they met by chance in the thick of the fighting at Vimy Ridge. They were then seventeen and nineteen years of age, and were so covered with grime and gore at the time that they at first failed to recognize each other. The elder of these boys was subsequently killed at Passchendaele, but the younger continued in the fight till the end of the war and accompanied the Canadian forces into Germany.

The Peguis band in Manitoba sent twenty men to the front from a total adult male population of one hundred and eighteen. Eleven of these were killed in action; four were wounded and gassed; three were wounded; and one was taken prisoner. Two of these Indians, George and Colin Sinclair, were with the famous Fort Garry Horse; the former was killed in action and the latter was taken prisoner. Two others were with the Siberian Forces. Every one of them had either a wife or children or aged parents to support.

The Indians of the Pas band, also in Manitoba, sent nineteen men to the front, from a total adult male population of ninety-two.

The Indians of the St. Peter's band in the same province sent thirty-three from a total adult male population of one hundred and twenty-seven; and of these seven were killed in action, eight wounded, and one gassed.

The records of these northern Manitoba bands are somewhat notable, inasmuch as they continue to follow the Indian mode of living, are not very closely in touch with civilization, and would not, therefore, have been expected to display so keen an interest in the war.

The community of Sioux Indians located at Griswold, Manitoba, sent twenty men to the front from a total male population of eighty-four. These Indians are the descendants of refugees who came to Canada for protection after the famous Sioux wars with the American Government, half a century ago, and their reappearance in battle array recalls the stormy days of Custer and Sitting-Bull.

At File Hills, Saskatchewan, there is a model agricultural colony composed of ex-pupils of Indian schools. This community was organized in 1903 as an experiment by the Department of Indian Affairs. Each member of the colony receives assistance from the Government on a loan system in the form of a grant

of stock and farm implements, and a cash bonus to provide for the erection of a house. The success of this colony has been phenomenal; and its members are now not only on a wholly self-supporting basis, but many of them are ranked among the most competent farmers of the province. These progressive young Indians appreciate their share in the advantages of civilization and were ready to fight for it when the test came. Twenty-four of them enlisted from a total adult male population of thirty-eight, a remarkably high percentage, especially in view of the fact that the majority of them were married men. One of their number, Alexander Brass, was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action. He is married and the father of seven children. He is the bandmaster of the File Hills Colony Brass Band, an organization that is well known throughout the province and which rendered excellent service in assisting at recruiting and Red Cross meetings and other patriotic gatherings.

Another Indian community in Saskatchewan with an exceptionally high record of enlistment is the Cote band, which sent twenty-two men to the front from a total adult male population of forty-three, another case where practically no eligible men were left at home. Their reserve is located in the vicinity of old Fort Pelly, one of the earliest Hudson Bay posts established in the province.

A Saskatchewan Indian, Joe Thunder, who enlisted with the 128th Battalion and was later transferred to the 50th, won the Military Medal in circumstances that even in the Great War were of singularly dramatic and exceptional character. Upon being separated from his platoon, he was surrounded by six Germans, all of whom he bayonetted. Private Thunder was severely wounded in March, 1918, and at the time of writing (February, 1919) is slowly recovering his health in a convalescent hospital. He wears a scarf pin made from

MEMBERS OF THE FILE HILLS INDIAN COLONY, WITH THE 68TH BATTALION, AND THEIR PARENTS, AND MR. W. M. GRAHAM, COMMISSIONER FOR THE DEPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

a bone that was taken from his leg as a result of his wound.

The present generation of the Blood, Blackfoot, and Peigan nations in Alberta are the grandsons of those warlike riders of the plains, the hunters of the buffalo, so familiar to readers of romance. Their hunting-grounds, which were once the boundless extent of the vast prairie lands, have now dwindled to a few reserves. They had exchanged unlimited freedom for the supervision of Government officials. Of their unnumbered herds of buffalo there remain but a few survivors kept as curiosities in national parks. Yet notwithstanding all these changes, the intrepid spirit of their sires yet exists; and they were well and gallantly represented in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, where the ringing appellations of Mountain Horse, Coming Singing, White Bull, and Strangling Wolf stand out strikingly among the more prosaic if equally heroic Smiths, Browns, and Joneses of the regimental roll-calls.

One of these Blood Indians, Albert Mountain Horse, although he held a commission as lieutenant, enlisted as a private in August, 1914, in order to be the sooner at the front. He was badly gassed upon three different occasions, and as a result contracted consumption. After a lingering illness in an English hospital, he was finally sent back to Canada, but died at Quebec, in November, 1915, before he was able to return to the reserve. He was given a military funeral at Calgary. There was a large attendance at this ceremony, including both Indians and citizens of Calgary. So many were desirous of attending the service that it was impossible to admit them all in the church in which it was held, and it was consequently necessary to issue tickets of admission. Archdeacon Tims, who officiated, delivered his address in Indian. Seated in the chancel were five chiefs of the Blood nation, whose names are Shot Both Sides, Weasel Fat, Running Wolf, One Spot, and Running Antelope. During the funeral proces-

sion a number of the older Indians broke out into a weird war chant, and the strange intermingling of Christian and pagan rites produced a curious effect which will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. The following extract from the last letter written by him to his mother throws a light upon the character of this young Indian officer, who was but twenty-two years of age at the time of his death. "I have a German helmet for you. I took it from a Prussian guard. I gave him the steel through his head and took his helmet. I haven't been up to the trenches for a long time now. The doctor said he was going to send me to the hospital. I told him I would sooner die like a man in the trenches than have a grave dug for me. I am hoping to see you by the end of the year." The wish expressed in the last sentence was, unfortunately, never to be realized.

The Indians of British Columbia are not of so warlike a disposition as those of the central and eastern parts of the Dominion; and they are of a conservative type of character that renders them averse to leaving their homes upon any venture of an unfamiliar nature. Nevertheless they have contributed several hundred good soldiers to the Expeditionary Force, and some of them have records of notable distinction.

When the exemption tribunal, under the Military Service Act, for the Okanagan district in British Columbia, began its work, it was found that every Indian of the Head of the Lake band who came within the first class called, that is to say, unmarried men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five, had already enlisted.

One of the Okanagan Indians, Private George McLean, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal, in recognition of an extraordinary feat of valour performed by him at the Battle of Vimy Ridge. Private McLean, single-handed and armed with a dozen bombs, destroyed no less than nineteen of the enemy

and captured fourteen before being severely wounded himself.

A number of Indian recruits from British Columbia found their way into the Mesopotamian service. One of these Indians, David Bernardan, a member of the Oweekayno band, located in the vicinity of Bella Coola, on the north coast of the province, was placed in command of a motor transport vessel on the Euphrates river.

An Indian from Alert Bay, Edwin Victor Cook, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. He was twice wounded, and finally killed in the latter months of the war. Like a number of other Indian soldiers, he was married in England.

Dan Pearson, a member of the Metlakatla band, which is located near Prince Rupert, was awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in action. He subsequently died of pneumonia.

At the front the Indian soldiers gave an excellent account of themselves, and their officers were most enthusiastic in praise of their qualities of courage, discipline, and intelligence. Many interesting letters written from the front by Indian soldiers have been preserved. Their diction is quaint but graphic, and is permeated throughout with a distinctive racial flavour that is unmistakable; the native Indian rhetoric and prodigality of language is noticeably in contrast to the terse and matter of fact style that usually characterizes the letter of a modern soldier.

Many of the Indian recruits had spent a great part of their life in hunting, and they were naturally expert marksmen. In consequence of this experience they were able to do excellent work as snipers, and some of them have remarkable records in that branch of the service. The Indian sharp-shooter will sit by the hour, still as a bronze statue, watching from a vantage-point for his prey. He has a picturesque method of recording the results of his unerring aim, — for each enemy

whom he despatches he cuts a notch on the stock of his rifle.

We have already made references to Philip McDonald, an Iroquois Indian of St. Regis, Quebec, and his record as a sniper with the 8th Battalion. Two other Indian snipers of the same unit also won distinction. One of them, named Riel, was a grandson of the famous rebel, Louis Riel. The name of the other, a Western Indian, was Ballendine. When Riel was killed, thirty-eight notches were counted on his gun; and when McDonald in turn was killed, it was found that he had recorded forty successful hits in the same manner. Ballendine, the third and only surviving member of the trio, and who has returned home to his wife and family, has fifty notches on his gun.

Their method of attack did much towards demoralizing the entire German system of sniping. They were given a free hand and they originated a very effective mode of discomfiting the enemy snipers. By using sand-bags the Indians would construct a position for concealment behind which they would remain for hours at a time, awaiting the appearance of the enemy at his sniping post; and even when he would appear the Indian would not shoot too soon, but would prefer to wait the time when the German would from over-confidence show a little more of his body, and thereby add another notch to the stock of the Indian's gun.

But the greatest sniper among the Canadian Indians, and for that matter in the entire British Army, was Lance-Corporal Norwest, a full-blooded Indian who came from the vicinity of Edmonton and who enlisted with the 50th Battalion at Calgary. He was officially credited with one hundred and fifteen observed hits, which is the highest sharp-shooting record in the annals of the British Army. He is described as a rather short and powerfully built man, with a very pleasant face and a clear and remarkably steady eye, and a calmness of manner which never left him for a moment,

INDIAN RECRUITS FROM THE BLOOD RESERVE

THREE GENERATIONS OF FULL-BLOODED CREES

either in a dangerous emergency or in conversation with officers of the highest rank. He carried a special rifle fitted with a telescopic sight that was the admiration and envy of all his fellow snipers. He died, shot through the head by a German sniper, on August 18th, 1918, while endeavouring with two companions to locate a nest of enemy snipers that had been causing a considerable amount of trouble to the advance posts of the Canadian front-line companies. Although his record stands as one hundred and fifteen, it has been pointed out that this by no means represents the number of casualties that must have been caused by him among the enemy, as he did not claim any hit unless his observer was present and confirmed it. Norwest would wait for days for a man and would never fire unless his position was absolutely secure from enemy observation. His patience and perseverance are said to have appeared to be almost superhuman. He spent much of his time in No Man's Land, and upon frequent occasions in the dark hours of the night he actually penetrated the enemy lines, where he would wait and watch, finally bag his quarry, with the sureness of the true Indian huntsman, at early dawn, and then return safely to his own lines. Just prior to the last drive that preceded the signing of the Armistice he was detailed to remain in the transport lines, as he had been almost constantly in action during his entire two years in France; but as a result of his persistent pleading, he was allowed to go forward with the attack, in which he rendered invaluable service by destroying enemy snipers and putting machine-gun posts out of action. He won the Military Medal and Bar. He is buried at Warvillers, a small hamlet, in the capture of which he had played a conspicuous part. Upon his grave his sorrowing comrades wrote in a spirit of profound admiration and respect, "It must have been a damned good sniper that got Norwest."

The 107th Pioneer Battalion, which went overseas

under the command of the late Lieut.-Colonel Glen Campbell, of Winnipeg, formerly Chief Inspector of Indian Agencies for the Department of Indian Affairs, had more than five hundred Indians on its roll. Among these were representatives of many different tribes, including Crees, Saulteaux, and Sioux from the North and West, Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Delawares, and Chippewas from Ontario and Quebec, and Micmacs from the Maritime Provinces. The late Colonel Campbell praised the courage, discipline, and intelligence of his Indian soldiers in the most enthusiastic terms, and particularly commented upon their ability to adapt themselves without complaint to awkward circumstances and bad weather, which rendered their efficiency in a pioneer battalion far above the average.

Two of the Indian members of this battalion, Privates O. Baron and A. W. Anderson, were awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous gallantry in action. Several of them qualified for commissions after their arrival in England.

Colonel Campbell, who had great fluency in a number of Indian languages, frequently gave the word of command on parade, and sometimes even held orderly-room trials, in Indian. This procedure was actually necessary in some cases, as many of the Indians did not understand English.

At Hill 70, near Lens, the Indian companies of the 107th were assigned the perilous undertaking of digging communication trenches between the Canadian and German front lines. This work was going forward while the Germans were conducting an offensive, and naturally the casualties were heavy. Despite the fact that shells were dropping on every side, the stoical Indians went on working away amid the roar and wreckage of battle with as little apparent agitation, to quote the words of one of their officers, as though "they were digging a potato plot." Notwithstanding

the exhausting ordeal that they had gone through on this day and the terrible loss suffered by the battalion, the Indians started to work again after only a very short rest without the slightest murmur of dissatisfaction. Three of these Indians, Tom Longboat, Joe Keeper, and A. Jamieson, had won fame in athletic circles as long-distance runners, and another, John Nackaway, had been a runner for the Hudson's Bay Company in the Far North before joining the battalion. Their training rendered them of invaluable service as despatch carriers at the front.

About one hundred Indians were recruited in the remote regions of the Hudson Bay and Patricia districts. Many of them had their first glimpse of civilization as a result of joining the forces. Among these Indian recruits was one named Semia, a full-blooded Indian from Osnaburg, in the Patricia district. In the summer of 1916 a party of tourists happened to visit Semia's home. Through an interpreter the tourists told him about the war; and although he was unable to speak a word of English, he decided to journey to Port Arthur for the purpose of enlisting. He joined the 141st Battalion at that place and soon became one of the smartest and best trained soldiers of the regiment. For a time he would not leave the armoury to venture into the streets of the city for fear of being lost, and would only do so in company with another Indian soldier. The city of Port Arthur was a revelation to this son of the forest, who had never before seen electric cars, street lights, automobiles, railways, and steamers. He had never before even been in a village of whites and a canoe was the largest vessel of his acquaintance. Subsequently he crossed the ocean, had his fourteen days of leave in London, saw seven months of active service in the trenches, participated in the terrible Battle of Passchendaele, and was severely wounded. He was thirteen months in an English hospital and during this period he learned to speak Eng-

lish. His intention is to return to his home in the remote North, where he will doubtless have many wonderful stories to tell his fellow tribesmen of his strange experiences in the great world.

Another interesting case was that of John Campbell, a full-blooded Indian who lived on the Arctic coast, near Hershell Island, and who travelled three thousand miles by trail, canoe, and river steamer in the summer of 1918 to enlist with the Canadian Expeditionary Force at Vancouver. He proceeded on foot from the Arctic coast to the head of the Porcupine river, and thence to Fort Yukon, where he secured employment for several months in order to provide himself with the means of transportation to Vancouver. He was keenly disappointed when the termination of hostilities removed his opportunity of reaching the trenches.

While the Indian soldiers at the front were battling their way into the pages of history, the Indians at home were also doing their part in a very effectual if less heroic and spectacular manner by the production of foodstuffs, the generous contributions to war funds, and energetic participation in Red Cross work and other war activities. Throughout the Dominion, from the outbreak of hostilities, at least in all the settled districts, the Indians displayed an intelligent and enthusiastic interest in the progress of the struggle. The education afforded them by the Indian schools conducted under the auspices of the Dominion Government and the various religious denominations enabled them to keep in touch with the course of events by reading the newspapers and periodicals, and they seemed well able to comprehend the nature of the issues and the character of the principles at stake. The development of such an intellectual standard among the Indians amply compensates the country for the expenditure involved in their education.

Memorials were prepared by many of the bands and forwarded either to His Majesty King George V, to

ON ARRIVAL AT CAMP BORDEN

ONE WEEK LATER
JAMES BAY INDIANS

the Governor-General of Canada, or to the Department of Indian Affairs, testifying to their loyalty and their ardent wish to do all within their power both by contributions of men and money to assist in the carrying on of the war.

The following communication, which was addressed by the Six Nations Council to His Majesty upon the occasion of the death of Lord Kitchener, is typically characteristic of the dignity, eloquence, and ornateness of style peculiar to the Indian rhetorician.

Six Nations Council Chamber.

To His Most Excellent Majesty
George V King and Emperor.

May it please Your Imperial Majesty: We the Chiefs of the Six Nations in Council assembled, having heard with the most profound regret and sorrow of the very dark cloud of calamity that has been overcast through Your Majesty's Dominions by the shocking report that Your Majesty's Great and Trusted War Chief, Earl Kitchener, had become one of the many victims of the most cruel war the world has ever known.

The Chiefs, however, are comforted by the knowledge that "The Great Spirit moves in a mysterious way His unlooked for wonder to perform," that He makes no mistakes, and that He will yet over-rule this lamentable event for the ultimate success of Your Majesty's righteous cause: somehow it may be that He has just the man for the hour: they know not, but He knows.

The Chiefs of the Six Nations condole with their great War Chief Onondiyoh in the dark hour of the Empire's bereavement and beg to remain

Your Majesty's Loyal Allies,
Chief Abram Lewis, Mohawk
Chief Peter Isaac, Seneca
Chief David John, Onondaga
Chief David Jamieson, Cayuga
Chief Peter Clause, Oneida
Chief Richard Hill, Tuscarora

The Indians, both as bands and as individuals, throughout the settled parts of the Dominion, were very open-handed, in proportion to their means, in their contributions to the Patriotic, Red Cross, Belgian Relief, and other war funds, the amounts thus donated comprising in all a total of $44,545.46. In addition to this, sums amounting to $8,750 were offered, but the Indian Department would not sanction their payment, as the bands in question were not in a position to make the outlay. This is an excellent showing in view of the fact that the financial resources of the Indians are very limited, that the total Indian population in Canada is very little more than one hundred thousand, of whom fully one-quarter are located in remote, outlying districts, which rendered it impracticable for these latter to make any contribution.

The following list showing by provinces the contributions from Indians to the various war funds is worth preserving as a record of the red man's patriotic generosity.

ONTARIO

Contributions to Canadian Patriotic Fund, Ottawa

Chippewas of Beausoleil on Christian Island	$100.00
Cockburn Island	200.00
Sucker Creek	500.00
Sheguiandah	500.00
Manitoulin Island	500.00
Chippewas of Sarnia	200.00
Sheshegwaning Band	500.00
Chippewas of Saugeen	500.00
West Bay Band	500.00
Rice Lake Band	100.00
Georgina Island Band	50.00
South Bay Band	200.00
Dokis	1,000.00
Nipissing	500.00
Moravian Band of the Thames	200.00
Chippewas of Walpole Island	100.00
Henvey Inlet	100.00
Potawatomi Band, Walpole Island	25.00
Indians of Kenora and Savanne Agencies during Treaty payments (and a few whites)	344.15
Kenora and Savanne Agencies	212.65
Chief J. Ackewance, members of his and Frenchman's Head Bands and two half-breeds at Lac Seul	89.75

Four Indians, Lac Seul Band	6.00
Sheshegwaning Band, Manitoulin Island	500.00
Total	$6,927.55

Contributions to Red Cross Fund, Ottawa

Alnwick	$100.00
Sucker Creek School	50.00
Sucker Creek Indians, proceeds of Maple Taffy Social	47.00
Shawanaga Band	200.00
Christian Island	300.00
Total	$697.00

Contributions to Local Patriotic, Red Cross, and Other War Funds

Garden River Indians	Algoma War Chest Fund	$200.00
Rama	Orillia Patriotic Fund	50.00
Georgina Island	Canadian Patriotic Fund	25.00
Parry Island Indians	23rd Regiment Overseas Contingent Fund	100.00
Wikwemikong Indians	Patriotic Fund	201.70
Cape Croker	Patriotic Fund, Co. of Bruce	200.00
Sucker Creek	Patriotic Fund	84.00
Missisauga of the Credit	Battalion Funds, 114th Battalion	200.00
Saugeen Reserve	Girls' Overseas Comfort Club, Southampton	400.00
Six Nations	Women's Patriotic League	50.00
Lac Seul and Frenchman's Head	Kenora Patriotic Fund	51.00
Lac Seul, Frenchman's Head, Islington and Grassy Narrows, Kenora and Savanne Agencies	Kenora Patriotic Fund	268.75
Caradoc Reserve	Women's Organization, "Friends of Soldiers": Collection — Comforts for soldiers	400.00
	Enoch Tomigo — Red Cross and boxes for soldiers	60.00
Oneida Reserve	Oneida Patriotic League, raised by subscription, booths at fairs, etc. — Expended on boxes for soldiers	468.70
		$2,759.15
Total Contributions		$10,383.70

QUEBEC

Contributions to Canadian Patriotic Fund, Ottawa

Abnakis of Pierreville	$50.00

Contributions to Red Cross Fund, Ottawa

Maurice Bastien (personally)	$25.00

Contributions to Belgian Relief

Montagnais Children, Pointe Bleue Reserve	$5.00

Local Patriotic and Other War Funds

Joseph Bastien, Lorette, Red Cross	$100.00
Total Contributions	$180.00

MANITOBA

Contributions to Canadian Patriotic Fund, Ottawa

Sioux Indians, Oak River	$101.00
Indians of Rosseau River	9.60
Oak River Indians	51.00
Peguis Band (Capital Funds)	650.00
	$811.60

Contributions to Red Cross Fund, Ottawa

Norway House Indians	$318.00
Pipestone Indians	50.00
Peguis Band (Capital Funds)	650.00
Oak River Indians	11.50
	$1,029.50

Contributions to Local Patriotic, Red Cross and Other War Funds

Pas Agency, several bands	Red Cross, The Pas	$298.50
Pas Band	The Pas Red Cross	300.00
Nelson House, Lake Winnipeg	Local Red Cross	300.00
Birtle Agency:—		
Birdtail Sioux	Patriotic Fund	132.00
Rolling River	Red Cross	75.00
Portage la Prairie:—		
Sioux Village Indians	Red Cross	33.00
Portage la Prairie school children	Red Cross	40.00
		$1,178.50
Total Contributions		$3,019.60

SASKATCHEWAN

Contributions to Canadian Patriotic Fund, Ottawa

Battleford	$20.20
Muscowpetung	500.00
Muscowpetung	500.00
Carry-the-Kettle Patriotic Association, Assiniboine River	164.00
Carry-the-Kettle Patriotic Association, Assiniboine River	120.95
Carry-the-Kettle Patriotic Association, Assiniboine River	117.95

Onion Lake Agency, Sask	74.80
Onion Lake Agency, Sask., Onion Lake, Island Lake, and Jos. Bighead's	58.65
Onion Lake Agency, Sask	25.70
James Smith's Band No. 100, Duck Lake Agency	100.00
Moosomin Band, Battleford Agency	35.00
Onion Lake Band and one Indian, Ministikwan Band	7.45
Indians of Assiniboine Agency	78.25
Frog Lake Band, Onion Lake Agency	27.25
Onion Lake Indians	25.50
Frog Lake Band, under Chief Napayo — Onion Lake Agency	15.00
Councillor Saulteaux, Carry-the-Kettle Band, Assiniboine Reserve	10.00
Indians of File Hills Colony	502.10
White Bear Band	1,000.00
Sturgeon Lake Band	100.00
Thunderchild's Band	200.00
Councillor Saulteaux, Carry-the-Kettle Band, Assiniboine Reserve	20.50
Stony, Red Pheasant, Moosomin, and other Indians	156.20
Beardy and Okemasis Bands, Duck Lake Agency	100.00
Moochenins, Indian, Onion Lake Agency	1.50
Pasquah	1,000.00
	$4,961.00

Contributions to Red Cross Fund, Ottawa

Thunderchild's Band	$100.00
Battleford Indians	119.00
School children, John Smith's Reserve	7.35
James Smith's Band	30.00
Battleford Indians	20.20
Mrs. Chatelaine, Meadow Lake Reserve, proceeds of entertainment	20.00
Sioux Indians, Prince Albert, per Mr. Henry Two Bears	15.00
Sioux Indians, Prince Albert, per Mr. Henry Two Bears	15.00
	$326.55

Contributions to Local Patriotic, Red Cross, and Other War Funds

Assiniboine Agency, Red Cross		$670.00
Assiniboine Agency, Patriotic Fund		103.35
Moose Mountain Agency, Red Cross and Patriotic Funds		1,300.00
File Hills Agency:—		
Canadian Patriotic Fund	$1,625.90	
Canadian Red Cross	5,800.00	
Serbian Relief	100.00	
Belgian Relief	334.00	
French Red Cross	75.00	
Prisoners of War	75.00	
Other Patriotic Purposes	50.00	
		8,059.90
Qu'Appelle Agency:—		
Daughters of the Empire: Canadian Patriotic Fund	$250.00	
Local Red Cross and Patriotic Societies	500.00	

Red Cross	500.00	
		1,250.00
Touchwood Agency		536.25
Children of George Gordon's School:—		
Local Patriotic Fund	$15.00	
Tobacco Fund	11.25	
		26.25
		$11,945.75

Contributions to Belgian Relief

Children of Gordon's School	$24.60
Total Contributions	$17,257.90

ALBERTA

Contributions to Canadian Patriotic Fund, Ottawa

Blood Indians	$458.00
Samson's Band	1,000.00
Blackfoot Band	1,200.00
Whitefish Lake (Indians and whites)	7.50
Blackfoot Indians	100.00
Hobbema Indians	41.15
Blackfoot Indians	200.00
Jas. Seenum's Band, Whitefish Lake Reserve, Saddle Lake Agency	50.00
Saddle Lake No. 125	14.50
Saddle Lake No. 125 $61.25	
Beaver Lake Band No. 131 11.25	72.50
	$3,143.65

Contributions to Red Cross Fund, Ottawa

Blackfoot Indians	$34.10
Blackfoot Indians	100.00
Indians of Hobbema Reserve	96.00
	$230.10

Contributions to Belgian Relief

Enoch's (to Belgian Relief, Montreal)	$300.00
Enoch's	200.00
Whitefish Lake (Indians and whites)	7.50
	$507.50

Contributions to Local Patriotic, Red Cross and Other War Funds

Stony Indians	Cochrane Patriotic Fund	$50.00
" "	12 cords wood to Patriotic Fund	39.00
" "	15 cords wood to Associated Charities, Calgary	48.75
Alexander's Band, Edmonton Agency	Red Cross	50.00

Paul's Band	Red Cross	50.00
Blackfoot Band	To Gleichen Patriotic Fund	207.00
" "	" Red Cross	1,154.00
" "	" " "	56.00
" "	" " "	61.80
" "	Red Cross and Patriotic	1,082.10
Duncan Clark, Blackfoot Indian,	Donation to Gleichen Red Cross	5.00
Blood Indians	Local Branch Red Cross	440.00
" "	Red Cross and Patriotic Funds	1,532.00
		$4,775.65
Total Contributions		$8,656.90

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Contributions to Canadian Patriotic Fund, Ottawa

Metlakatla	$50.00
Stuart Lake Indians	24.80
Campbell River Band	100.00
Cape Mudge Band	55.56
Homalco Indians	16.75
Bella Bella Indians	200.00
	$447.11

Contributions to Red Cross Fund, Ottawa

Bella Bella Indians	$200.00
Stuart Lake "	62.75
Stuart Lake "	96.50
	$359.25

Contributions to Local Patriotic, Red Cross, and Other War Funds

New Westminster	Various Local Funds		$400.00
Squamish Indians	British Columbia Patriotic Fund		300.00
" "	British Columbia Patriotic Fund		41.25
Massett and Skidegate Indians,	Ward Funds, Skidegate District		150.00
Metlakatla Indians	Prince Rupert Red Cross		1,000.00
" "	Local Patriotic Fund		90.00
Stuart Lake "	Local Patriotic Fund		278.00
Bella Coola Agency	Red Cross		600.00
West Coast "	Local Patriotic Fund		51.65
West Coast "	" " "		465.55
West Coast "	Various Funds		413.55
Babine Agency	Local Patriotic	$247.00	
	Red Cross	204.00	451.00
			$4,241.00
Total Contributions			$5,047.36

GRAND TOTAL

Ontario	$10,383.70
Quebec	180.00
Manitoba	3,019.60
Saskatchewan	17,257.90
Alberta	8,656.90
British Columbia	5,047.36
	$44,545.46

Among the many generous contributions recorded in the foregoing list, special attention must be drawn to the amounts donated by the Indians of File Hill, Saskatchewan, whose subscriptions to the various funds total $8,562, an exceptionally good showing in view of the fact that their population is about three hundred and sixty. The fact that they were able to make such munificent donation in proportion to their numbers clearly indicates the success of the measures hereinbefore referred to which are undertaken by the Government for their advancement. Patriotic work among the File Hills Indians began almost from the outset of the war, and as early as the fall of 1914 every man in the colony pledged himself to give the value of fifty bushels of oats. A number of the older Indians each contributed a load of wood every month, a method which was also adopted by the Stony Indians in Alberta.

On many of the reserves the Indian women formed Red Cross societies and patriotic leagues. These organizations were identical in character with like societies in white communities. They were energetic in their work and succeeded in accomplishing excellent results. They knitted socks, sweaters, and mufflers, and made bandages, and provided various comforts for the soldiers, and also held garden parties, bazaars, and other social entertainments in order to raise money for patriotic purposes.

The sale of basket and beadwork made by the Indian women, this being a native industry among them, was a novel and very successful means of securing funds

for war needs. The first society of the above nature to be organized on a reserve was the Six Nations Patriotic League, which was formed in October, 1914, and continued its work with great success until the conclusion of the war.

After the mobilization of Brock's Rangers, another women's patriotic society was formed on the Six Nations reserve, under the name of the Brock's Rangers Benefit Society. Its purpose was to minister specially to the needs of the Indian companies of this battalion, to which reference has been made already. Their work was very thorough, and no Indian member of the battalion was left out in the distribution of the plentiful supply of good things to eat and wear that were provided by these industrious and public-spirited Indian women. When the Armistice was signed, the society had still $200 on hand, and it proposes to use this as a nucleus towards the formation of a fund for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the Six Nation braves who died in France.

The Indian women of the Oneidas of the Thames, who are also Iroquois, formed a patriotic league in 1916 for the purpose of providing comforts for the members of their band at the front, of whom, as we have elsewhere observed, there were forty-eight from a total adult male population of two hundred and twenty. In its first year this society sent twenty-five boxes overseas. In 1917 the number was increased to one hundred and four; and in 1918 seventy-four boxes were sent up to the time of the signing of the Armistice. These boxes each contained thirty pairs of socks and twenty-four khaki sweaters.

The women of the Chippewas of Saugeen formed an energetic branch of the Red Cross Society for the purpose of providing comforts for the members of their band who were overseas, of whom, as we have already stated, there were not less than forty-eight from a total adult male population of one hundred and

ten. The society gave a series of box socials and in this way alone raised more than $400 for the benefit of their soldiers.

The women of the Wikwemikong Indian village on Manitoulin Island raised more than $200 for the Patriotic Fund by giving a series of concerts and euchre parties and the holding of a rummage-sale.

The women of the Sucker Creek band, also located on Manitoulin Island, raised a like amount by giving concerts and socials. The Indian women of the unceded portion of Manitoulin Island knitted several hundred pairs of socks for the soldiers and sent a large number of boxes overseas containing eatables and various comforts.

The women of the Rolling River band located in the vicinity of Birtle, Manitoba, formed a branch of the Red Cross Society, and the excellence of their beadwork sold for the benefit of the fund was especially commented upon.

In the spring of 1915 a branch of the Red Cross Society was formed at the File Hills Colony, an Indian community the nature of which has already been described herein. In the fall of the same year a branch of the Patriotic Society was organized at the colony.

The women of the Indian bands located at Qu'Appelle and also those at Pelly organized a very successful branch of the Red Cross Society. The head of the office of the Saskatchewan Provincial Branch of the Red Cross reported that the sewing and knitting from these Red Cross societies was fully equal in quality and workmanship to that received from any part of the province.

When the need of greater production became so urgent in the latter years of the war, an appeal was made to the Indian farmers throughout the Dominion, and especially in Ontario and the Prairie Provinces, through the intermediary of the Department of Indian Affairs. Greater production campaigns were organized

on the reserves, and the Indians set to work with a commendable degree of public spirit and patriotic enthusiasm. As a result of their efforts many extensive tracts of land that had hitherto lain idle were placed under cultivation; a valuable contribution was thus made to the food supply of the nation, and work of permanent importance accomplished.

The Indians responded well within their means to the Victory Loan appeal. Many of them invested their savings in this fund, and thus the part played by their race in the great struggle was rounded off by participation in every phase of war activity. Amounts thus invested by individual Indians in a number of cases exceeded one thousand dollars. The largest Victory Loan investment made by any individual Indian was that of Baptiste George, Chief of the Inkameep reserve, in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia, who purchased Victory bonds to the amount of $21,000.

The return of the Indian soldiers from the front will doubtless bring about great changes on the reserves. These men who have been broadened by contact with the outside world and its affairs, who have mingled with the men of other races, and who have witnessed the many wonders and advantages of civilization, will not be content to return to their old Indian mode of life. Each one of them will be a missionary of the spirit of progress, and their people cannot long fail to respond to their vigorous influence. Thus the war will have hastened that day, the millennium of those engaged in Indian work, when all the quaint old customs, the weird and picturesque ceremonies, the sun dance and the potlatch and even the musical and poetic native languages shall be as obsolete as the buffalo and the tomahawk, and the last tepee of the Northern wilds give place to a model farmhouse. In other words, the Indian shall become one with his neighbour in his speech, life and habits, thus conforming to that world-wide tendency towards universal standardization which

would appear to be the essential underlying purport of all modern social evolution.

The unselfish loyalty, gallantry, intelligence, resourcefulness, and efficiency displayed by Indians from all the nine provinces of Canada should throw a new light upon the sterling qualities of a race whose virtues are perhaps not sufficiently known or appreciated.

The Indians themselves, moreover, cannot but feel an increased and renewed pride of race and self-respect that should ensure the recovery of that ancient dignity and independence of spirit that were unfortunately lost to them in some measure through the depletion of the game supply, their natural source of livelihood, and the ravages of vices that had no place in their life before the advent of the white man.

The Indians deserve well of Canada, and the end of the war should mark the beginning of a new era for them wherein they shall play an increasingly honourable and useful part in the history of a country that was once the free and open hunting-ground of their forefathers.

APPENDIX II

THE CANADIANS ON GARRISON DUTY

DURING the war between the Allies and the Central Powers Canada was called upon to furnish garrisons for the Bermudas and the island of St. Lucia in order that the Imperial troops which had been stationed there might be relieved for service in the actual theatre of war. Three Canadian battalions, in turn, did duty in Bermuda, — the Royal Canadian Regiment of Halifax, the 38th Battalion of Ottawa, and the 163rd Battalion of Montreal. The two first-named were at a later date to take their places as units in the firing line in France and Belgium, — the Royal Canadian Regiment with the 3rd Division and the 38th Battalion with the 4th Division, — while the 163rd Battalion was broken up upon its arrival in England, there being then no opportunity of fresh troops being sent to the front, except as reinforcements.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the decision not to proceed with the formation of a fifth Canadian division, which was in contemplation, was a bitter disappointment to both officers and men of many a fine battalion. Splendid units had been organized in different parts of the Dominion and it was confidently hoped that the identity of these would be preserved. It was found, however, as the war progressed, that the heavy fighting in the Ypres and Somme areas had demanded such a toll of the forces already in the field that reinforcements were urgently needed. And so, as fresh troops arrived from Canada, the battalions were broken up. The 5th Division was in process of formation, but the project of sending it to France was re-

luctantly abandoned; drafts were sent forward as required to keep the units already in the field up to strength, and only a very few battalions, after reaching France, were replaced by others of a different name.

The Royal Canadian Regiment was the first to be detailed for duty in Bermuda. This regiment had been formed prior to the outbreak of the war, when Canada undertook the garrisoning of Halifax, and relieved the Imperial troops in that city. While it had not seen active service, many of its members were veterans and it was looked upon as a regiment of "regulars." As a matter of fact more than three hundred of the men had previously belonged to the British Army or Navy or to the Canadian Permanent Force. The regiment arrived in Bermuda shortly after the outbreak of the war, relieving a famous Imperial regiment, and remained for eleven months. In August, 1915, the 38th Battalion "took over" from the Royal Canadian Regiment, having the distinction of being the first purely volunteer regiment to do duty in the islands. After it had served there for ten months it was in turn relieved by the 163rd Battalion of Montreal, whose stay was considerably shorter. The Bermudas were, thenceforward, again garrisoned by Imperial forces.

To the reader who is not familiar with the island, or, properly speaking, the group of islands which compose the Bermudas, it may not be quite clear that there was any particular necessity for maintaining such a strong garrison at this place, but a little closer study of the situation will make it apparent that the colony was an important one both in time of war and of peace. And it must be remembered that this garrison was but one of the many, scattered around the earth, looking after the welfare of Great Britain's colonial possessions, just as the fleet was stationed at all corners guarding Britain's interest at sea — ever watchful against a German effort to prey on British commerce. Germany thirsted for commercial expansion and the

colonial possessions of her competitors were greatly coveted.

In the earlier days of the war some German ships, which were at sea at the opening of hostilities, undertook a series of raiding operations, giving thus no inconsiderable cause for alarm. Indeed, some of them were so ably commanded that much damage was done to British shipping before they were cornered, and, when they were cornered, they fought with a zeal that was worthy of a much better cause. Aided by friends or agents in all countries they were able to provision at sea and to continue their work until finally destroyed or forced to surrender. Thus, these little islands, known familiarly only to those who dwelt there and to those who were aware of their attraction for the tourist, loomed somewhat large in the history of the war — larger by far than even those who knew and loved them best could dream of. Without them the fighting vessels of the British Navy would not have had so many ready harbours where they could be provisioned and prepared for their long cruises in search of an artful and determined enemy. And thus the forces which guarded these posts from within and those which protected them from the sea were in every sense interdependent.

The Canadians who were called upon to leave Canada for Bermuda and St. Lucia, when they were so anxious to be in France, had a great responsibility entrusted to them, — a responsibility which they did not perhaps appreciate, — and they also had an opportunity of meeting the men who fought in the same great cause at sea. Several of the British cruisers and battleships were stationed at Bermuda, — that is to say, Bermuda was the base; other fighting ships were coming and going through all the years of the war. When the crews were given " shore leave " the Canadians entertained them, and when visits to the ships were permitted the naval fighters reciprocated. This exchange of hospitality could have but one effect, — the

promotion of the liveliest good feeling, — and so the soldier and sailor came to know each other better and to like each other the more.

Bermuda is possessed of wonderful charms and is considered by professional soldiers one of the finest stations in the world, just as Aden is looked upon as the worst. While the Canadians were there one of these soldiers, who at different periods had been stationed at depots all over the British Empire, completed his twenty-first year of service. Had Great Britain not been at war he would have taken his honourable discharge. Perhaps he would have gone back to his home, of which he had seen so little, but he averred that when he left the army he would settle in Canada. So much for the good opinion formed by him of Canada through meeting the Canadian soldiers. But he did not take his discharge, and he was warmly congratulated by his commanding officer, when, upon being officially informed that his service had been completed, he urged that he be allowed to continue his duties until the war was ended. He saw the Royal Canadian Regiment come and go; he saw the 38th Battalion come and go; he saw the 163rd Battalion come; but when the last named left for England he was with them, having re-enlisted as a Canadian soldier.

This is but an instance of the excellent example shown to the troops who were then in the making. The presence of the few Imperial forces which had been left on the island, the Garrison Artillery and the Royal Engineers, was a fine thing for the Canadians, who had not been soldiers long and did not know the game as well as did their more experienced friends. Many of the Imperials had worked hard for years before having recognition of their services come to them in the shape of even one stripe. They knew what discipline was and what it meant to run contrary to any one of the King's Rules and Orders. They pointed out the folly of making mistakes and particularly of being

caught in making them. To the credit of the Canadians they absorbed this instruction and their soldiering was made much more easy in consequence.

The Bermudas lie 800 miles from Halifax, 700 miles south-east of New York, two days' steaming from the latter city. While there are 300 islands in the group, some of them are so called only by reason of the fact that they are not quite covered by water at high tide, and only some half dozen were of any consequence so far as the Canadians were concerned. The metropolis is the town of Hamilton, which is on what is known as the island of Bermuda proper, the other larger islands being St. George's, St. David's, Somerset, and Boaz. For military purposes the garrison has for years been distributed over these islands, and was reduced some years before the war to a single regiment of infantry and detachments of Royal Engineers and Royal Garrison Artillery. This garrison was considered sufficient and was not increased when the war with the Central Powers broke out.

Nature has provided Bermuda with a protecting shield in the coral reefs with which it is surrounded. These reefs would bring disaster to any ship venturing to make port unless in the hands of a pilot possessing thorough knowledge of the channel. While the Canadians were there ships from the outside world groped their way along the west coast to the port of Hamilton, which is in the heart of the islands. A new channel was then in course of construction to the harbour of St. George's, which opens eastward, and which, when completed, the Bermudans claimed, would be one of the finest in the world. From a military and naval point of view, however, the Bermudas are most valuable as a coaling station, mainly by reason of the fact that the largest floating dock in the world is established at Ireland Island. This was placed in position in 1902, after a voyage of fifty-five days from England. The

first dock, which in its day was also the largest in the world, arrived in 1869, but the increase in the size of Britain's great fighting ships made it necessary to replace it with one of greater capacity. The latest dock to occupy the artificial basin is 545 feet in length, 126 feet in width, and between walls 100 feet. The height of its vertical walls is 53 feet, the length 435 feet, and thickness 13 feet. Its extreme lifting power is 17,500 tons, and the total weight of its hull is 6,500 tons. On St. George's Island are the strong forts, Albert, Victoria, Cunningham, and George, which command all the approaches to the harbour, wherein it is claimed all the ships of the British Navy could ride in absolute security.

These forts were, of course, the special care and the special pride, as well, of the detachment of the Royal Garrison Artillery and the Royal Engineers, while the infantry was distributed at Prospect, Boaz, St. David's, and St. George's, with strong guards posted at other important points. The accommodation was all that could have been asked; indeed, it is doubtful if finer barracks, as a whole, can be found anywhere. The buildings are, for the greater part, of sandstone, and are kept in thorough repair. There are separate buildings for the officers and for the other ranks who are married. The hospitals are perfectly equipped and there are gymnasiums and reading-rooms where the men are invited to spend their hours when not on duty. There is also, it might be added, an imposing detention barrack or " glass house " at St. George's, enforced confinement in which has no special attraction for the unfortunate or ill-advised.

During the warmer weather the training, for the most part, was carried on in the early morning and in the evening. Indeed the humidity was so great during a couple of months in the year that the men, although suitably dressed, were warned against indulging in any violent exercise; bathing through the day was pro-

hibited; and the parades were discontinued. However, the men were not allowed to remain idle, and when they were compelled to stay indoors they were detailed for such work as polishing up their rifles and equipment. Lectures were given by the officers and senior non-commissioned officers, so that not a moment was wasted. For the rest, the Canadians were kept busy enough. When a company was undergoing its six weeks' training, there was scarcely a moment that the men could call their own. As soon as day broke they were paraded for physical drill, and since this was largely in charge of instructors of the permanent forces it followed that it was real work. Then, after breakfast, came squad, platoon, or company drill until noon. The afternoon was fully occupied in field work, skirmishing, range-finding, scouting, signalling, or bayonet practice. There was a syllabus laid down and carefully adhered to. Even when rain came there was no cessation, for much of the training could be carried on inside the large buildings. There were, however, some disadvantages. The climate is not a bracing one and tended to make the men lose snap. In fact, until the Canadians became more or less acclimatized there was an inclination to expend as little energy as possible. This is not at all an uncommon thing among soldiers when they are not actually fighting, but the climate was considered responsible for the condition. Then, also, there was too much whiteness about the islands. The roads and buildings were of white sandstone, and to make it more trying to the eyes, everything that could be whitewashed, even to the roofs of the buildings, was whitewashed. When the sun was shining the glare was almost blinding, and in some cases the eyesight was affected, temporarily at least. Many of the men were affected by a three-day fever, the result of becoming over-heated during the day and not paying sufficient attention to their dress during the evening.

During the many years a garrison has been maintained in the islands, excellent ranges have been constructed for training in marksmanship. In this the Canadians took an especial interest, and when they were given their final tests in England, before proceeding to France, the battalions which had been stationed in Bermuda stood high in the shooting averages and boasted far more than the average number of expert marksmen. This was decidedly an advantage for the men when they arrived in the trenches and were pitted against the selected German snipers. In Bermuda the companies did their shooting at the various depots where they were stationed, but the battalion competitions, which were very keenly contested, were held at Warwick.

Battalion headquarters were at Prospect, the largest of the camps and the most central. The camp was visited by thousands of tourists from Canada and the United States, who had come to Bermuda to escape the rigours of a colder climate. The attention paid by these tourists to the Canadian soldiers who composed the garrison was not greatly appreciated. Sunday, although it called for no other parade than that for church service, was a day that was dreaded. All Hamilton and its guests turned out for this event and it was requisite that the troops should be immaculately clean. The private soldier was inspected by the section corporal, by the platoon sergeant, by the company sergeant-major, by the platoon commander, by the company commander, and by the officer commanding the battalion; he waited for the staff parade, which was the most trying ordeal of the day. Then he was marched away to church service, after which it was the custom of the commanding officer to have another inspection and deliver himself of an address. This talk was nearly always confined to the appearance of the men and their conduct on parade. They were told how well they looked and how much better they might

have looked if they had spent some of their money on button and shoe polish instead of in the canteen. The chaplain's service lasted less than an hour, but the parade frequently occupied three or four. It is easy to understand why Sunday was not looked forward to and why there was no joy in the soldier's heart until that parade was over.

Route marches were held frequently and were, for the most part, thoroughly enjoyed. Their value was perhaps not fully understood at the time, particularly when the men were ordered to turn out in full marching order, — absolutely every article of their equipment to be carried, — but this part of the training was to stand them in good stead when they were required to make their way to and from the trenches in France and Belgium. The route marching, the physical drill, and the musketry practice were entered into with a degree of enthusiasm, as the men realized that this training was most necessary to fit them for actual war conditions. They could not, perhaps, appreciate the remainder of the training, — much of it seemed unnecessary and foolish, — but that it was necessary in the interests of discipline they could understand, and they let it go at that.

The signallers and machine-gun sections were chosen from the different companies, and their training was naturally carried on under the supervision of their own officers, the requirements of these units being different from those of the other men. Incidentally, in view of the all-important part that the machine gun came to play in the war, it is now generally agreed that every man in a battalion should have had a working knowledge of the machine gun, and not, as was usually the case, a selected few. Of course, fighting conditions changed so frequently that no one back of the lines could possibly keep pace with them, and it was often the case that troops, thought to be perfectly trained, learned, upon arrival in England or France,

that much of what they had been taught had to be immediately forgotten; in fact they would probably have been better off if they had been taught nothing except to keep in perfect physical condition, to shoot straight, to remain cheerful, and to obey orders.

There were systematic efforts made to give the men a thorough knowledge of trench systems and of bomb-throwing, the latter, of course, with dummy bombs. The trench system training was a success theoretically, but that is about as far as it got. The men could have accomplished as much and could have dug themselves in in shorter order had they been provided with saws instead of picks and shovels, for the sandstone was impervious to the attacks of the latter tools. It was a muscle-building exercise, but if the men had had to depend for safety from an enemy attack upon the trenches they built in Bermuda, but few would have been left to relate their experiences. When all other schemes had been worked out for the moral and physical uplift of the men, there was the fatigue work known as "weeding." Considering the fact that many efforts — some of which have failed utterly — have been made to grow useful crops in the islands, the number and variety of the weeds that flourish there is amazing. This work kept the men employed when there was absolutely nothing else to be done; and it helped to make the islands more attractive for both themselves and the tourists.

But when men are anxious to get to the front, garrison duty, even under the most favourable conditions, is bound to become irksome. The Royal Canadian Regiment had expected to go direct from Halifax to France at the outbreak of the war. They saw one month run into another without any sign of relief, and began to fear that they would not get to France at all. For this reason news of the Allies' successes had more or less a depressing effect. And so it was with the men of the 38th Battalion after they had taken their turn of duty

in the islands. With the 163rd Battalion the lack of contentedness became apparent earlier, for this battalion had from the start abominated the thought of garrison duty, their one wish being to get to the front in France. In passing it may be mentioned that after the men of all three battalions had been in the fighting area for a few days, those who were really honest with themselves admitted that they had not realized how well off they had been in Bermuda, and that, after all, it had been a real home.

When war was declared, as has been already stated, the Royal Canadian Regiment was doing regular garrison work in Halifax, and in order to place it on a war footing additional men were required. To meet this some four hundred men, who had been training in Valcartier, were detailed. These men sailed from Montreal, and joined the regiment at Halifax. The unit proceeded to Bermuda on September 11th, 1914, with a strength of over 1,000 all ranks, under command of Lieut.-Colonel A. O. Fages. At a later date Major A. E. Carpenter succeeded Colonel Fages in the command of the regiment. Other senior officers of the regiment were: Major J. H. Kaye, Major A. C. B. Hamilton-Gray, Major J. G. Burnham, Captains E. L. du Domaine, E. K. Eaton, C. R. E. Willets, R. J. S. Langford, E. B. Costin, F. L. S. Brett, O. V. Hoad, G. A. H. Trudeau, Lieutenant and Adjutant A. E. Willoughby, Hon. Captain M. A. Fiset, and Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster J. W. Coupe.

On August 13th, 1915, the Royal Canadian Regiment was relieved for service at the front by the 38th Battalion of Ottawa (under command of Lieut.-Colonel C. M. Edwards), which had previously been training in Ottawa and at Barriefield Camp for some seven months. This regiment sailed from Montreal, but it had just reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence when it was turned back to Quebec. It camped for a few days at Lévis, opposite Quebec, and then proceeded by rail to

Halifax, from which point it sailed for the Bermudas. There was much speculation as to the reason for this sudden change in the original programme, but there has been no official explanation. With Lieut.-Colonel Edwards were Major C. Ferguson, as second in command, Major E. R. McNeill, Major J. A. C. Macpherson, Major R. F. Parkinson, Major W. S. Wood, Captains R. W. Stewart, A. A. Sears, T. W. MacDowell, J. Glass, H. I. Horsey, and Hon. Major E. A. Olver.

On the arrival of the 38th, there was a whole-hearted celebration on the part of the Royal Canadian Regiment, though the men of the two battalions had little opportunity for fraternizing. The former battalion arrived in the morning, and in the afternoon the latter was on its way to Halifax en route for the front.

The 38th Battalion remained until May 19th, 1916, when it was relieved by the 163rd Battalion (of Montreal). The senior officers of the 163rd Battalion were: Lieut.-Colonel M. J. H. Des Rosiers, Major O. Asselin, Major R. De Serres, Hon. Captain C. E. Chartier, and Captains P. Chevalier, H. R. Cohen, J. R. Disbrow, J. G. Garneau, R. Garneau, J. A. Le Royer, A. Martin, D. W. Massey, R. A. Normandin, L. Plante, J. G. Raymond, and R. Roy. On November 18th, 1916, the Canadians handed over the duties to Imperial troops.

St. Lucia also came within the scope of Canadian operations in the war, troops being detailed for the purpose of manning the guns there early in 1915 and remaining until after the Armistice had been arranged. This is one of the largest as well as the most northerly of the Windward Islands, its greatest length being twenty-seven miles and its greatest breadth fourteen. The island is volcanic, an irregular mountain chain running through the centre, the principal elevations being Morne Gimié and Piton Canaries, each a little over three thousand feet in height, Morne Cochon,

Morne Casteau, and the two pointed mountains Gros Piton and Petit Piton. Castries, the capital, lies at the head of a very deep harbour or bay of the same name on the north-west coast of the island. The city is level and regularly laid out and is built chiefly on ground that has been reclaimed from the harbour. This latter fact, together with another one, — that it is in a locality well adapted for the propagation of fevers, — has given the island a reputation for unhealthfulness which it does not altogether deserve. The chief asset of Castries is its magnificent harbour, which is one of the safest and most commodious in the West Indies. Though its entrance is only about a third of a mile across, it runs inland for nearly a mile and a half, with an average width of three-quarters of a mile, and is almost completely surrounded by hills. It is also the most completely fortified of any harbour in the West Indies outside of the Bermudas, for it was long ago chosen as a British naval station for coaling and stores. Not only is the Vigie headland, north of the harbour entrance, fortified, but also the Cocoanut headland, to the south, and especially the ridge above the city. But for the glorious harbour there would be no Castries; it is at the best merely a coaling station, but one of the finest of its kind in the world.

Castries is a favourite port of call for men-of-war and merchant ships, and thus it was necessary for Great Britain to guard it carefully during the war. For this purpose, therefore, detachments of the Royal Canadian Artillery and the Canadian Garrison Artillery, drawn from Halifax, Quebec, and Victoria, proceeded there from Halifax on March 26th and April 9th, 1915. The original force consisted of 9 officers and 105 other ranks, the original officers being: Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) A. E. Harris, R. C. A., who was in command, Captain C. C. Shaw, of the R. C. A., and Lieutenant A. W. Ahearn, of the R. C. A. The attached officers were Captain H. E. Connolly, Army Medical

Corps; Lieutenant M. Crockett, 5th Regiment, C. G. A.; Lieutenant C. MacKay, 3rd Regiment, C. G. A.; Lieutenant B. F. Sharpe, 1st Regiment, C. G. A.; Lieutenant R. C. Hoyle, 5th Regiment, C. G. A.; and Lieutenants T. Hamel and R. Samson, 6th Regiment, C. G. A.

This force was subsequently increased and at the time that the Armistice was declared consisted of 14 officers and 204 other ranks of the Royal Canadian Artillery, two officers and 28 other ranks of the Royal Canadian Engineers, and one officer and 8 other ranks of the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

The following cablegram was received at the Canadian Militia Headquarters from Rt.-Hon. Walter Hume Long, British Secretary of State for the Colonies, when the Canadians were relieved: —

"Now that the withdrawal of the Canadian garrison from St. Lucia has been decided upon, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and the Army Council wish to express their appreciation of the service of the Canadian troops employed, to whom His Majesty's ships and the mercantile marine are indebted for the sense of security which the defence of Port Castries has given during the period of hostilities."

APPENDIX III

FOOD CONTROL

WHEN the war broke out in 1914, Germany, with her usual thoroughness, and as part of the campaign, had a carefully thought out programme of food control in readiness, and an organization, nation-wide in extent, was immediately set on foot. German economists had been at work on the problem for some years, in fact, and they had evolved what was supposed by them to be the most scientific system of victualling an army and a nation at war that had yet been known. History itself had up to August, 1914, furnished few instances of food control that would help as examples in the world crisis that was about to be created. The first recorded experiment was made by Caius Gracchus in Rome, and its success was not such as to commend emulation, although, curiously enough, his system was practically the one adopted by Great Britain when, later in the war, she had to tackle the food problem in its more serious aspects.

Great Britain, France, and Russia, not having immediate war in anticipation, had not given the same study to the food problem that Germany had done and did not at first fully realize how important it was in a struggle that might last for years. What first seriously drew attention to the necessity for food control was the dire straits of Belgium, the population of which in a few weeks was placed at the mercy of the world for food and clothing. The plight of the Belgians appealed to the United States, the greatest of the neutral nations and the one best able to deal with it. Curiously

enough, and in a sense most fortunate, the knowledge and experience gained by Mr. Hoover, as head of the American Relief Commission, peculiarly fitted him for the much larger task of Food Controller of the United States when that nation decided to cast in its lot with the Allies.

It is not the intention here to discuss the various systems of food control undertaken in Europe and America or to compare their relative merits. Each as related to its own requirements and the conditions of its own country had, no doubt, its special merit. Germany, perhaps, for reasons already stated, was in a class by herself. Her system was calculated for a war lasting six months, which was the limit originally set by her, or even for sixteen months, if necessary, in which to complete offensive operations by land and sea. Economies in food supplies, as well as in war supplies generally, undoubtedly enabled Germany to carry on until the invasion of foreign territory gave access to fresh supplies. As a matter of fact, in all the warring countries of Europe the measure of food control was far from being effective — in other words, was very defective — until the last year of the war, and the issue depended upon food as much as, if not much more than, upon anything else. At one time, the situation began to be critical in Great Britain. On several occasions, it was seriously critical in both France and Italy, and was only saved by the assistance and supreme efforts of the United States and Canada in getting food across the seas. In this connection, Germany was not an exception. The theoretic plan of food control was perfect on paper, but it failed in its application. The German Army was kept pretty well fed, but so far as the civil population was concerned there was great inequality in distribution and much hoarding and profiteering, with the result that the urban populations suffered cruelly and with effects which will be long felt. The agrarian population was selfish in the extreme,

and the powers of evasion were greater than the powers of authority to control. This is referred to because it has an intimate bearing upon the problem as it applied to Canada and the United States, whose policies throughout have been more or less in accord.

With nations at war, with war either within their own boundaries or at their own doors, the control of food, the prime essential of existence, must sooner or later become a matter of compulsion. It resolves itself into some system of control of supply and of rationing, such as Great Britain and France in the end resorted to, and very successfully, too, considering the stupendous difficulties and responsibilities which had to be faced. In the United States and Canada, the position was essentially different. While both nations were at war, they were far removed from the zone of war and its immediate consequences. In addition to that, they were great producing and exporting countries and had abundant resources. The Allied countries in Europe had in normal times to depend upon a large amount of exports, and their production during war was necessarily crippled by war effort. Great Britain eventually was able to rise to the occasion and produce largely, because she had several millions of acres of agricultural land lying fallow. France and Italy had been cultivated almost to the limit, and whole armies of men had been drawn from the land, leaving only old people and children to take their place. Not only were the necessities of Great Britain, France, and Italy to be provided for, but there were Belgium and other starving countries, in so far as it was possible, to be looked after. The peculiar problems of the United States and Canada, which were practically identical, were to feed the Allied countries of Europe and at the same time to so regulate the supply and distribution at home that there should be sufficient to go round and also that the cost to their own people should not be excessive, as the consequence of a world

scarcity in food. No war in modern times has occurred during which, within certain affected areas — and these areas are enlarged in proportion to the intensity and extent of operations — the price of the necessaries of life has not risen above the normal, often reaching the " famine " stage. In a war in which 20,000,000 people were drawn from the ordinary avenues of production, it was inevitable that prices in America, which had been advancing for some years, should after the war broke out begin to skyrocket, and we shall see to what extent in Canada, as well as in the United States, efforts were successful in maintaining supplies and regulating profits so that prices might remain below some reasonable maximum.

War had run for over two years before any steps were taken on this side of the Atlantic to control our vast food reserves. Indeed, the fact only seemed to emerge slowly out of the maze of war necessities as time went on. The resources of the British Empire had for two years proved so abundant that it was not until December, 1916, that food regulations even in a small way were regarded as necessary in Great Britain. Then the submarine policy of ruthlessness was inaugurated. This is an essential factor in the consideration of the date of the creation of food control in Canada. There was the further consideration that prices of the necessaries of life had been climbing in Canada from the outbreak of the war, as well as for a long time before it, and the question of the " high cost of living " had become a vital issue in politics. There were suspicions, if not direct charges, of " profiteering," a word which, though not in the dictionary as yet, has now definitely been incorporated in the language. It was only after a serious depletion of British shipping and a cutting off of long voyages to Australia and New Zealand, especially, that the Canadian civilian was called upon to share directly in the food supply of the Motherland. The exigencies of the

war situation in itself would have been sufficient to cause Canada to take action, had the political situation not intervened, but both together had a powerful effect. Although the United States had been for several months studying the food situation in Europe, with a view to a controllership being established, and Mr. Hoover actually for some time, along with associates, had been preparing a programme for such controllership, Canada had the honour of having the first Food Controller, so named. On June 16th, 1917, an Order-in-Council, under the War Measures Act, was passed, authorizing the creation of the post of Food Controller, and on June 21st, following, the Hon. W. J. Hanna, K. C., Toronto, late Attorney-General of Ontario, was appointed to the post. Mr. Hanna, who acted in an honorary capacity, was well known as an organizer and a man of affairs. The establishment of the Ontario Prison Farms, a new department for Canada in prison economics, was undertaken under his ægis and had been successful.

Mr. Hanna had no known precedents to follow. Even had he been familiar with the details of the German system, the conditions in Germany or any other European country would have formed no useful guide to him in determining his plans for Canada. The situation involved a good deal of careful thought, and it is at least a tribute to his insight into the actual situation that when Mr. Hoover's plans, independently formed, became known, the conclusions arrived at by the two men were much the same and the organizations created have worked along ever since on very similar lines and with very similar results. They both came to the conclusion that the basis of action should, so far as possible, be the voluntary co-operation of the people with the food administration, rather than a recourse to compulsion. Having confidence in the patriotic spirit of the people, so much alike in spirit and in the genius of their free institutions and love of liberty,

both made strong appeals for the conservation of food and the increase of its production. Both, by what we call publicity campaigns, followed up these appeals through organized bureaus and did in the main succeed in securing the co-operation and the results they desired. Both received a large amount of criticism, principally because prices would persist in staying up instead of going down according to popular expectation in respect of " controlling " prices.

For the first six months, the Food Controller's duties involved detailed studies of the sources of supply and stocks of food. The public had to be instructed in the necessity for patriotic carefulness in food. The public, at first, had very vague ideas of the purpose of it all, so new and strange was it to have any governmental interference or advice regarding the way of one's living. For this purpose, one million voluntary pledge cards were circulated. The first compulsory step was taken in August, 1917, when restrictions were tentatively placed on the serving of beef and bacon in public eating-houses. From this point of departure there was an ever-widening extension calculated to secure to the board effective control of all the food existent and in prospect. On the whole, the public in Canada, as in the United States, responded in food conservation equally as well as in active military effort, which, as we know, was not by any means a complete response. As a result enormous savings were made in home methods. Waste was to a very large extent eliminated. Wheat, flour, beef, and pork, the most important food staples, were conveyed in the most direct way to the consumer, whether at home or in the trenches, with the least practicable amount of hoarding or storing and with only a reasonable " spread " and profit. In brief, in the face of a war so paralyzing in its effects, Canada had continuously an ample supply of food for her own use and a large surplus available for export.

On January 29th, 1918, Mr. Hanna, owing to private

business demands, resigned his position as Food Controller and was succeeded by Mr. Henry B. Thomson, of Victoria, B. C., who for several months had been assisting him. It was, in fact, the practical knowledge of affairs displayed by Mr. Thomson and his success in certain important negotiations in Washington and New York that caused him to be recommended by Mr. Hanna as his successor. On February 11th, a change in designation and form of the authority was made. The Canada Food Board was created and vested with all the powers of the Food Controller. The new board was directed to report to the Governor-General-in-Council through the Minister of Agriculture. The personnel of the board nominated and the assignment of duties were as follows: —

Chairman of the Board and Director of Food Conservation — Mr. Henry B. Thomson;

Director of Food Production — The Hon. Chas. A. Dunning, M. P. P., Regina;

Director of Agricultural Labour — Mr. J. D. McGregor, Brandon;

Secretary — Mr. S. E. Todd.

In making a review of the work and operations of the Canada Food Board, one or two well defined, guiding principles must be kept in mind. As Mr. Hanna pointed out in his report made to the Government on the date of his resignation, the prime object of the Food Board was not what so many persons, misled by the name, imagined. It was not so much the control of the price of food, important as that might be, but so impossible in practice, as the administration of food supplies in a way which would not only stimulate production for the requirements of the Allies, but guarantee an equitable distribution to the consumer. To accomplish this great end, the prime factor of control was found to be the licensing system. Every dealer in or manufacturer of foods was obliged to take out a license, without which he was unable to do business.

The virtue of the principle lay in the fact that from the largest flour miller to the smallest baker in the land, from the sugar manufacturer or importer to the country storekeeper, from the stockyard and the big packer down to the least of the butchers — everybody in business was and is still (February, 1919), so to speak, in the hollow of the Food Controller's hand. With the details of his business under the eye of the Controller, the right to do business was dependent upon his business conduct. Precisely the same principle governed in the United States. The objects which the boards of food control in the two countries had in view were that food should not be wasted, that it should not be hoarded, that there should be a steady flow from the producer to the consumer, that the "spread" or cost of handling be determined, and that there should be only a reasonable pre-war profit by the dealers. The cost to the consumer, about which voluminous criticism and denunciation have been printed from first to last, was in the end, and had to be, determined by the cost of production, the elements which entered into cost being beyond human control. The licensing system was, and must remain, the best human device for the objects in view. It steadied prices, it equalized distribution and in the most practical way prevented abuses. The dealers, after the holding of conferences, entered into the policy of the food administration in a spirit of willing co-operation and thus enabled a new departure in business to be undertaken without dissatisfaction and with comparatively little friction. It would be asking too much of human nature, even in patriotic countries in time of war, to expect that the machinery would run with absolute clock-like perfection and without those exceptions which since the world began have served to "prove the rule."

In the matter of exports and imports, it was important that the North American continent should be made

"water-tight." That meant that exports should not leak out to enemy or pro-enemy countries. The first interest to serve was that of the Allies fighting in Europe. It was indispensable to victory that they should be fed at all costs, and, in case there was enough and to spare, then friendly neutrals. On the other hand, only such imports as were necessary for home requirements should be allowed. For these purposes, a system of permits was established in concert, so that only the needs of the Allies and those of home production and consumption were regarded. In other words, by arrangement and agreement, trade between the two countries and foreign trade were carried on by permission. In the course of the last twelve months of the war, practically from November to November, the Food Board issued 14,155 export permits and 10,350 import permits. In addition to these licenses and permits, the Food Board had authority to issue Orders for the regulation of food in hotels, restaurants, and to the public eating-places, including boarding-houses, and the direction which was given to the mass of food supplies through this source is one which cannot be calculated. Altogether, up to November 1st, 1918, seventy Orders had been issued by the Food Board to regulate the current supplies. This is not a large number, considering that in the first three months of 1918 over one hundred and thirty Orders were issued by the British Ministry of Food.

In addition, however, to administration and regulation of food supplies, which were fundamentally the objects of food boards, there was an almost equally important duty imposed upon the Government, and that was the stimulation of production. It was not enough to conserve food. Its supply had to be increased. To win the war the armies had to be fed, and after the soldiers, the civil population, where necessary.

Careful surveys of the food supply enabled the

United States and Canada to tell at any given moment the amounts available for export, and within a reasonable approximation the available shipping facilities could be determined from month to month. Similarly, the wants of the Allies were more or less a certain factor. In these ways the requirements of increased production became known and the campaign of production was based on that knowledge and was vigorously carried on in different ways. There were four staples of first importance, wheat, flour, beef, and pork (including fats and oils), actually required by the armies in the field. The first duty was to save as much of these as possible for export by using substitutes, irrespective of whether the substitutes were dearer or cheaper than the original, and the next was to produce as much as possible of everything. Having briefly outlined objects, principles and the *modus operandi,* it will be well to consider results, which must form the criterion of success or failure.

In the first place, Canada and the United States did not in a single instance fail in respect of their duty to the Allies, keeping them supplied until the signing of the Armistice, and being in a position to reasonably supply the requirements of the year or two in which it may be necessary, before the pre-war policy can be re-established.

Here it will be well to introduce statistics to express concretely what has been accomplished. Canada's assistance in the supply of foodstuffs, as one writer has expressed it, will be one of her greatest glories when history reviews the war. Her exports in 1914-15 amounted to $187,011,300 and by jumps increased in 1917-18 to $710,619,400, a result which is eloquent in itself. But that does not tell the whole story. In the year preceding the war Canada was an importer of foodstuffs as well as an exporter, and, in that year, in butter, cheese, eggs, lard, bacon, ham, and beef she imported to the extent of $8,600,000. Since the out-

break of war Canada has practically ceased to import these articles, so that in four years we may easily put to our national credit $35,000,000 or more. The figures in production for three years under the heads of three chief sub-divisions are very suggestive:—

	1916	1917	1918
Fisheries	$ 23,274,772	$ 24,993,156	$ 33,670,846
Animal Products	111,331,332	157,415,287	163,488,362
Agricultural Products	396,455,537	427,927,335	440,744,430
	$531,061,641	$610,335,778	$637,903,638

A final computation for the years 1917 and 1918 in respect of acreage of field crops shows that in the former year it amounted to 42,583,288 and in 1918 to 57,299,637 acres; and in respect of production of grains 725,972,020 and 828,682,900 bushels respectively. Canada, therefore, not only looked after her own requirements in food, making her imports in certain lines, but tremendously increased her exports, thus by saving and by increased production fulfilling the supreme purposes for which the Food Board was called into existence. In war, the cost of food is not in itself the desideratum so much as that there may be plenty for the forces engaged.

The most striking example of Canada's quick aid to the Motherland is found in the so-called "Commandeering" Order-in-Council covering the stocks of butter during the month of October and the first week of November, 1918. By what might be called a stroke of the pen, millions of pounds of butter were made available to relieve the extreme shortage in Great Britain. Meanwhile 25,000,000 pounds of butter held in stock on the Canadian market, regulated as to profit thereon, was used as a lever to keep down home prices so that there could be no profiteering at the expense of patriotism. It did so most effectively.

An immense amount of criticism was launched against the Canada Food Board because of higher prices and of innumerable items of detail, as they ap-

peared to have a local effect and to spring from local causes, without reference to the working out of policies on a wider scale, in which details are merely incidental and often beyond the control of a central organization. The larger and more important results obtained have already been referred to. A short review of some of the necessary activities leading to those cumulative results may be detailed.

Numerous measures were brought about through the organization of the Food Board, working from end to end of the Dominion. The results of these may be summarized briefly as follows: —

Waste of food was made an offence subject to heavy penalties; bakery products were standardized so as to prevent extravagant use of wheat; manufacture of products involving large use of sugar or fats was prohibited; saving of wheat was effected by regulation of the trade in package cereals, dealers being required to substitute other cereals for part of the wheat in the manufacture of the products; flour was standardized and the milling extraction lengthened for wheat, 74 per cent. of the wheat berry being the standard; in cases where it was found that excessive quantities of food commodities required overseas were held, the Food Board required the sale of such excess; public eating-places were regulated in the use of foods, meat, wheat, and dairy products; hoarding sugar or flour was made an offence subject to heavy fine or imprisonment; amounts which might be held in private households or by dealers were limited to ensure equitable distribution; control over imports and exports proved a valuable instrument in obtaining trade concessions; use of grain for liquors was prohibited and the use of malt limited; feeding of grain to live-stock was controlled; use of substitutes for wheat flours by bakers, confectioners and public eating-places and in homes was made compulsory.

It must be understood that while the gathering of

information on which to guide the war food policy was done largely by provincial committees, the actual administrative work was almost exclusively carried out through the centralized office in Ottawa. A staff which fluctuated according to seasonal demands from 120 to 190 was employed, and the mail-bag from the Food Board office was a fair index of the busy time. From August 1st to October 26th, 1918, the number of incoming letters, etc., was 271,920, while the outgoing mail in the same period totalled 372,085 letters and circulars.

While definite price-fixing was not the principal considered policy of the Food Board, it was not altogether kept out of the programme. The price of wheat, for instance, was fixed through the Board of Grain Supervisors. With that point to start from, millers' profits on flour were strictly limited. The wholesale merchants' margin of profit on wheat and other grains was so fixed that the price could not be unreasonably enhanced; steps were taken to prevent manipulation by fictitious sales to increase the apparent profits that should be payable; everything was done to reduce intermediate transactions in wheat, flour, grain, and, in short, all other foodstuffs, to the lowest possible number, and to make the commodity run from the producer to the last user in as direct a line as possible.

Since July, 1917, the propaganda work of the Canada Food Board has increased the consumption of fish in Canada fully one hundred per cent. compared with what it was previously. The export of Western lake fish has been cut down from eighty-five per cent. to fifty per cent. — the difference being consumed in Canada. An entirely new fish industry has been established on the Pacific Coast, and two steam trawlers are now engaged in fishing for flat-fish and cod. Half a million pounds per month of these excellent fish are now being consumed in Canada. On the Atlantic, the steam trawling fleet was increased from three to five

vessels. Haddock, cod, mackerel, and herring were introduced into the Ontario market, and are now staple lines in good demand. Over seventeen hundred wholesale fish dealers are under license from the Food Board, and some twenty-six hundred retailers. A greater variety of fish at reasonable prices is now to be found in the markets. On National Fish Day, October 31st, 1918, Montreal and Toronto consumed 577,400 pounds of fish, and it is estimated that no less a quantity than 2,500,000 pounds were consumed in Canada on that day alone.

One of the greatest means which contributed to the Canadian agricultural success was the arrangement made for the purchase and re-selling of farm tractors at cost to the farmers. Over 1,123 of these were thus sold in 1918, and the probabilities are that many hundreds will be placed on Canadian farms in 1919.

In a measure like food control, practically without historical precedent and wholly unusual in a free country, it may be well to examine into its origin and legal effect. It has been said that since the war broke out in 1914 Canada has been governed by Order-in-Council. The War Measures Act gave the Government the widest possible powers in relation to authority necessary to be exercised in any direction for military purposes. The office of the Food Controller was created with extraordinary powers, which in the United States could be only exercised through the President by virtue of special acts of Congress. The objects which had to be kept in view were well defined in the terms of Order-in-Council 1460, in June, 1917, creating the office of Food Controller. They may be enumerated as: —

1. To ascertain the food requirements of Canada, and to facilitate the export of the surplus to Great Britain and her Allies;

2. To make regulations in the public interest of the people of Canada;

3. To provide for the conservation of food and

the prevention of waste in hotels, restaurants, private homes and other places.

In considering the question of food control, however, it will be seen from the objects enumerated in the Order-in-Council, the regulation of prices, so much in the public mind, except indirectly, was not included. The creation of the position of Food Controller was essentially to make a survey of the available foodstuffs in Canada and to take steps for the increased production, conservation and distribution of foodstuffs within Canada and to expedite the export of the surplus to Great Britain and her Allies. Prior Orders-in-Council, passed on the 10th and amended on the 20th of November, 1916, were enacted essentially to limit the prices of all necessaries of life, and their provisions and enforcement come within the jurisdiction of the Minister of Labour and do not really fall within the purview of this article, and would not be referred to except that in the public mind two things which were quite distinct became confused. Long prior to the war the Government had the power under the Criminal Code to deal with undue restraint of trade by conspiracy. The Order-in-Council, November 10th, 1916, as amended by Order-in-Council, November 29th, 1916, in its first part re-enacted Section 498 of the Criminal Code, leaving out the words " unduly " and " unreasonably " wherever they appeared, intending to make the provision stronger, but the exact effect in law has never been determined. The Order also provided against the holding or storing of goods, or the undue increase of price and the making of returns to the Minister. It was by virtue of this Order that the office of Commissioner of the Cost of Living was created, and the appointment of Mr. W. F. O'Connor was made. For a period Mr. O'Connor's reports furnished very sensational reading in the newspapers and led to the impression that there was, in the meat packing trade at least, considerable " profiteering."

There were several investigations made at which it was shown that while the aggregate of profits in that respect was very large in 1916 and 1917, the rate of profits to the Canadian consumer did not exceed two-fifths of a cent per pound on bacon. Whether the evidence justified it or not no prosecutions were made. The weakness of the situation was that cases of alleged violation had to be remitted to the Attorney-General of the province in which the offence was committed, whose duty it is, as in the case of all offences against federal law, to take action.

This enactment, which by the way had enabled municipalities to require returns under oath or affirmation independent of the Minister of Labour from the very outset, continued in force until the 4th of October, 1918, by which time it seemed evident some changes should be made to make it more effective. On that date another Order was passed, which, in addition to all other powers, gave the council of any municipality power to appoint a committee of two or more of their own officers as a " fair price committee " to investigate prices of necessaries of life locally, which committee was obliged to report its findings to the council, in addition to publishing them in a newspaper, and, although publicity itself was considered to be a sufficient deterrent against violations of the law, the council were empowered to take proceedings against offenders. They could, furthermore, report the circumstances to the Attorney-General. The Minister of Labour, to whom also the committee made a report, could also act on his own behalf or through the Attorney-General of a province. In practice, this Order was found to have certain defects and limitations, and in order to make the procedure as direct, complete, and at the same time as fair as possible, the Order was amended on the 11th of December. This enabled the committee to go beyond the limits of a municipality to the very sources of supply in order to determine the cost of production and

the cost of transportation, and it otherwise enlarged the scope of the powers of the committee. In order, however, that a firm or person in business may not be injured by implications of unfair dealing, as a preliminary to investigation, the council of the municipality shall first appoint a Fair Price Inquiry Committee, composed of three resident taxpayers, to make preliminary inquiry to determine whether there are grounds warranting further investigation, and such preliminary inquiry is to be held in camera. As amended, the Order gives to the people of a municipality all the powers of a Royal Commission to inquire into grievances in the matter of the price or sale of the necessaries of life, and the right to prosecute offenders before a competent tribunal, with powers to impose severe penalties where parties have been found guilty. In other words, the people of Canada have been provided with complete local autonomy in the matter of regulating the prices of the necessaries of life, an autonomy, however, which does not relieve the Governments of the Dominion and the provinces of their former responsibility in the premises.

Having reviewed the powers, activities, and results of Food Control in Canada during a year and a half, it is pertinent to speculate upon the future, not only the immediate future following upon an armistice and a peace in a period of transition, but as to the future in fully restored normal times. What are the immediate and the more remote prospects of food control? As a matter of fact, the obligations in respect of food were increased with the signing of the Armistice. A condition of things was then for the first time added to our responsibilities. Any necessity for feeding the enemy, which also enters as a possibility, need not obscure the issue. The imperative necessity for feeding many millions in the redeemed lands and in those which were friendly and neutral during hostilities has grown with the possibility of reaching their ports. Hemmed

in by the enemy, we could not reach them, and our efforts were confined to the Allied peoples and the Allied armies in the field, who numbered 120,000,000 people. Now the unexpected addition has raised the figure to 250,000,000 people who will require to be assisted in some form or other until the next harvest. And, let it be emphasized, this does not include our enemies. It is true that with the signing of the Armistice the road has been opened to the storehouses of Australia and Argentina, where some 400,000,000 bushels are waiting to be shipped. But even with that we must seriously consider the prospects for the immediate future.

"Food Control," it is stated in the December issue of the *Canadian Food Bulletin,* "may become a more complex puzzle than during the past twelve months. The number of people who, having shared in Canada's war, have a just claim to Canada's food, has been added to enormously. Our first and deepest concern must be for the 75,000,000 Belgians, Serbians, Roumanians, Greeks, Czechs, and Jugo-Slavs, with the odds and ends of those new, crude republics fringing the western border of what was a better Ally as a coherent empire of the 'Czar of all the Russias.' In addition, there are 40,000,000 people in neutral states who are, through no fault of their own, on short rations. Difficulties of transportation have not ended. Troops must soon be sent back to their homes. Shipping for foods must continue short. Nothing has been said here for the 120,000,000 civilians on limited rations, British, French, and Italian; their case remains as urgent as ever. The only factor which has changed is the elimination of the submarine. The re-establishment of peace-time conditions for all these millions will mean the continuation of all our food-saving programme on this side of the Atlantic."

What effect will food control have on the great future? Have any of the principles of control come to stay? If it be wrong to profiteer in time of war, is it

less wrong in times of peace? If it be possible to control the "spread," and to prevent hoarding and speculation in foodstuffs in war time, may it not be desirable for all time to come? Nor is the question of production less important now than when the war was on. We had millions of mouths to feed. The fortunes of war hung upon the ability of America to keep them fed. Canada has now created a debt of $1,500,000,000 and over, the interest on which, along with pensions, will constitute an annual charge of $100,000,000, or about three times the annual revenue of twenty-five or twenty years ago. We cannot borrow, and if we could it would only be putting off the evil day of final reckoning. We can only pay our huge war debt out of the profits of production, and, therefore, conservation and control and production remain to-day as during the war the greatest of our problems.

APPENDIX IV

FUEL CONTROL

THE control of the supply of fuel was one of the war problems, and, indeed, it continued to be an after-the-war problem. There was the promise of a shortage of coal in 1916; that is, there were preliminary symptoms of what about the beginning of the New Year of 1918 became a coal crisis. It arose out of two conditions that belonged to the whole of North America, and particularly to the United States. One was the disturbance of the labour situation, caused by the growing scarcity of labour as the war advanced; the other, the disorganization of transportation systems caused by the congestion of traffic. The situation became so grave in the winter of 1917-18, that it resulted in the taking over by the United States Government of the entire railway systems of the country for the purpose of simplifying the routing of traffic and relieving terminals and increasing their facilities. The seriousness of the situation was accentuated by the severity of the weather, which of itself was sufficient to have created blockades and stoppage, or at least much delay, in the moving of coal. There was acute distress as a consequence of these conditions in many of the cities of the Eastern States. As Ontario and Quebec, and to some extent the Middle West of Canada, depended upon the United States collieries for their supply of anthracite, they suffered in some degree correspondingly. Canadian railways, however, could have handled the necessary supply, if it could have been delivered at conjunctional points by the railways of the United States.

To get the proper perspective one must look back to the winter of 1916-17, when conditions caused by the war brought home to Canadians its adverse effects on their fuel supplies. After the experience of that winter it was apparent that Government intervention was necessary. On the 7th of July, 1917, an official memorandum was submitted to the Committee of the Privy Council by the Minister of Trade and Commerce in which were the following observations: —

" Last winter very considerable difficulty and hardship were experienced owing to shortage of supplies and congestion of transport, resulting in increased prices to consumers, serious temporary curtailment of production in factories, and much discomfort and privation in the homes of the poorer classes in towns and cities. These causes bid fair to continue and with increasing force during the present season and are added to by the scarcity of labour and the larger demand for coal in both the United States and Canada, owing to the ever growing exigencies of the war.

" At the present moment the outlook for the coming year gives cause for grave anxiety and calls for prompt and efficient action if subsequent shortage and its consequent privations are to be avoided. The Quebec district, which formerly drew for its needs for railways and factories some 2,000,000 tons of bituminous coal from Nova Scotia mines, cannot estimate more than 200,000 tons from that source. Nearly all the prospective output of these mines will be required for local needs, bunkering purposes, and the use of the Intercolonial Railway. The only source of supply for this deficiency, as also of the needs of Middle Canada, is to be found in the mines of the United States.

" Here two difficulties are encountered: First, the high price and shortage of supply in the United States mines, caused by extraordinary demands, and reduced output owing to scarcity of labour. The entrance of the United States into the war, and the vast prepara-

tions necessary for the equipment of her sea and land forces and the growing needs of the Allies, call for vastly increased output of coal and added restriction of export for other than war purposes. In the second place, transport by land and water is daily becoming more inadequate compared to the increasing volume of freight to be moved, and the freight costs are continually increasing.

" In the Western Prairie Provinces the supply has been diminished by strikes in some of the mines, and in respect to those working the output is restricted by the tendency to neglect putting in orders during the summer season and consequent failure to haul coal to consuming centres during the slack and favourable season."

Mr. C. A. Magrath, a man of wide experience in business and national affairs, was appointed Fuel Controller for Canada on the 12th of July, 1917. In the Order-in-Council creating the office and making the appointment, he was authorized, among other things, to " confer with and co-ordinate the different interests with a view to insure, so far as possible, a sufficient supply of coal for Canadian requirements during the approaching autumn and winter season."

To realize the nature of the problem, let us look at the figures of coal consumption in Canada during the calendar year 1917. In that year, the tonnage of coal used was as follows: —

5,319,688	net tons of Anthracite coal.
29,497,375	net tons of Bituminous coal.
Total 34,817,063	net tons.

The anthracite coal is practically all utilized for domestic purposes. There is only one mine in Canada producing a near-anthracite coal, and the tonnage from that seldom exceeds 150,000 tons per year. It is ap-

parent, therefore, that Canada depends upon the United States almost entirely for that class of coal.

The bituminous coal is used largely for industrial purposes. Out of the 29,497,375 tons of total consumption Nova Scotia produces 6,324,684 tons; New Brunswick, 188,660; Saskatchewan, 355,304 tons; Alberta, 4,723,139 tons; and British Columbia, 2,418,920 tons; making a total of 14,010,707 net tons, which leaves Canada indebted to the United States for the balance (after deducting 1,733,156 tons of coal exported from Canadian coal mines) of 17,219,824 tons of bituminous coal, or a total importation of 22,539,512 tons of the annual coal consumption of 34,817,063 net tons.

It will thus be seen that Canada's contribution to her coal supply is comparatively small. Also, that the two great industrial provinces, Ontario and Quebec, depend almost entirely on the United States, not alone for their domestic coal but also for industrial coal.

It was, therefore, obvious that one of the chief functions of the Canadian Fuel Controller was to make such representations to the authorities of the United States as would ensure a sufficient supply for the portions of Canada depending upon the latter for their coal. It also involved a policy for Canada which would co-ordinate with that of the United States in respect of the distribution of fuel from whatever source it came, except, of course, where it could be shown that peculiar local conditions existed that required to be specially dealt with to avoid hardships. The restrictive measures of one country had necessarily to be adopted by the other.

About the time of Mr. Magrath's appointment, President Wilson took similar action in the United States by appointing Dr. Harry A. Garfield as Fuel Administrator. In an article by Dudley Harmon it is stated that " the war job handed Doctor Garfield was to get enough coal out of the mines to meet the needs for fuel, and put it into the hands of consumers at fair prices."

He goes on to say that " there is not and never has been a fundamental shortage of coal in the United States. The difficulty has been to get enough coal out of the ground and distribute it to the places where it was needed, fast enough to meet the demand. Our so-called shortages are really not shortages actually of coal, but shortages of production and transportation."

In respect of production, the situation with which Doctor Garfield had to grapple was decidedly abnormal. As compared with normal times, it was a case of having to meet enormously increased demands for coal at a time when the supply of labour available for such production was decreased. It is stated that the production of soft coal in the United States in the year 1917 was 554,000,000 tons, but the country demanded 600,000,000 tons. For 1918 it was estimated that 635,000,000 tons would be needed. It is quite obvious that war cannot be waged without coal, and the more the United States got into its stride the greater became the consumption of coal. The making of munitions, the fuelling of transports, the maintenance of military camps — these are only some of the many operations of war which entail the use of coal in huge quantities.

In Canada, Mr. Magrath had on his hands a similar problem in relation to the production of our own mines. Mention has already been made of the tonnage of coal produced in Nova Scotia. Of that production a goodly proportion—roughly, about one-fourth—was brought up the St. Lawrence in the days before the war. Anyone who has spent a holiday at the summering places on the Lower St. Lawrence must have noticed in the old days the coal boats going up the river laden with the black diamonds for Montreal. But after 1914 these boats were no longer hauling coal to Montreal, primarily because there was hardly any Nova Scotia coal available for that market. Much of it had been absorbed for bunkering on transports, whilst at the same time there were increased demands locally owing

to the fact that the war had caused the steel plants in that province to increase their activities.

It will be seen that the demand for coal in time of war is greater than in time of peace, but as a matter of fact all the conditions of warfare tend to a diminution of its production. In the United States, the drawing away of men by various inducements into other industrial lines and the drafting of men for fighting was the chief factor in hampering the production of coal. There have been many claims as to how the war was won — that is, as to what was the essential factor — the Navy, aeroplanes, iron, the participation of the United States, and so on; but, undoubtedly, in a large sense, coal was a main factor in the success of the Allies. Next in importance to the mining of the coal itself, and complementary to it, was transportation. Reference has already been made to that as a prime factor in the situation which called for effective control of the fuel supply, and it is not necessary here to detail the difficulties, of which the weather was one, that were experienced by the railways in fulfilling their functions at such a critical time. The practical breakdown of transportation for a period slowed up production, because there were not empty cars enough to load the coal as it was mined. Mr. Magrath pays a tribute to the Canadian railways for their work. "We must realize," he said in a statement on the subject, "that our railways, like those of the United States, are working overtime; in fact Canadian railways are to be commended for having so successfully handled the country's transportation business with so little loss to the country's industrial plant."

A Canadian railway man has expressed the opinion that if coal were equally distributed throughout Canada, there would be no coal problem. He says: "To get coal you would, as heretofore, simply have to find a 'phone number and mail a cheque; the black diamonds might even be found in your own back yard. But Can-

ada has coal at its ends only, and it is the middle where more people want coal. This hiatus, which contains about seventy per cent. of Canada's normal industrialism and practically all its war industrialism, is called by fuel experts the 'acute fuel area.' It stretches, roughly speaking, from Sherbrooke, Quebec, to Moose Jaw, Sask."

The coal year in Canada ends in April, and as the greater part of the importations are received during the season of navigation, it was clear that not much more could be done in 1917 than to study the situation statistically, so to speak, and to organize to meet the requirements of the situation for the coal year following, which, as has been seen, were strenuous. The results were crystallized into a set of comprehensive regulations dealing with all phases of the coal situation, which were approved by Order-in-Council in November, 1917, and which were very generally circulated throughout Canada. A new set of regulations was framed and issued on the first of April, 1918, and these, too, had extensive circulation. By these regulations the chain of responsibility from the Government, through the Fuel Controller, down to the municipality and the individual was established. In other words, provision was made for the appointment of fuel administration by the provinces and again by the municipalities, municipalities and provinces being responsible for the expenses of their offices. To make fuel regulation effective, the Fuel Controller had either to create a comprehensive and very expensive organization for the Dominion or to make use of existing provincial and municipal machinery. The scheme, it may be said, worked out almost as well in practice as it was designed to do in theory. It may be added that other nations as well as Canada and the United States had to organize on similar lines. As the war lengthened the coal situation in Europe became serious and we find a corresponding plan in operation in Great Britain, France,

and Italy, where fuel problems were much more acute than on this side of the seas.

The scheme of administration, in brief, was as follows:

1. The Fuel Controller for Canada looked after negotiations for the importation of coal from the United States and for the prompt and systematic shipment thereof. He also interested himself in promoting increased production of coal in Canada in the fields within which he has jurisdiction. He obtained from Canadian mines an estimate of their production and received from the United States Fuel Administrator an allotment of coal from that country. The Fuel Controller then proceeded, after careful consideration, to make up his annual coal "budget" and to allot to each province in Canada its fair share of all coal available.

2. The Provincial Fuel Administrator[1] then stepped in and ascertained the requirements of each community in his province and made his allotment within the province of whatever coal was available upon an equitable basis.

3. The Local Fuel Commissioner was thereupon informed what his allotment would be for the year and he was expected to see that the tonnage available was distributed amongst the people in his community on a fair *pro rata* basis. All this was done under carefully drafted regulations.

The appointment of such commissioners devolved upon the municipality and their duties and responsibilities were defined in the Fuel Controller's regulations which were passed by Order-in-Council in March, 1918.

[1] The names of the Fuel Administrators for the Provinces were as follows: —Prince Edward Island, J. A. Macdonald, Cardigan, P. E. I.; Nova Scotia, R. H. Mackay, New Glasgow, N. S.; New Brunswick, Dr. James H. Frink, St. John, N. B.; Quebec, H. M. Marler, Montreal; Ontario, R. Home Smith, Toronto; Manitoba, J. A. MacDonald, Winnipeg; Saskatchewan, T. M. Molloy, Regina; Alberta, John T. Stirling, Edmonton; British Columbia, N. Thompson, Vancouver.

It must be clearly understood, too, that the regulations were applicable to bituminous coal, mined and sold in Canada, as well as to anthracite coal imported. Not only was the price of coal at the pit's mouth fixed, according to peculiar local circumstances, but, through the intervention of the Government, the price of labour employed in the mines was regulated. The intervention of authority went so far that the coal mines in the Maritime Provinces were turned over to the management of Mr. Magrath, who, in addition to being Fuel Controller, became super-manager and director-in-chief of coal-mining operations. This was the result of labour troubles and the apparent inability of the operators and the miners to settle their differences satisfactorily. Production in a critical time of war could not be permitted to cease at any cost. Three paragraphs in a lengthy circular issued by the Deputy Fuel Controller, Mr. Charles Petersen, express in very concise terms what may be necessary to complete an account of organization and regulation.

"After careful consideration of the whole subject, Mr. Magrath decided that the only effective form of price control that could be adopted in Canada was one based on the restriction of net profits to coal dealers. The prices of coal at the mine in the United States are fixed by the Federal Fuel Administrator there. The price of coal at the pit's mouth in Canadian mines is fixed from time to time. Railway rates in both countries are also determined by the various commissions charged with this responsibility and boat rates can also be ascertained. The dealers' net profit is fixed under our regulations. This, in the retail trade, leaves only the overhead and delivery expenses as the uncertain element.

"Detailed regulations have now been passed under which coal dealers are directed as to the overhead expenses that will be considered legitimate. Salaries to principals are to be calculated on a pre-war basis with

such reasonable additions as are justifiable, and minute directions are given in other respects. Coal dealers are compelled to render monthly statements of their transactions and prices at which their coal is sold, so that the Fuel Controller's organization has at all times information available with which to check up complaints lodged in regard to alleged profiteering. It is only fair to state, that the Fuel Controller has found the coal trade generally in the hands of responsible men who have been conducting business on the basis of very reasonable net profits.

"In July the Fuel Controller got authority by Order-in-Council to put into force, wherever he thought necessary, the United States plan of gross margins, that is, to fix the amount the dealer is permitted to add to the cost of his coal, so as to determine the delivered price to the consumer. Quite recently the United States Fuel Administration has gone a step further and has given authority to the State Fuel Administrators to fix prices, with the right of the dealers to appeal to the Administration at Washington. However, Mr. Magrath does not contemplate taking that step in Canada at present."

There was an additional duty not defined, but implied, in the scheme — that of the individual. For instance, each consumer of coal was required to state his normal requirements and each dealer had to furnish records of his deliveries. No man could have more than his minimum requirements. This duty was not only moral in its obligations, but the individual could be dealt with drastically if he selfishly succeeded in securing to himself a supply of fuel greater than was fair in community rationing. It was, of course, impossible for the Fuel Controller and his staff to supervise in detail the work from Halifax to Vancouver, and while the provincial organizations from their wider functions were able to perform them on the whole successfully and satisfactorily it was more difficult in the

case of municipalities. As the Fuel Controller could exercise no dictatorial control over them, only advise, it was a matter for the people in each community to agitate and bring public opinion to bear on the municipal councils to take the simple step of naming a local fuel commissioner. In many places municipal councils have not taken the step even yet (February, 1919), and it illustrates a tendency that was very evident in fuel and food matters during the war, of criticizing severely central, or federal, administration, but evading responsibility when it became local and individual. It was, however, so far as coal is concerned, properly assumed and exercised in the majority of instances. Even a long war is too short to bring home to the local community and the fireside the duty of local and individual, as well as of national, participation in moral obligations. In this connection it has not yet been determined to what extent the machinery of Fuel Control may be necessary to be continued in the public interests. Among business men generally, the desire is to get back to pre-war conditions, free from restrictive regulations and excessive control, as soon as possible. Our business life has been evolved on a system of, so to speak, " self-determination " and personal initiative, and the very idea of working on a plan of government-made rules is irksome and depressing. In other words, it is contrary to the genius of a free Anglo-Saxon people. On the other hand, under the provisions of the War Measures Act it has been found possible to do many things in the way of regulation to meet the requirements of an exigent situation that would, otherwise, in ordinary times, have been considered impossible. Rightly or wrongly, there is now a considerable class of the community who think that war expedients, more or less successful for contingent requirements, should be applicable in time of peace and for all time to come. At all events, for a transitionary period, fuel control, at least, will probably remain with

us, for the reason that the conditions of mining and distribution of coal for the needs of both the United States and Canada have not yet reverted to normal.

In recording the work of official organizations, mention should be made of the action taken by the Government of the United States, in assuming control of the railroads, which was of assistance to the Fuel Administration in that country in dealing with the problem of coal transportation. In Canada the problem was approached from a somewhat different angle. The railroads themselves undertook the formation of the Canadian Railway War Board, on which all lines operating in the Dominion were represented, with Lord Shaughnessy as chairman. This Board, through its general secretary, Mr. W. M. Neal, has rendered the Fuel Controller valuable assistance, the importance of which may be judged from the fact that the hauling of coal for themselves and the public amounts to about one-fifth of the total freight carried by all the railways of Canada. It requires the service of approximately one thousand freight engines and 23,000 freight cars for one year to haul Canada's coal supply.

Reference has already been made to the fact that during the war period, comparatively little Sydney coal has been moved up the St. Lawrence river by water. The boats formerly in that service were gradually requisitioned by the British Admiralty, resulting in a shortage of steamers both for the trade up the St. Lawrence and for the coastal trade. It is estimated that the loss of these ships threw upon the railways the task of moving some extra fifty thousand cars.

In dealing with such questions as food and fuel control, and in the campaigns of enlistment and Victory Loans, the matter of publicity entered very largely into the efforts of those who were in charge. In respect of fuel control, appeals were made to the newspapers, to whose credit it must be said that, in a time of abnormal news pressure, they responded most liberally.

While the several campaigns were on it would not have been easy to pick up any Canadian newspaper that had not an editorial or a news article devoted to the fuel question, and while there was sometimes criticism, the articles were in the main sympathetic and cordially co-operative. Very effective posters were also sent out and displayed conspicuously throughout the country. Moving picture slides were likewise freely brought into requisition. This campaign of publicity did not relieve the situation in so far as anthracite coal was concerned, because that was beyond the control of an aroused public opinion, but it did have the effect of impressing the people with the necessity of conserving and wisely distributing the available supply of fuel.

The present situation (February, 1919) is that there is no possibility of immediately increasing the tonnage allotted to Canada, notwithstanding the cessation of hostilities. Indeed, for the moment, the prospect of a signed peace had the effect of decreasing production, inasmuch as the miners laid off to celebrate the signing of the Armistice. Production was also adversely affected by the influenza epidemic. With the possibility of a winter as mild as the last was severe, it was thought that by continuing the policy already inaugurated, even with a tonnage approximately twenty-five per cent. less than in 1917, all legitimate requirements would be met.

This war, dire, disastrous and pathetic as it was, has taught the world many lessons. One is the virtue of economy in fuel and of the conservation of the natural sources of supply — both looming large on the horizon of our economic future. Fuel has many forms — coal, wood, natural gas, water power, gasolene, alcohol, straw, and other carbonaceous products. War has vivified its importance in an unexpected way, and in a way that would not otherwise for a long time to come have been understood. It has revealed to us that in fuel resources we have a trust in keeping for poster-

ity, the neglect of which some day may leave the world cold and in darkness. Fuel control has turned the exigencies of a world to good account by showing in a practical, though for the time being a necessitous way, how that trust, in a measure at least, may be exercised for humanity's sake.

APPENDIX V

CHRONOLOGICAL ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT WORLD WAR — 1915

Jan. 1.—British battleship *Formidable* sunk by a submarine in the English Channel.

Jan. 2.—Dar-es-Salaam, German fort in East Africa, bombarded by British.

Jan. 3.—Capture of Steinbach, Alsace, by the French. Turks defeated by the Russians near Ardahan.

Jan. 4.—The Hamburg-American liner *Dacia* is admitted to United States Register.

Jan. 5.—Heavy fighting in Alsace.

Jan. 6.—Germans reach the Sucha river, Poland; capture of Kimpolung, by the Russians.

Jan. 7.—British steamer *Elfreda* sunk by mine off Scarborough.

Jan. 8.—Battle of Soissons begins.

Jan. 9.—Russians enter Transylvania, in an advance on Budapest.

Jan. 10.—Sixteen German aeroplanes make a demonstration over English Channel, but are driven back by stress of weather. Mafia Island, German East Africa, occupied by the British.

Jan. 12.—Use of poisonous shells by the Germans reported.

Jan. 13.—Baron Burian appointed Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister. Tabriz, Persia, occupied by the Turks.

Jan. 14.—French driven across the Aisne, east of Soissons, after a week's battle. Swakopmund, chief port of German South-West Africa, occupied by Union forces.

Jan. 16.—The Pope orders prayers for peace in all Catholic churches.
Jan. 18.—Czernovitz captured by the Austrians.
Jan. 19.—Zeppelins bombard the English coast (Yarmouth and King's Lynn). Austrian armies enter Galicia. Jassin, in East Africa, surrenders to German forces.
Jan. 21.—Hartmannsweilerkopf, Alsace, captured by the Germans.
Jan. 22.—German air raid over Dunkirk; British air raid on Zeebrugge.
Jan. 23.—La Bassée occupied by the British.
Jan. 24.—German raid on East Coast of England frustrated; sinking of the battle-cruiser *Blucher*.
Jan. 24-25.—British naval raid at the Gulf of Alexandretta.
Jan. 25.—German cruiser *Gazelle* torpedoed in the Baltic.
Jan. 26.—Confiscation of wheat, corn, and flour in Germany announced.
Jan. 27.—German attacks all along the Western front repulsed.
Jan. 28.—Turkish invasion of Egypt reaches point east of El Kantara. German auxiliary cruiser *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* sinks the *William P. Frye* in the South Atlantic.
Jan. 30.—Submarine raid on British ships in the Irish Sea. Tabriz, Persia, occupied by the Russians.
Jan. 31.—The *Dacia* sails from Galveston.
Feb. 1-3.—Battle of the Rawka; German victory.
Feb. 2.—First Turkish attack on the Suez Canal.
Feb. 3.—Great Britain announces that foodstuffs from the United States destined to the Central Powers will be confiscated. Surrender of General Kemp, German West Africa.
Feb. 4.—Germany announces that after February

18th the seas round the British Isles will be a "war zone."

Feb. 4-8.—Germans pushed back on the Rawka river.

Feb. 6.—The *Lusitania* enters Liverpool after flying the American flag while crossing the Irish Sea.

Feb. 9.—After repeated attacks, the heights of Les Eparges remain in French possession. Arrival of the *Wilhelmina* at Falmouth with cargo of food for Germany.

Feb. 10.—United States Government protests against use of neutral flags by English ships, and warns Germany as to consequences of attacks on American ships in the submarine "war zone."

Feb. 11.—Cargo of the *Wilhelmina* held for disposal by a British prize court.

Feb. 12.—Russian defeat at the Mazurin Lakes.

Feb. 13.—Great British air raid from Dunkirk on Ostend, Zeebrugge, and other Belgian coast towns.

Feb. 15.—Germany refuses to yield on her "war zone" decree, which, however, may be cancelled if foodstuffs are permitted to reach Germany.

Feb. 18.—The Bukovina abandoned by Russian forces. German "blockade" of the British Isles begins.

Feb. 19.—Great Britain announces that the practice of using neutral flags will only be employed to avoid capture. Allied bombardment of forts at entrance to the Dardanelles.

Feb. 21.—Air raid on Essex.

Feb. 24.—Przasnysz captured by the Germans.

Feb. 25.—Forts at entrance to the Dardanelles reduced. Sinking of the auxiliary cruiser *Clan MacNaughton* announced.

Feb. 26.—Heavy fighting near Beauséjour, in Cham-

pagne. Bombardment of Ossowietz by the Germans begun.

Feb. 27.—Steamer *Dacia* seized by a French cruiser and taken to Brest. Recapture of Przasnysz by the Russians. Admiral Hugo von Pohl appointed to command the German battle fleet.

Feb. 28.—Inner forts of Dardanelles bombarded. Blockade of German East Africa.

Mar. 1.—British and French Governments claim right to detain and take into port ships carrying goods of "presumed enemy destination, ownership or origin."

Mar. 3.—Germans use liquid fire in the Vosges.

Mar. 4.—German submarine U8 sunk by British destroyer off Dover.

Mar. 5.—Allied bombardment of Smyrna.

Mar. 6.—M. Venizelos, Greek premier, resigns.

Mar. 9.—New Greek ministry formed, pledged to neutrality.

Mar. 10.—Neuve Chapelle captured by the British. German submarine rammed and sunk by H. M. S. *Ariel.*

Mar. 11.—German auxiliary cruiser, *Prinz Eitel Friedrich,* takes refuge in Newport News.

Mar. 14.—German cruiser *Dresden* sunk near Juan Fernandez by H. M. S. *Kent* and *Glasgow.*

Mar. 17.—Memel occupied by Russian troops.

Mar. 18.—Allied repulse in the Dardanelles; H. M. S. *Irresistible* and *Ocean* sunk by floating mines, the *Inflexible* and *Gaulois* disabled. Bombs dropped on Calais. Russians resume invasion of East Prussia.

Mar. 21.—Memel recaptured by the Germans. Zeppelins bombard Paris.

Mar. 22.—Przemysl surrendered to Russians after siege of 200 days. *Dacia* seizure declared valid by French prize court.

Mar. 25.—Coast of Courland bombarded by German fleet.

Mar. 27.—Hartmannsweilerkopf, Alsace, captured by the French.

Mar. 28.—Air raids on Calais. Russian fleet bombards outer forts of the Dardanelles. Steamer *Falaba* sunk by submarine off the South Coast of Wales.

Mar. 29.—Russians force the Dukla Pass and invade Hungary. German submarine U29 (Commander Weddingen) sunk. Liman von Sanders appointed to command Turkish armies on Gallipoli.

Mar. 31.—Libau shelled by the Germans.

Apr. 4.—Austro-German campaign in Galicia begins.

Apr. 5.—Reparation for the sinking of the *William P. Frye* demanded by the United States.

Apr. 5-9.—Heights of Les Eparges, on the Woëvre, captured and held by the French.

Apr. 6.—Cisna, in Galicia, captured by the Russians.

Apr. 7.—*Prinz Eitel Friedrich* interned at Newport News.

Apr. 9.—Attempted assassination of the Khedive of Egypt.

Apr. 10.—French advance between the Meuse and the Moselle, and capture of Les Eparges.

Apr. 11.—German steamer *Kronprinz Wilhelm* arrives at Hampton Roads.

Apr. 12.—Turkish attacks on Basra repulsed. Settlement of the *Wilhelmina* dispute arrived at.

Apr. 14.—Zeppelin raid on north-east English coast.

Apr. 17.—British seize Hill 60. Attack by Turkish torpedo boats on transport *Manitou* in the Ægean announced.

Apr. 18-21.—Unsuccessful German counter-attacks on Hill 60.

Apr. 22.—Second Battle of Ypres begins; German gas attacks; Canadians suffer heavily. Ship-

ping between Holland and Great Britain suspended by the British Government.

Apr. 24.—Germans storm St. Julien.

Apr. 25.—Australian landing at Gaba Tepe, Dardanelles; battle of the landing begins. *Kronprinz Wilhelm* interned at Newport News.

Apr. 27.—British submarine E14 dives under mines and operates in the Sea of Marmora. French armoured cruiser *Léon Gambetta* torpedoed and sunk in the Straits of Otranto.

Apr. 28.—French recapture Hartmannsweilerkopf, Alsace. Blockade of coast of German Cameroons declared.

Apr. 30.—Ipswich and Bury bombed by German aviators.

May 1.—British army headquarters at Dunkirk bombed by German artillery from Nieuport, 22 miles distant. French throw shells into Metz. Russian line broken in Galicia. American tank steamer *Gulflight* sunk by torpedo off the Scilly Islands. German Embassy at Washington issues mysterious warning to intending passengers on the *Lusitania*.

May 2.—Turkish attack on Krithia position, Dardanelles.

May 3.—Shortening of British line in Ypres salient. Teutonic advance towards Riga and Mitau. Triple Alliance denounced by Italy.

May 5.—Hill 60 captured by the Germans. Karibib, German South-West Africa, occupied by Union forces.

May 6-9.—Second battle of Krithia.

May 7.—The *Lusitania* sunk by submarine off the Old Head of Kinsale. British torpedo-boats sunk off the Belgian coast. Mackensen forces the Vistula line.

May 9.—Libau occupied by the Germans. Beginning of Battle of Richebourg-Festubert; limited British advance. Allied attack on German lines in Artois.

May 10.—German Government issues message of "sympathy and heart-felt regret" to America on sinking of the *Lusitania*. Zeppelin raid on Southend-on-Sea.

May 12.—H. M. S. *Goliath* torpedoed off Gallipoli. Windhoek, German South-West Africa, occupied by Union troops. Bryce Commission Report on Belgian atrocities published.

May 13.—Zeppelin raid on Ramsgate. Italian Cabinet resigns. President Wilson's note on the *Lusitania* published. Dernburg sent back to Germany.

May 15.—Russian stand on the Vistula.

May 16.—British victory at Festubert. Battle of the San, followed by Russian retreat in Western Galicia and the Carpathians. Austrian defeat on the Dniester.

May 17.—Zeppelin raid on Ramsgate.

May 18.—Resignation of Lord Fisher as British First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

May 19.—Premier Asquith announces formation of Coalition Government in Great Britain.

May 21-23.—Battle of the Artois; French successes.

May 22.—Italian mobilization begins.

May 23.—Italy declares war on Austria. British submarine sinks two gunboats and two transports in the Sea of Marmora.

May 24.—Great German gas attack in the Ypres salient. Austrian air raid on Venice.

May 25.—Coalition Cabinet formed in Great Britain. American steamer *Nebraskan* torpedoed off the Irish coast.

May 26.—British battleship *Triumph* sunk in the Dardanelles. British submarine E11 enters

Constantinople harbour and torpedoes troopship. Zeppelin raid on Southend. Italian Government declares blockade of Austrian and Albanian coasts.

May 27.—British auxiliary cruiser *Princess Irene* sunk by explosion in the Thames. Sir Henry Jackson appointed First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

May 28.—French success near Souchez.

May 29.—Italians cross the Isonzo river. Reply of Germany to President Wilson's note on the *Lusitania*.

June 1.—Zeppelin raid on London. Capture of Stryj by the Austro-Germans. Defeat of Turks near Kurna, Mesopotamia.

June 3.—Recapture of Przemysl by Austro-German forces. British occupation of Amara, Mesopotamia.

June 4.—Allied failure in attack on Krithia, Gallipoli. Airship raid on East and South-east Coasts of England.

June 6.—Teutonic advance on Lemberg.

June 7.—Lieutenant Warneford destroys Zeppelin between Ghent and Brussels at a height of 6,000 feet. Von Linsingen forces the Dniester at Zuravno. Zeppelin raid on East Coast of England.

June 8.—Italians occupy Monfalcone. W. J. Bryan resigns as United States Secretary of State in disagreement with President Wilson's policy towards Germany.

June 8-11.—Germans driven across the Dniester.

June 9.—Italian attack on Goeritz.

June 10.—French air raid on Brussels. President Wilson's second note on the *Lusitania*.

June 11.—Gradisca captured by the Italians.

June 12.—Surrender of Garu, German Cameroons, to Anglo-French forces.

June 13.—Venizelos wins in the Greek elections.
June 15.—Zeppelin raid on North-east Coast.
June 17.—Russian evacuation of Lemberg begun.
June 18.—Italians capture Plava. Fano attacked by an Austrian squadron.
June 19.—Metzeral captured by the French.
June 20.—German offensive in the Argonne begins. Zolkieff and Rava Russka captured by Austro-German forces.
June 22.—Austrian entry into Lemberg.
June 28.—Halicz captured by the Germans. Castelnuovo captured by the Italians.
June 29.—Germans capture Tomashoff. Ngaundere, Central Cameroons, occupied by Allied troops.
July 1.—Fierce fighting in the Argonne.
July 2.—German battleship *Pommern* torpedoed by British submarine in the Baltic. First Battle of the Isonzo begins. British Munitions Act passed.
July 5.—Russians defeat the Austrians at Krasnik.
July 7.—Germans checked in the advance on Warsaw.
July 8.—Italian armoured cruiser *Amalfi* sunk in the Adriatic by an Austrian submarine.
July 9.—Surrender of last German forces in South-West Africa. German reply to the second *Lusitania* note. Cunard liner *Orduna* attacked by submarine off Queenstown. Wireless station at Sayville, Long Island, placed under Federal Government.
July 11.—German cruiser *Königsberg* sunk in Rufiji river, German East Africa by British river monitor.
July 14.—German advance in the Argonne. Hindenburg's great drive on Poland begun; capture of Przasnysz.
July 15.—Welsh coal strike; 200,000 men involved.

July 17.—Bulgaria and the Central Powers agree to a secret treaty.
July 18.—Austro-German victory at Krasnostav, in the Warsaw salient. Cruiser *Giuseppe Garibaldi* sunk by submarine in the Adriatic.
July 20.—Germans capture Windau.
July 21.—British success at Hooge.
July 22.—Ivangorod invested by Austro-Germans. President Wilson's third *Lusitania* note.
July 23.—Italians defeat Austrians on the Carso front; Ortona bombarded by Austrian squadron.
July 24.—Poltulsk (Poland) captured by Austro-Germans, and passage of Nareff river forced.
July 25.—Italian occupation of Pelagosa Island, in the Adriatic.
July 26.—British submarine sinks two Turkish gunboats in the harbour of Constantinople.
July 28.—Germans force the Vistula between Warsaw and Ivangorod.
July 29.—Russian line on Lublin-Cholm railway forced.
July 30.—Germans employ liquid fire in an attack on Hooge.
July 31.—Lublin captured by Austrian forces. Pope Benedict makes an appeal for peace.
Aug. 4.—British note on the blockade published.
Aug. 5.—Warsaw occupied by Austro-German forces.
Aug. 6.—Ivangorod captured by Austro-Germans. Landing of new army at Suvla Bay, Gallipoli.
Aug. 8.—Heavy fighting in Gallipoli. German armed steamer *Meteor* blown up after sinking British patrol boat; H. M. auxiliary cruiser *India* torpedoed and sunk.
Aug. 9.—British success near Hooge. Turkish bat-

tleship *Barbarossa* sunk by British submarine. Zeppelin raid on East Coast.

Aug. 10.—Fortress of Lomza falls to Austro-Germans.

Aug. 10-20.—Ineffective German attacks on Gulf of Riga.

Aug. 12.—Siedlets captured by the Germans. Zeppelin raid on East Coast.

Aug. 14.—Transport *Royal Edward* sunk in the Ægean Sea; loss of 1,000 troops.

Aug. 15.—Kovno bombarded by Austro-German forces. National Registry taken in Great Britain.

Aug. 16.—Cabinet crisis in Greece; resignation of the ministry.

Aug. 17.—Kovno falls to Austro-German forces. Zeppelin raid on East Coast.

Aug. 18.—German battleship *Moltke* torpedoed by British submarine. Zeppelin raid on London.

Aug. 19.—Fortress of Novo Georgievsk captured by Germans. Steamship *Arabic* sunk by submarine off South Coast of Ireland; sinking of the *Baralong*.

Aug. 20.—British airmen destroy German submarine off Ostend.

Aug. 21.—Italy declares war on Turkey. German evacuation of the Gulf of Riga. Venizelos again Greek premier. Cotton declared absolute contraband by the British and French Governments.

Aug. 23.—Ossowietz captured by Austro-German forces. Zeebrugge bombarded by British warships.

Aug. 25.—Brest-Litovsk falls to Austro-German forces; also Lipsk, near Grodno.

Aug. 27.—" Full satisfaction " to be given the United States for the sinking of the *Arabic*.

Aug. 29-30.—Russian victories in Galicia.

Aug. 31.—James J. F. Archibald arrives at Falmouth carrying despatches from the German and Austrian embassies at Washington.

Sept. 1.—Capture of Lutsk by Austro-Germans. Lansing assured that Germany agrees that passenger liners should be warned before attack by submarines.

Sept. 2.—Grodno and Brody evacuated by the Russians. The King and Lord Kitchener inspect Canadian troops at Shorncliffe.

Sept. 4.—Allan liner *Hesperian* sunk off Fastnet.

Sept. 5.—Czar assumes command of Russian armies with Alexieff as Chief of Staff; Grand Duke Nicholas appointed to command Southern armies, Evert succeeding Alexieff on Western Russian front. Doctor Dumba, Austrian ambassador, admits having advanced proposals with a view to crippling American industry.

Sept. 7-9.—Russian victories near Tarnopol, on the Sereth river.

Sept. 8.—Dubno captured by Teutonic forces. Zeppelins drop bombs in the heart of London.

Sept. 9.—Recall of Doctor Dumba requested by the United States Government.

Sept. 10.—Anglo-French financial commission lands in New York.

Sept. 12.—German victory at Meiszagola, Eastern Galicia.

Sept. 13.—Zeppelin raid on Eastern Counties; aeroplane raid on Kentish coast.

Sept. 14.—Germans forced across the Strypa river.

Sept. 15.—Capture of Pinsk by Teutonic forces.

Sept. 16.—Prorogation of the Russian Duma.

Sept. 18.—Vilna occupied by the Germans.

Sept. 19.—British troopship *Ramazan* sunk in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Sept. 21.—Bulgaria begins to mobilize.

Sept. 22.—French airmen drop bombs on royal palace at Stuttgart as reprisal. British capture Loos.

Sept. 23.—Greek mobilization begins; Russians reoccupy Lutsk.

Sept. 27.—Recall of Doctor Dumba agreed to by Austro-Hungarian Government.

Sept. 28.—British capture Kut-el-Amara. Italian battleship *Benedetto Brin* blown up in harbour of Brindisi.

Sept. 29.—French attack in Champagne at Butte de Tahure and Navarin Farm.

Oct. 3.—Germans recapture greater part of Hohenzollern redoubt.

Oct. 4.—Russian ultimatum to Bulgaria. Allied troops, on invitation of the Greek Government, land at Salonika.

Oct. 5.—Russia notifies Bulgaria that diplomatic relations are at an end. Political crisis in Greece; resignation of Venizelos; Zaimis succeeds as premier. Lord Derby appointed Director of Recruiting in Great Britain.

Oct. 9.—Belgrade captured by Austro-German troops. Wumbiagas, in the Cameroons, captured by British forces.

Oct. 11.—Russians penetrate Austrian line on the Strypa river.

Oct. 12.—Bulgaria declares war on Serbia. Diplomatic relations broken between Great Britain and Bulgaria. Greek Government declines to assist Serbia.

Oct. 13.—Shooting of Nurse Edith Cavell. Russians driven across the Strypa. British submarine sinks German merchant ships in the Baltic. Zeppelin raid on London and the Eastern Counties. M. Delcassé, French Foreign Minister, resigns.

Oct. 16.—France declares war on Bulgaria. Five

German transports sunk by British submarines in the Baltic.

Oct. 17.—Allied note to Greece; Great Britain offers Cyprus in return for support of Serbia against Bulgaria. Bulgarians capture Egri-Palanka; Nish-Uskub railway cut near Vrania.

Oct. 18.—Sir C. C. Monro appointed to succeed Sir Ian Hamilton in command in Gallipoli. Italy declares war on Bulgaria. German advance on Riga.

Oct. 20.—Extensive gains by the Germans on the Dvina. Bulgarian occupation of Veles.

Oct. 21.—Russian victory north of Tarnopol. Varna bombarded by Russian fleet. Dedeagatch bombarded by Russian fleet.

Oct. 22.—German success near Dvinsk. Uskub occupied by the Bulgars. German central government assumes control of food supplies.

Oct. 23.—German cruiser *Prinz Adalbert* sunk by British submarine in the Baltic.

Oct. 24.—La Courtine, in Champagne, captured by the French. Venice bombed by Austrian planes.

Oct. 27.—Viviani ministry resigns in France.

Oct. 28.—Bulgars occupy Pirot. H. M. S. *Argyll* sunk off East Coast of Scotland; H. M. S. *Hythe* sunk in collision off Gallipoli. M. Briand becomes French premier and Gallieni war minister.

Nov. 3.—Tibati, in the German Cameroons, occupied by Anglo-French force.

Nov. 4.—Zaimos cabinet resigns in Greece.

Nov. 5.—Kitchener leaves London on visit to the Near East.

Nov. 6.—Bulgars occupy Nish. M. Skoulidos, new Greek premier, announces policy friendly to the Allies.

Nov. 7.—German cruiser *Undine* sunk by British submarine in the Baltic. Italian steamer *Ancona* sunk by Austrian submarine.

Nov. 11.—Premier Asquith announces composition of new British War Cabinet. Resignation of Winston Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty. Greek Chamber dissolved.

Nov. 12.—British hospital ship *Anglia* sunk by mine in the English Channel.

Nov. 16.—Fall of Prilep, Serbia.

Nov. 17.—British and French war council in Paris.

Nov. 19.—Overrunning of Serbia almost completed.

Nov. 20.—Fall of Novi-Bazar, Serbia. Allies impose economic and commercial restrictions on Greece. Jassin, Uganda, surrenders to German forces.

Nov. 22.—Battle of Ctesiphon, Mesopotamia, won by General Townshend's forces.

Nov. 23.—Note presented to Greece requiring that Allied troops driven across the frontier should not be disarmed and interned.

Nov. 25.—Townshend, beset by overwhelming forces, begins retirement on Kut-el-Amara. Greece gives required guarantees as to security of Allied forces in Macedonia.

Nov. 29.—Bulgarians cut Monastir-Salonika railway.

Nov. 30.—Fall of Monastir; King Peter escapes. Italy agrees not to sign a separate peace.

Dec. 1.—Teutonic invasion of Montenegro. Recapture of Czernovitz by the Russians.

Dec. 2.—Banyo mountain, German Cameroons, captured by British forces.

Dec. 3.—Battle of the Vardar begins. Captain Boy-Ed, German naval attaché, and Captain von Papen, military attaché, declared no longer acceptable to the United States Government. Joffre appointed Commander-in-Chief of the French armies.

Dec. 4.—Henry Ford, with peace party, sails on the *Oscar II.*

Dec. 6.—British retirement from Lake Doiran, Northern Serbia. Allied military conference at Paris.

Dec. 7.—President Wilson asks that his hands be strengthened in order to deal with anti-American plotters.

Dec. 8.—Evacuation of Suvla and Anzac (Gallipoli) begun.

Dec. 9.—Von Bethmann-Hollweg declares in the Reichstag that the Allies must ask for peace or the war will go on until they do so.

Dec. 12.—Battle of Vardar ends; Anglo-French withdrawal in Serbia. President Wilson's note on the *Ancona* published. Last day of Derby Recruiting Scheme in England. Greece concedes Allied demands regarding Salonika.

Dec. 15.—Sir John French resigns command of British forces on the Western front and is succeeded by Sir Douglas Haig. Italian landing in Albania announced.

Dec. 16.—German warship *Bremen* sunk in the Baltic by a submarine.

Dec. 21.—French success at Hartmannsweilerkopf, Alsace. Managles, in the Cameroons, captured by British forces. Japanese steamer *Yasaka Maru* sunk in the Mediterranean.

Dec. 28.—Announcement that compulsory service is to be introduced into Great Britain.

Dec. 30.—Armoured cruiser *Natal* blown up in port. Steamship *Persia* sunk by torpedo off Crete. Air raid on Salonika.

Dec. 31.—Sir John Simon resigns from British Cabinet on the compulsion issue.

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